BATTERY · A · IN FRANCE

DEDICATION

War is a developer of men. When nations are at death-grips, certain individuals come forward as leaders. And they are, through force of personality, the kind of men whom others like to follow.

We dedicate this history to Major Harold R. Barker.

Major Harold R. Barker

PREFACE

After the "guerre" was over, a new "guerre" started for us, the editors of this book. Perhaps it is well that we are not literary, for if we were able to appreciate properly our many mistakes this volume would never have been published.

Then too, we struggled with other difficulties; barns were cold, wood was expensive, and cooties were always sending out reconnoitering parties at the most inopportune moments. But, all levity aside, we have tried to produce a faithful picture of our many experiences in France.

To the achievement of this end, our grateful thanks are due to Livermore & Knight Co., to the Providence Marine Corps of Artillery, to Mr. Walter Ball and the home staff of the Providence Journal, to Mr. Sibley of the Boston Globe, to Colonel Twachtman and Major Barker, to Mrs. William B. Weeden, and to the officers and men of Battery A. If you survive our literary barrage, we, the editors, promise never again to "rush in where angels fear to tread."

[illegible] ed.

BATTERY ·A·

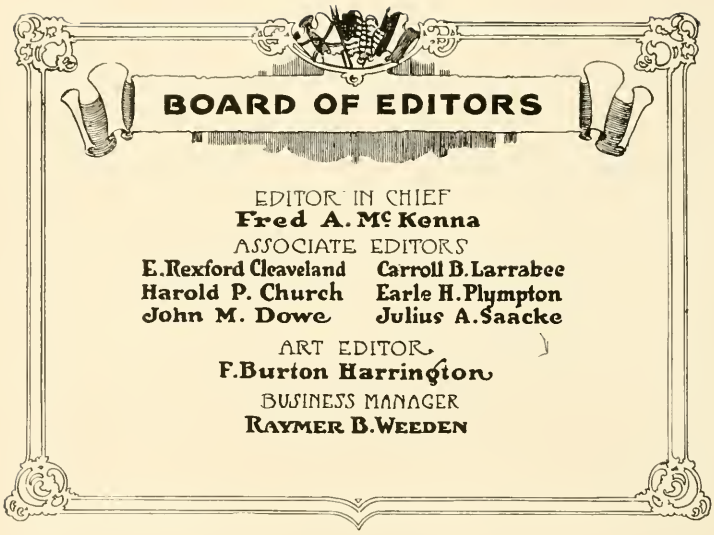
103RD FIELD ARTILLERY

IN

FRANCE

[illegible]

[1919]



BOARD OF EDITORS

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Fred A. McKenna

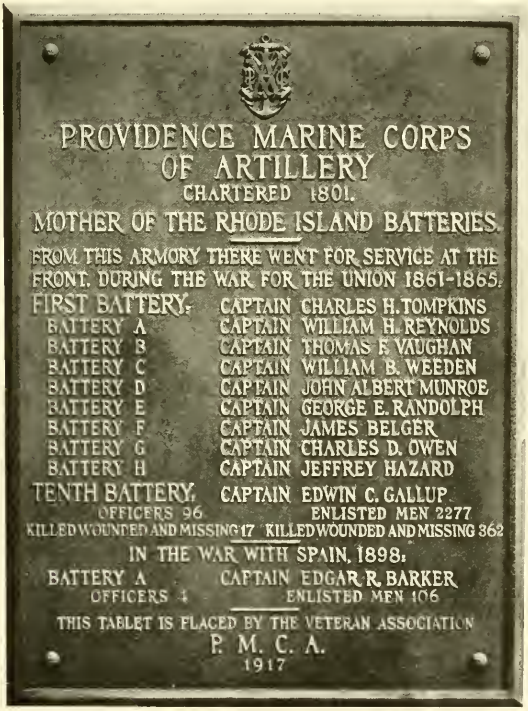
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
E. Rexford Cleaveland — **Carroll B. Larrabee**
Harold P. Church — **Earle H. Plympton**
John M. Dowe — **Julius A. Saacke**

ART EDITOR
F. Burton Harrington

BUSINESS MANAGER
Raymer B. Weeden

History of Battery A

R. I. N. G.



This tablet was placed on the Benefit Street Arsenal on July 19, 1917, and a dedicatorial address was delivered by Dr. George B. Peck

Foreword

BATTERY A, 103rd Field Artillery of Rhode Island, has achieved national distinction.

The pleasing task and high honor of giving some account of the organization and activities of the Battery, previous to July 25, 1917, when it entered into the World War and became a part of the 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Force, has devolved upon the writer.

Concerning the formation of the Battery and its activities during the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, facts and statements have been drawn mainly from "The History of Battery A," by Thomas M. Aldrich (1904), also from the Revised Annual Report of the Adjutant General for 1865, corrected and republished in 1895 by Brig.-Gen. Elisha Dyer, Adj. Gen. Also from the Historical Address by Dr. George B. Peck, delivered on July 19, 1917, at the dedication of the Memorial Tablet, placed on the Arsenal, Benefit St., by the Veteran Association of the Providence Marine Corps of Artillery.*

For information in regard to the action of the Battery in the Spanish War of 1898, reference has been had to "Rhode Island in the War with Spain," by Elisha Dyer (1900), and to the "History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," by Edward Field (1902).

The Annual Military Reports of Rhode Island from 1861 to 1917 have also been consulted, though the Reports from 1867 to 1872 are lacking.

"Battery A on the Mexican Border, 1916," by members of the Battery itself, has furnished material for the relation of the Mexican campaign.

Acknowledgments are also due to Mrs. William B. Weeden and to Mr. George C. Nightingale for practical and kindly assistance, while to Adj.-Gen. Charles W. Abbot, Jr., the writer is much indebted for valuable suggestions.

*The Providence Marine Corps of Artillery, the oldest military organization in the United States, was chartered in 1801, and was the mother of the Rhode Island Batteries.

History of Battery A 103rd Field Artillery of Rhode Island Prior to July 25, 1917

Compiled by Georgiana Guild

*WHEN President Lincoln issued his first call for troops to defend and preserve the Union, Rhode Island nobly responded to the call by immediately organizing and sending forward to the capital of the nation, a full regiment of infantry and a complete battery for three months' service.

But this First Regiment and First Battery had hardly left the State, when upon the second call of the President for more men, Governor William Sprague began immediately to organize another regiment (the Second Rhode Island Infantry), and a battery for three years' service. Within a few days there were four hundred men desirous to join what was then called the Second Rhode Island Battery, afterwards known as Battery A, First Rhode Island Light Artillery.

The old Marine Artillery Armory on Benefit Street was the scene of the training of the men in military tactics, under the untiring exertions of Lieut. John Albert Monroe and First Sergt. Henry Newton. Finally, on June 6, 1861, the requisite number of men having been selected, the Battery was mustered into the service of the United States for three years.

†The original roll of officers and men included 156 men and five commissioned officers. The complete list of names is given in Aldrich's History, pages 2 and 3.

‡The commissioned officers were as follows:

Captain, William H. Reynolds
1st Lieutenant, Thomas F. Vaughn
1st Lieutenant, John Albert Monroe
2nd Lieutenant, John A. Tompkins
2nd Lieutenant, William B. Weeden

*Aldrich's History of Battery A, page 1.
†Aldrich's History, page 370, footnote.
‡Aldrich's History, page 2.

Some account of these first officers of Battery A may well be given. The records are taken from Dyer's Revised Adjutant-General's Report for 1865, and from Aldrich's History of Battery A.

William H. Reynolds — First Lieutenant, First Light Battery. Captain, Battery A, June 6, 1861. Lieutenant-Colonel, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Sept. 13, 1861. Resigned, June 26, 1862.

Thomas F. Vaughn — First Sergeant, First Light Battery. First Lieutenant, Battery A, June 6, 1861. Captain, Battery B, Aug. 13, 1861. Resigned, Dec. 11, 1861.

John Albert Monroe — First Lieutenant, Battery A, June 6, 1861. Captain, Battery D, Sept. 7, 1861. Major, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Oct. 24, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel, Dec. 4, 1862. Commander of Artillery Brigade, 2nd Army Corps; Army of Potomac, Oct., 1863, to March, 1864. Inspector of Artillery, April, 1864. Commander of Artillery Brigade, 9th Army Corps, May, 1864. Mustered out of service, Oct. 5, 1864.

John A. Tompkins — Second Lieutenant, Battery A, June 6, 1861. Captain, Battery A, Sept. 13, 1861. Major, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Dec. 4, 1862. Chief of Artillery, 1st Division, 6th Army Corps, March 26, 1863. Commander of Artillery Brigade, 6th Army Corps, October, 1863. Commander of same, December, 1864. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel from Aug. 1, 1864. Discharged, March 30, 1865.

William B. Weeden — First Lieutenant, Battery A, June 6, 1861. Captain, Battery C, Aug. 25, 1861. Chief of Artillery and Ordnance of Division of the 6th Army Corps, June 26, 1862. Resigned, July 22, 1862.

(The writer has had in her possession the diary of Lieutenant Weeden, containing many interesting incidents of his experiences during the Civil War. At the battle of Bull Run he had his horse shot under him.)

The Battery went into camp on Dexter Training Ground with the Second Regiment Rhode Island Infantry. On June 18, ammunition was received for the guns and preparations were made for breaking camp, which took place the following day, on June 19th.

The Battery, with the Regiment, marched through the streets of Providence to Fox Point, and the Battery boarded the old ferryboat, *Kill van Kull*, while the Second Rhode Island Regiment went on board the *Empire State*.

About sunset the steamers left the wharf and started for their objective, Elizabethport, New Jersey, which was reached about ten o'clock on Thursday, June 20th.

Here the troops were disembarked, and late in the day were entrained for Washington. Enthusiastic greetings were accorded the men at all places along the route. Harrisburg, Penn., was reached in the morning; and Baltimore, about eight o'clock on the evening of the 21st.

The Second Rhode Island Regiment marched through the streets of Baltimore from one depot to another, with guns loaded with ball cartridges.

The cars containing the guns of the Battery and those containing the horses, with a few men on each to take care of them, were drawn through the streets of the city by horses. The men were under strict orders not to eat or drink anything while in Baltimore, as poison was feared. Precautions were deemed necessary, as this was the first body of troops which had passed through the city since the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment had been attacked.

Battery A's progress was delayed for two hours before it finally reached the depot, and during that time it was without protection. As it finally left for Washington, a few bricks and stones were hurled at it.

On Saturday morning, June 22nd, Washington was reached, where Colonel Burnside of the First Rhode Island Infantry and Captain Tompkins of the First Rhode Island Battery had made arrangements to receive the troops.

After unloading the guns, Battery A marched to Camp Sprague and pitched its tents.

The Battery was attached to Burnside's brigade, Hunter's division, McDowell's army corps.

The camp was christened "Camp Clark" in honor of Bishop Clark, who, with General Sprague, had accompanied the troops from Rhode Island.

The first Sunday in camp passed quietly. Bishop Clark preached a very impressive sermon, and the day closed with a dress parade, President Lincoln and General Scott being present.

On the 24th, there was a grand review in Washington by the President and the General. It was a great day for the Rhode Island troops, that were everywhere lionized.

From this time on until July 15th, the daily routine of camp life continued, with drill and dress parade.

A deplorable incident occurred on the 9th, when during field drill a limber chest exploded, two men being killed and one mortally wounded. As far as the records show, these two men, Gunner Nathan T. Morse and Private William E. Bourne, were the first men to meet death in Battery A.

On the 15th, there was excitement in camp, which was enlivened at the bright prospect of an early movement.

On the 16th, the march to Bull Run began. The men were high with hope and courage and were but little prepared for the fatalities and defeat of the battle itself, on the 21st of July.

It is not necessary here to go into details of that tragic event. Its history and mistakes have been fully chronicled.

The casualties in the Second Rhode Island Battery at Bull Run were two men killed and fourteen wounded.

The early history of Battery A has thus far been given with considerable minuteness, but events now succeeded each other too rapidly for such detail to be practicable, or desirable, in this limited sketch.

The Battery remained in active service during the three years of its enlistment, and distinguished itself by unfailing courage and efficiency.

On September 13, 1861, Captain Reynolds was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery Regiment, and Second Lieutenant John A. Tompkins was appointed to the command of Battery A.

Captain Tompkins was succeeded by First Lieutenant William A. Arnold of Battery E, who was promoted to the Captaincy of Battery A on Dec. 13, 1862.

Captain Arnold remained with the Battery until June 17, 1864, when he returned home with the men who were discharged from service. He was not one of the original members of the Battery.

*The battles of the war in which Battery A participated were as follows:

1861— Bull Run
Bolivar Heights

* Aldrich's History, page 388.

1862— Yorktown
Fair Oaks
Peach Orchard and Savage Station
White Oak Swamp
Glendale
Malvern Hill
Chantilly
Hyattstown
Turner's Gap
Antietam
Snicker's Gap
Fredericksburg
1863— Chancellorsville
Gettysburg
Auburn Mills
Cedar Run
Bristoe Station
Robertson's Tavern
Mine Run
1864— Orange Plank Road
Wilderness
Todd's Tavern and Po River
Spottsylvania Court House
"The Salient"
Bloody Angle
Landron House
Chesterfield Bridge
North Anna
Gaines Farm
Pamunky River
Totopotomoy Creek
Ny River
Cold Harbor

The battle of Cold Harbor in June, 1864, was the last engagement of Battery A, as originally organized.

On June 5, 1864, Captain Arnold called upon General Hancock and informed him that the three years' term of enlistment had expired and that the Battery desired to be relieved. This was accomplished shortly afterwards by Ames's New York Battery.

On June 6th, Captain Arnold, who was to return home with the discharged men, turned the Battery over to Lieut. Gamaliel L. Dwight, an original corporal of the Battery, who had been appointed to reorganize and command it.

Wednesday, June 8th, was a day ever to be remembered by those members of Battery A who had served their country faithfully for three long years.

The men were forty-six in number, some of the Battery having elected to remain longer in service. At break of day these original members assembled at the Camp of

Battery A and left Cold Harbor for White House Landing, a distance of fifteen miles. Here a propeller, the New Jersey, was boarded and the trip down the Pamunky River was begun. West Point was reached at nine o'clock in the evening, where the New Jersey dropped anchor.

On the 9th, the propeller steamed down York River, finally reaching Chesapeake Bay, and proceeded up the Potomac River.

On the afternoon of the 10th, Washington was reached, and the Battery marched to the barracks of the Soldiers' Home for the night.

On the 11th, the start for New York was made, but it was not until five o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th, that the Battery started on the last stretch of its home journey and boarded a train for Providence.

At New London there was a long delay, owing to a mishap to the engine, and it was not until daylight of the 13th that a new engine was procured and the start for Providence begun, where an enthusiastic ovation awaited the Battery.

Exchange Place was packed with people, many of whom had been waiting at the station all night, owing to the breakdown at New London. The Marine Corps of Artillery fired a salute, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Captain Arnold endeavored to form the men into line, but it was of no use. He finally ordered them to report at the Marine Artillery Armory at eleven o'clock the next morning.

A banquet was tendered the Battery on the evening of June 15th, at the City Hotel, where an address of welcome was given by Major Thomas A. Doyle, followed by speeches, toasts, and songs.

On Saturday, June 18, 1864, Battery A met for the last time, at Railroad Hall, in the old depot at Providence, and was mustered out of service. Thus closed the history of Battery A during three years of the Civil War.

*But, as has already been mentioned, after the departure for home of the original members of the Battery, it was reorganized and about fifty men, including recruits, continued in the field. To these must be added the attached men from several infantry regiments of the army.

In a few days, under the efficient supervision of Lieut. Gamaliel Lyman Dwight, the reorganized Battery was ready for active service at the front and was assigned to the Third Division (General Birney's), Second Corps.

In June, 1864, the Battery participated in the battles of Cold Harbor and Petersburg. It was the first battery to cross over the James River, and it fired the first shot into Petersburg. Lieutenant Dwight received the official thanks of the Major-General commanding, for the handsome manner in which he placed his battery and drove the enemy from the field.

On July 17th, Lieutenant Dwight was mustered out of service, by order of July 7th, and on that same date, First Lieut. William S. Perrin of Battery B was ordered to take command of Battery A.

On August 12th, another detachment from Battery A, whose time of enlistment had expired, was mustered out of service, and the remaining men were transferred to

* Aldrich's History, page 371.

Battery B. As thus combined, they took part in the battle of Deep Bottom in August.

*On Sept. 23, 1864, the two batteries, which had been associated and operating together since August 12th, were officially consolidated as one command, which thereafter was known as Battery B, First Regiment Rhode Island Artillery. This act terminated a distinctive history of Battery A, marked by brilliant deeds of one of the best and most efficient batteries of the Second Corps, as well as of the Army of the Potomac.

†Its fame rests not less upon its conduct on the battlefield, than upon the number of enlisted men that rose to responsible positions.

‡Those members of Battery A who remained in service with Battery B saw the close of the mighty struggle which culminated in the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and the complete triumph of the Union Arms.

Battery B was mustered into service, Aug. 13, 1861. It was mustered out on June 12, 1865, having served three years and ten months.

**The following is a summary of the original members of Battery A:

Killed	9
Discharged for wounds	15
Promoted	20
Transferred	19
Died of disease	1
Discharged for disability	33
Re-enlisted	2
Deserted	3
Dropped from the rolls	8
	110
Returned home with the Battery	46
	156

Dr. Peck in his "Historical Address" states that Battery A had 279 names on its roll, and lost 13 killed, with 64 wounded.

These, of course, were not all original members of the Battery.

From 1865 to 1879 the history of Battery A was uneventful. There was the regular routine of militia drill and instruction.

As Battery A is an integral part of the Rhode Island Militia, important events in the history of the latter, since they closely concern the former, will here be mentioned in chronological order.

In 1879, a reorganization of the State militia took place, under a law passed by the General Assembly in April. The most radical change made was that requiring all members of the militia to be enlisted for a term of years, thereby entirely abolishing the former militia system.

In 1879, also, occurred the first of the annual encampments, on ground leased for the purpose at Oakland Beach. This was in place of the former three days' tour of duty.

* Aldrich's History, page 384.
† Peck's Historical Address, page 8.
‡ Aldrich, page 388.
** Aldrich's History, page 370.

This first camp was named Camp Van Zandt, and Battery A encamped with the other troops from September 2nd to 4th.

A step was taken this year in the direction of furnishing State uniforms to the troops, to be held as public property.

An appropriation of $2500 was made for this purpose in May by the General Assembly, but the plan was not consummated until 1880, when an additional appropriation of $30,000 was made and a State uniform for the militia was for the first time provided.

From 1880 until 1887 there were again no marked features of interest to record.

In 1887, 1892 and 1893, some important additions were made to the active militia of the State, but these changes did not affect the organization of Battery A. An inspector of rifle practice and an assistant inspector were added to the staff of the Brigade Commander in 1892, which seemed to indicate that a higher degree of proficiency in marksmanship was needed throughout the State.

The annual encampments of the militia continued at Oakland Beach until 1893, in all of which Battery A took its regular part.

In May, 1893, the General Assembly passed an act appropriating $17,500 for the purchase and fitting up of a State campground at Quonset Point.

The need of a suitable State campground for the Brigade of Rhode Island Militia had been persistently urged since 1886, the facilities at Oakland Beach being entirely inadequate for that purpose.

The first encampment at Quonset Point took place from July 11th to 15th, 1893. The permanent name adopted for the camp was the "Camp of Rhode Island Militia," instead of naming the camp for some distinguished person, as heretofore.

In February, 1896, First Lieut. Charles W. Abbot, Jr., 12th U. S. Infantry, was appointed on duty with the militia of the State.

*Lieutenant Abbot's thorough equipment in military knowledge and his earnest interest in all matters pertaining to Rhode Island proved of invaluable service, and the condition of the militia was materially improved in personnel and efficiency.

The closing years of the century were darkened by clouds of war.

On the 23rd day of April, 1898, thirty-three years after the close of the Civil War, President William McKinley called for 125,000 volunteers for two years' service, to oust Spanish forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

During the period preceding the call, the work in the different military offices of the State was of a more stirring and eventful character than at any time since 1865. When hostilities seemed imminent, Governor Dyer had caused a thorough investigation of the condition of the State militia and of the military stores in possession of the State, in consequence of which, no State was better prepared to respond to the call than Rhode Island.

The annual encampment of the brigade was omitted, and in place of it, the entire command was mobilized for a three days' tour of duty in May.

The War Department authorized the enlistment in Rhode Island of one regiment of infantry, and immediately after the President's call for troops, the Marine Corps of

* Adjutant-General's Report for 1896.

Artillery unanimously voted to tender its services to the Governor for foreign duty, as Battery A, Brigade Rhode Island Militia.

Upon the second call for troops, on May 25th, Rhode Island recruited two batteries, A and B of light artillery, both of which were formed from the batteries of the State militia.

Battery A was commanded by Capt. Edgar R. Barker. On June 8th, it left the armory on Benefit Street, for Quonset Point, numbering 162 officers and men, afterwards increased to 205.

*During the entire interval, the officers had exerted themselves to the limit, preparing the Battery for service, drilling in relays day and night for the last two weeks.

On June 18th, the Governor was advised that only 110 persons could be mustered in, and accordingly nearly one hundred men returned to their homes. Most of these at once entered the Regular service.

On June 25th, 1898, the Battery was mustered into the service of the United States for two years of the war, as Light Battery A, 1st Artillery, Rhode Island Volunteers.

†It consisted of four officers and 106 enlisted men.

It was mustered out on October 26, 1898, never having left camp at Quonset Point, a disappointing and harrowing experience.

*Twenty-five per cent. of these men, however, joined the regular army and navy, and visited the Philippines, one at least pushing on to Pekin at the time of the Boxer uprising.

After the close of the Spanish War, military affairs in Rhode Island resumed their normal attitude.

The attention of the General Assembly had long been directed to the need of a new armory for the State.

Finally in January, 1902, the necessary appropriations were made for its erection, and work on the structure was begun.

The year 1903 was made memorable by a new organization of the militia of the different States, under a law of Congress in January, by virtue of which the officers and men actually became a National Guard and were permitted to take part with the Regular Army in the annual field maneuvers.

In 1907, the annual encampment at Quonset Point was omitted. Battery A had a week's encampment in July at Fort Greble, for target practice with the new guns. Other detachments served at different times.

The reorganization of the militia, ordered by Congress in 1903, had not been accomplished by 1907, owing to absolutely necessary delays.

The most important event of 1908 was the completion of the new State Armory, and its occupation by the National Guard and Naval Militia.

* Peck's History, page 16.

† Captain, Edgar R. Barker; 1st Lieut., Charles H. Weaver; 1st Lieut., James W. McKay; 2nd Lieut., William E. Arnold.

*Lieut. Pelham D. Glassford, 2nd U. S. Field Artillery, accompanied Battery A to camp this year, detailed by the War Department to give instruction with the new 3-inch material.

Lieutenant Glassford, with four non-commissioned officers from the regular field artillery at West Point, also accompanied the Battery to camp in 1909 and 1910.

The year 1909 was most noteworthy in the history of the Rhode Island National Guard, owing to a revision of the State military code, which permitted a substantial compliance with the requirements of the National Government for placing the militia of the country in accordance with the law of 1903.

†In 1910 and 1911 material changes occurred in the command of Battery A, owing to the resignation of several of the officers.

In June, 1911, the officers of Battery A were detailed to attend a camp of instruction at Fort Riley, Kansas.

The Battery itself went into its annual encampment at Quonset Point in July. Lieutenant Glassford was again present to give instruction, and reported a splendid showing of the men.

In 1913, a field artillery camp of instruction was established at Tobyhanna, Pa., by a battalion of the 3rd U. S. Field Artillery from Fort Myer, Va.

Battery A went to the camp by special train on June 20th.

Tobyhanna is a small village station on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, situated on the edge of a tract of wild land of some 50,000 acres' extent. There are no roads and no human habitations.

The land is a succession of hills and valleys, affording ideal places for targets and firing points, under conditions closely approximating those of actual service, inasmuch as there is no danger in firing in any direction up to five or six thousand yards.

In 1914 and 1915 the Battery again went to Tobyhanna. Schools of instruction for a limited number of officers and men were also held at the same place in June.

The ten days' tour at Tobyhanna each year, together with the occupation of the new armory, with horses for riding and driving, tended to put the Battery in a high degree of efficiency. Captain Chaffee maintained a high standard of excellence, and the men responded to his training.

The State had reason for great pride in this command, for it led all others of the organized militia in the rating of its gunners, by a substantial majority.

* Lieutenant Glassford entered the World War as Colonel of Field Artillery. He was promoted to Brigadier-General of the U. S. Army and assigned to command of the Field Artillery Brigade, which included the 103rd Field Artillery and Battery A.

† Ralph S. Hamilton, Jr., was elected Captain in November, 1910. He entered the World War in 1917 as Major of the 103rd Field Artillery, 26th Division, was transferred to the postal service in Paris, and later promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

Everett St. J. Chaffee and Rush Sturges were appointed 1st Lieutenants in February, 1911; and Everett S. Hartwell, 2nd Lieutenant in October, 1911.

Lieutenant Chaffee was promoted to Captain of Battery A in March, 1914, which position he held until May, 1917. He entered the World War and was subsequently promoted to Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel.

*At the annual inspection in 1915, Battery A worked out a firing problem most creditably, parading a number of men above the minimum, making an excellent appearance.

*This was repeated in 1916.

The condition of affairs on the Mexican border in 1916 had become more threatening, and the culmination was a call from the President on June 18th of this year for a mobilization of the auxiliary troops.

In consequence, the military schools for instruction were given up and the Battery did not take its expected trip to Tobyhanna in June.

And now the history of Battery A in the Mexican campaign is reached.

To enter into any detailed recital of that period would be superfluous, in view of the extended and elaborate account already published.

As is therein well said.

"Out of an apparently clear sky, on June 18, 1916, came the climax of the Mexican disturbances, and President Wilson's orders, calling out the entire militia for Border duty, with Rhode Island Commands to be mustered in at Quonset Point.

"With a thrill of excitement, the Battery received these orders 'somewhere in Scituate,' for by a remarkable coincidence, it had started off the morning of June 18th, under heavy marching order and with complete equipment, for a two weeks' tour of duty in the field."

To quote again from "Battery A":

"The President's call found Battery A far better prepared than many a National Guard organization. Through the preceding fall, winter, and spring, the Battery had worked regularly and faithfully. One night a week was the requirement for drill, to which all had responded, and results amply justified this demand."

The Battery at this time was under the capable command of Capt. Everitte S. Chaffee.

The Roster from June 29th to Nov. 2nd, 1916, included, besides the Captain,

† 4 Lieutenants	3 Horseshoers
13 Sergeants	3 Cooks
20 Corporals	33 First Class Privates and
3 Musicians	93 Privates
3 Mechanics	2 Honorably discharged
1 Saddler	1 Furloughed to the National Guard Reserve

On the morning of June 20th, instructions from the Adjutant General's office reached the Battery to proceed at once to Quonset Point and prepare as rapidly as possible for service on the Mexican Border.

The foundation of the Battery's success on the Border was largely laid in the two weeks of concentrated preparation at Quonset, under the earnest efforts of both officers and men.

*Adjutant General's Reports for 1915 and 1916.

†William Gammell, Jr., Senior 1st Lieutenant
Gerald T. Hanley, Junior 1st Lieutenant
Donald S. Babcock, Senior 2nd Lieutenant
Harold R. Barker, Junior 2nd Lieutenant

On the afternoon of June 29th, Captain Chaffee received telegraphic instructions from Governor's Island to entrain his command at Davisville and there await further orders as to destination and service.

Within one hour the Battery was on the march, the first military unit to represent Rhode Island.

Davisville Station was reached after a long and trying trip, where many friends of the men were gathered to bid them Godspeed.

The work of loading lasted far into the night, and it was five o'clock on the morning of June 30th before Captain Chaffee's Battery of 175 men and five officers left Rhode Island for the long trip of 2600 miles across the continent, for "Service on the Border." "Bound for Texas." "Have your mail addressed to El Paso." Such were the final announcements.

The journey was full of incidents already described in the published account to which reference has been made.

On July 6, 1916, Battery A of Rhode Island detrained at Fort Bliss, twelve miles from El Paso, pitched camp in the artillery station, Camp Pershing, and stood ready to do whatever might be required by her country. So energetic and prompt were its methods, that the fifth day in camp brought with it the establishment of a regular schedule of calls and drills.

During the ensuing four months of its service, the Battery had varied and trying experiences. Sandstorms, the "thousand species of cactus," the blazing sun of Texas, with the temperature often at 120, the "elusive pay day," inspections of equipment, and mounts in the burning heat, and hard work generally, proved conclusively that a soldier's life was not a bed of roses.

But discomforts and hardships were borne with unfailing good humor, and rigorous duties and privations accepted with a grit and endurance worthy of steeled veterans, as such in truth the men became.

The first formal inspection of the Battery by its superior officers was on July 20th, with a mounted inspection on the day following.

With the acquisition of its complement of horses within two weeks after its arrival at El Paso, Battery A of Rhode Island was at this time the only complete, fully enlisted, horsed and equipped war-strength battery in the whole U. S. Army.

On July 28th, Captain Chaffee completed a thorough reorganization of the outfit, as instructed by the Army Reorganization bill, and divided his Battery into nine full sections, five constituting the firing battery, and four of caissons and battery wagon. This, it is believed, was the only nine section battery on the Border during the whole summer.

An order for three months' rigid training for all militia outfits on the Border was posted by General Funston in July. Exactly what this meant as to the length of stay of the Battery in Texas, no one seemed able to determine. Lumber had begun to arrive, and the building of solid mess halls in each company camp seemed to predict a long campaign.

On the 2nd of August the Battery was assigned with the New Mexico Battery to the 5th Field Artillery. With the Fifth were brigaded the Eighth Regulars. Of all militia

guardsmen on the Border, New Mexico and Rhode Island were the only outfits to be brigaded with the Regular Army. This meant that had any campaigning been done, the Battery would have gone forward as a part of the trained, standing army.

On September 5th, under orders from headquarters, the Battery started for a two days' hike with Battery A of New Mexico, under the command of Captain Debrettond. The Battery drove off under full equipment, leaving only a small guard in camp.

This was one of the hardest, but also one of the most interesting, marches of the entire stay on the Mexican Border. The severest tests possible were given to the Battery, both in marching and in firing, by Captain Debrettond, and the results elicited from him the comment that Battery A had "the making of the finest battery in the United States."

There were rumors of a recall on September 15th, which proved, however, elusive.

On the 18th, the Battery was called upon to work out a theoretical problem in the defense of El Paso. At its completion, a temporary camp was pitched at Kern Place, at the very foot of the mountains.

A big Review on the 21st brought together the greatest number of United States troops that had been assembled since the Civil War. A complete divisional war strength of 26,000 men marched through El Paso to Fort Bliss, where they were reviewed by Generals Bell and Clements.

The march covered twelve miles. In a straight line the division would have covered twenty miles. By seven o'clock in the morning, the whole division was in line for the parade. For more than five hours the soldiers poured past the reviewing officers out onto the big drill field. What at first was a single thin line of men on the open plain, grew to a massed body more than a mile long and nearly half a mile wide.

Not many miles of the march had been covered before the heat of the day was sorely felt. In passing through El Paso, many of the residents had thoughtfully placed jugs and pitchers of water along the route. Dust rose under the feet of the infantry, and when the artillery and cavalry approached, it was almost impossible to recognize the command. The entire mass of men stood to post for hours under the blistering sun, while great watering carts were used in the impossible effort to supply that vast army of men.

This Review will long live in the memory of the participants.

On September 25th and 28th, there was practice by the gun squads for the great test of service firing, the most critical work of the summer.

On the afternoon of October 2nd, the Battery with its nine sections spread over a quarter of a mile, pulled away for the sandy wastes east of Fort Bliss, every man eager for the strenuous test. It was the day for which the Battery had drilled for months. And while the opposing cavalry and hidden batteries were only imaginary, the firing was supremely vivid and thrilling, for it stood as a preparation for actual conflict.

So it went on for a week. Finally on October 7th, the service firing was completed.

In an official rating of all militia Batteries, issued by the War Department on Oct. 9, 1916, Battery A of Rhode Island had 23,983 credits to its account. There were eighty-five of these Organizations of Field Artillery of the National Guard, and as in previous years, Rhode Island's Battery headed the list.

The campaign in Mexico was ended, and the Battery was to return home. At retreat on Saturday night of October 7th, Captain Chaffee gave orders that the Battery equipment should be overhauled and turned into the Quartermaster's Department. Home loomed high in the men's horizon. They worked swiftly and eagerly. Camp equipment had the first attention, and personal effects came later.

It was a tired but happy outfit that slept in the Battery camp that night.

October 9th was the last day in camp, and the heavy work of loading the Battery train began. Motor trucks were kept moving throughout the entire day. The Battery was systematically divided into details and each assigned to some particular duty. By six o'clock in the evening, after a long day's work, everything was aboard, and an order soon came for the men to entrain.

As the Battery left Fort Bliss, it was raining. On into the night the train sped, with only one thought in the minds of the men — Going Home!

A whole-souled welcome awaited the returning men. Providence turned out to give the Battery well-deserved honor.

Mustered into Federal Service on June 24, 1916, Battery A was mustered out on Nov. 2, 1916.

It is barely possible that some members of the Battery can appreciate the following quip from the *London Nation*, with apologies to the *Nation* for a slight variation.

Any Soldier to His Son

What did you do, Daddy, in the Mexican Campaign?
Well, I learned to peel potatoes and to scrub the barrack floor —
I learned to use a shovel and a barrow and a pick.
I learned "to get a jerk on," and I learned "to make 'em click."

But though the Battery saw no positive war service, its four months on the Border were of inestimable service in preparing the men for the great World War in which they were soon to be engaged.

An account of this is left to those who took an actual part in the conflict. Vivid personal recitals are of far more vital interest than any mere relation from a hearsay chronicler of events.

The officers of Battery A, at the time of its entrance into the World War, were:

Harold R. Barker,	Captain
Joseph C. Davis,	1st Lieutenant
Harold P. Babcock,	1st Lieutenant
Everett S. Hartwell,	2nd Lieutenant
Earl P. Luther,	2nd Lieutenant

Its war story will long live in the hearts of men. All honor, then, to Battery A of the 103rd Field Artillery of Rhode Island, of the 26th — the famous Yankee Division of the American Expeditionary Force.

(The Board of Editors wish to express their appreciation for the careful researches made by Miss Georgiana Guild in the preparation of this history.)


HISTORIA

Quonset Point to Chemin-des-Dames

On July 25th, responding to the call for all National Guard troops of New England group, Battery "A" was mobilized for Federal Service at the Benefit Street Armory. The day was taken up entirely in the ceremonies of departure. A large parade was held in Providence, in which all the National Guard troops from the State of Rhode Island marched through the blistering streets, receiving one of the finest farewells ever accorded troops in the State.

On July 26th, the Battery was called together in the Benefit St. Armory as a unit which was to be held together throughout the war. After the usual delay, the men were marched to cars and proceeded to Quonset Point, the historical training grounds of Rhode Island.

Here, beside the waters of Narragansett Bay, the first steps to whipping the organization into shape were taken. At first, the work was largely the purely mechanical task of getting the men settled in camp, of getting them organized and of starting their training.

The old three-inch field pieces which had been to the Mexican Border with the Battery were called on for drill purposes, and the men learned their first rudiments of Field Artillery. The horses were also used to some extent to accustom the men to driving, but the work was of a more or less desultory nature. For already rumors had been heard that the Battery was to be used as a heavy artillery unit, and neither officers nor men could put their heart into the work.

Standing Gun Drill on American 3-inch Field Piece at Quonset Point, R. I.

The life at Quonset was pleasant. The Bay was close at hand, Providence was only a few miles away, and as yet neither discipline nor work had become irksome enough to interfere with the men's spirit.

But soon orders came to proceed to Boxford, and the Battery entrained at Davisville, detraining again late that night at Boxford, thirty miles outside of Boston.

The work of cutting a camp site out of the woods was rather difficult to the men, who were new to the strenuous work and had not yet learned to adapt themselves to the many changes which army life makes necessary.

After a few days, however, the camp was laid out and the Battery settled down to the routine of training-camp life in America.

The Boxford camp is situated a half mile from the Boxford Station and only a few miles from the cities of Haverhill and Lawrence. It was a training-camp in the Civil War and again during the Spanish-American War, and it was chosen as the place to train New England artillerymen for the greatest war in American History.

When the Rhode Island men first arrived at the camp, it was occupied by two regiments of Massachusetts artillerymen, the 101st and 102nd. There were also two batteries from Connecticut, E and F, from Stamford and Bradford respectively; also Battery D, formerly Battery A of New Hampshire. These three batteries, with the three Rhode Island organizations, were soon formed into the 103rd Regiment, which became, with the 101st and 102nd, the 51st Field Artillery Brigade.

Sunday Visitors in Battery Street, Boxford, Mass.

At this time Battery A was under command of Captain H. R. Barker, and had as its other officers, First Lieutenants Joseph C. Davis and Harold P. Babcock and Second Lieutenants Everett S. Hartwell and Earl F. Luther. Captain Everett S. Chaffee, the former commander of Battery A, was Regimental Adjutant at the time, from which position he was soon promoted to that of Major of the 2nd Battalion. Major Ralph S. Hamilton, a former captain of Battery A, led the First Battalion. After a few weeks, Colonel Emory T. Smith arrived and took charge of the regiment.

The work at Boxford was largely that of marking time, awaiting orders to proceed to the port of embarkation. The old three-inch pieces were used but little and soon were shipped away. The horses were employed only a few times for riding drill, and soon they too were sent away and the regiment was left without horses and guns.

Much close order drilling was done, but this was easily abandoned at the slightest excuse, neither officers nor men putting any interest into the drudgery of "doughboy drill." Supplies were coming in constantly, and soon the Battery was equipped for overseas service.

The life was pleasant for the men, frequent passes to Boxford and Providence serving to relieve the monotony. Then too, Haverhill and Lawrence were just next door, and every night found large groups of men from the Brigade fighting to get a place in the jitneys which clustered at the gates, waiting to take their loads to the two nearby cities.

During the stay at Boxford, the Battery received two increments of troops to fill the ranks to war strength. The first men to arrive were several hundred National Guardsmen from the Rhode Island Coast Artillery. Battery A drew men from the 3rd, 4th, and 5th companies, two of these originally from Providence. On September 23, eleven men arrived from Camp Devens. They had been drawn in the first draft and almost immediately assigned for overseas service.

At last the definite orders to move came. On September 24, Batteries C and D moved out, to go to Newport News, Va., where they were given the rather disagreeable task of getting together and bringing across a number of horses for the regiment. In the meantime, the 101st Regiment had left, and soon news was received of their safe arrival overseas. Shortly after they were followed by the 102nd, and on October 8th, at 1:00 o'clock, the remaining troops of the 103rd left Boxford and proceeded to New York, where they embarked on the White Star Line Baltic. At 1:00 p. m. on October 9th, the Baltic left the dock in New York and set out for Liverpool, England.

The first two days of the trip were spent by the men in getting accustomed to the sea. On October 11th, the Baltic arrived in the wonderful natural harbor of Halifax, where it lay awaiting the formation of its convoy. On the afternoon of October 14th, the convoy of nine ships, three transports, an auxiliary cruiser which was really a masked battery, and colliers and oilers, left Halifax. The Baltic was the flagship of the convoy and was in the middle of the formation. Beside it was the Justitia, one of the largest ships on the seas, which later was sunk off the coast of Ireland by a German submarine.

"The Baltic"

The trip was uneventful. All precautions were taken against submarines, the ships proceeding in a zigzag course. The men were forced to wear lifebelts at all times, and frequent lifeboat drills were held. For recreation the troops walked the deck, read, and played cards. Short morning calisthenics were held, and there was a daily formation for inspection of men and equipment. But, on the whole, the life was one of extreme indolence.

A few days on the seas, the convoy encountered rough weather, which grew steadily worse until, on October 20th, the seas were breaking over the decks, and at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon the little English destroyers pushed their way out of the fog and joined the convoy as an escort over the last dangerous miles of the course. On the night of October 22nd, a light was sighted, and in the morning the men caught their first sight of land.

That day the Isle of Man, a purple boat dipping in a placid sea, was passed. Then the course took the boat up the coast of Wales, a land of neat, purple fields and immaculate white houses. Finally, late in the afternoon, the Baltic anchored at the mouth of the River Mersey and the destroyers cut their way to their docks. Late that night the boat was drawn up the Mersey and anchored off the landing stage at Liverpool, where it rested under the grey, dripping finger of Blackpool Tower.

The next morning the men were awakened early, and, after gathering all their equipment, were landed at the Riverside Station, where they were at once packed tightly in English trains, which seemed then to be little more than toys.

Aeroplane View of Camp Coetquidan

Then followed the memorable trip through England. First the route led through industrial England, a land of brick-red dust, where the women were doing men's work in the factory. Later rural England was seen, with its ordered fields and wonderfully kept towns. Then the train passed near London, and at 10:30 that night the Battery detrained at Southampton.

After a wearying march through foggy, ghost-peopled streets, the men arrived at the rest camp on October 24th, where they were packed into conical tents in cold, muddy streets.

The days at Southampton were spent resting and giving the men a chance to get accustomed to the land. Passes were given after 5:00 o'clock in the evening, and most of the men went down to the city to eat in the restaurants and to wander in the dark streets, getting their first glimpse of the English.

On the 29th of October, the men were marched to the dock and put aboard the Viper, which sailed late in the evening. That night, one of the roughest of the winter on the English Channel, was one of extreme misery for most of the passengers of the cross-channel steamer. Late in the morning, far behind schedule, the battered boat drew into the harbor at Le Havre and the men disembarked, with no regrets whatever at leaving the dirty and ill-smelling decks.

Then followed a gruelling march to the rest camp on top of a high hill overlooking the Channel. Here the men found themselves on a cold, wind-swept sea of mud, again forced to pack too many into the small conical tents which seemed to be the only accommodations of the English rest camps.

The next day a muster was held and then the Battery was marched to the station, where they entrained for the first time aboard those tiny French box cars to which they became so accustomed later; box cars which carried that humorously sinister sign, "Eight horses, forty men."

After a night's ride through northern France, the men awoke to get their first view of the country which they had come to save. That night they detrained at Guer in the Department of Morbihan, and were carried by trucks to the barracks at Camp Coëtquidan, which was to be their home for three months.

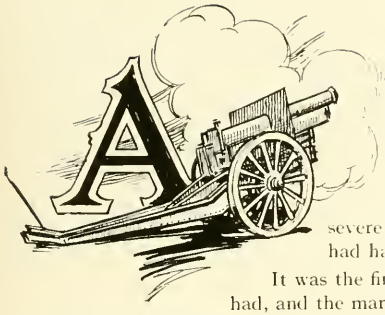
Camp Coëtquidan, famous in the history of France, training-camp for Napoleon, from which many soldiers had gone out to fight and die for their country, was an ideal artillery camp. The 101st and 102nd Artillery were already at work on their training here, and later the 51st Brigade was joined by the 67th, of the famous Rainbow Division.

Barracks at Coëtquidan
Corporal Weeden in Centre, and Sergeant Broadhead with Corporal Soban mounted

It was here that both officers and men had their first chance to see the Schneider 155mm. Howitzer, which was to be their piece for the rest of the war. With scarcely a day's rest, the Battery started its rigorous course of training. Service firing was begun on November 5th, and as soon as the horses arrived the drivers began their work.

Throughout the winter, which was severe with its constant rain and snow, the men kept at their training, conquering their first enemy in France, the mud. The work done in the training was really remarkable, and in a few weeks' time the French instructors were united in their praise of the Americans' adaptability and skill.

By the latter part of January the regiment had completed its final preparatory work on a sector along the line. And so, on February 4th, the Battery was entrained at the station at Guer and pulled out that night for a trip through northern France. The next day they passed only a few miles north of Paris, and then swung off to the Chemin-des-Dames sector, which lay just over the hills from Soissons.



Chemin-des-Dames

T 9 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 5th, the train pulled into the station of Mercin-Pommiers, and orders to detrain were given immediately. The column was on the road by 12:15, but did not move until 2:00. The line of march led through the city of Soissons, and the trip was a somewhat severe test for the men, especially for the drivers, who had had practically no experience in night driving.

It was the first taste of war-ridden France that Battery A had had, and the march through Soissons, battered by shell, and burnt, was one of revelation. The ruined buildings, which later became so common a feature of the artillerymen's lives, were a new experience, and served to strengthen the stern determination for victory.

The echelon at Bucy le Long was reached just at daylight, after a pulling hike, and as soon as the horses were in the stables the men went to sleep in old French barracks, carefully camouflaged beneath the trees in the park of the old Chateau.

The first few days at Bucy le Long were spent in general preparation of equipment for the front. On the morning of February 9th, the officers went out on a reconnoitering party, and at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon the Battery moved out and took up position just after nightfall in a valley near Banc-de-Pierre, the men being temporarily quartered in the big cave about half a kilometer from the position.

Banc-de-Pierre is situated along the Laon-Soissons Road, on the scene of the costly offensive of 1917, when the French carried the lines from their menacing position around Soissons to the Chemin-des-Dames, or Tadres Road. It is now a matter of history that this offensive, which might easily have resulted in the capture of Laon, was stopped by political influence, strongly against the advices of both General Petain and Marshal Haig. The front lines in this sector were in an extremely bad tactical position. The Chemin-des-Dames was known as the worst "blood-letting" sector in the line.

At the time the 26th Division took up the lines, the sector was very quiet, an ideal place for training.

The First Battalion position was in a narrow valley whose sides rose abruptly in front of the guns, giving them very good protection against shelling, but necessitating all firing from a rather high elevation. The valley widened out below the position and was crossed by the Ailette Canal. About a mile beyond the canal was the Mont-de-Coucy-le-Chateau, crowned by that famous castle which was so terribly and systematically plundered by the Huns during their occupation. The hill itself was at that time used as a formidable location for artillery, while French soldiers were quartered in the village. In the village itself was a house long used as the headquarters of Von Kluck and in whose rooms the Kaiser had often slept during times of inspection at the front.

The caves, which the Battery used at first for quarters, were really monstrous caverns hewed out of solid rock, in which hundreds of soldiers were safely housed against any shell-fire. The sole entrance of the cave was carefully guarded as a safeguard against gas; inside at night there was the busy hum of soldiers' conversation. It was here that the men had their first chance to meet the real French soldier, and every night the American quarters were crowded with Poilus eager to exchange news, money and pinard with their brother fighting men.

The first day, Sunday, was spent in improving the position and carrying shells from the narrow-gauge line which wound along the hill above the guns. At first no attempt was made to complete the gun positions, but every attempt was made to get the guns ready for firing.

At 2:34:15 on the afternoon of February 11th, Lieutenant Davis gave the command to fire, and the first piece fired. This was the first shot of the second American regiment of 155's to go into action against the Germans, and the first by any National Guard Artillery in the war. General Petain, in command of the French Army, was directing the fire of the 103rd Regiment.

The work done by the Battery in the Chemin-des-Dames sector was strictly preparatory and more in the nature of a drill than actual work in a fighting sector. At all times the work was under direct supervision of the French, who, from their vast wealth of experience, were able to offer the greatest aid in whipping the men into shape in their final training period.

The gun positions, carefully camouflaged, were improved until very well constructed emplacements had been made. The position, occupied months before by heavy artillery, had several ruined abris which were restored and used as sleeping quarters and storage places for shells and powder.

While this work was going on, dugouts were being built in the steep side-hill. This construction was carried on speedily, all the digging being done in sand which came out with the greatest facility. After several weeks' work, the first chamber of the dugout was completed and men were allowed to sleep there. The work went on speedily, and soon the firing Battery was accommodated at the gun position, only a few men remaining at the cave.

A shell slide was built from the railroad in the hill to the valley, and from the level of the slide a small tank was run, greatly lightening the task of shell transportation.

Not once during the six weeks that the position was occupied were the batteries shelled, a peculiarly fortunate circumstance, one of the charms of many fortunate chances which marked the work of Battery A in France.

Compared to what was done in later sectors, there was very little firing done. The first really effective work done by the Battery was done on February 19th, when the men were called in the middle of the night to cover the French caught in an attack. The promptness and accuracy of the night's firing brought the Battery its first citation.

On February 22, in accordance with the old custom of Battery A, a Washington's Birthday salute was fired, the recipients of the honor being a number of cooks at a Boche kitchen.

On March 14th, General Edwards made his first inspection of the Battery, this being the first chance the men had to see their Divisional Commander, whom they learned to revere.

On March 17th, after six weeks' occupation of the position, the guns were pulled during a Paris air raid, the machines passing directly above the column. On March 18th, the echelon was left behind, and at 11:00 o'clock that night the Battery pulled out of Mercin-Pommes on the way to Buemele-Chateau.

Mess Line at Bucy le Long

The life of the men at the echelon during the six weeks had been unusually pleasant. Bucy le Long had been the center of fire of 1917's heaviest fighting, when the Allies had taken from the Germans the heights dominating the Aisne. There was a good canteen in the town, Soissons was just next door, and the men had comfortable quarters. The arduous tasks were few, the work being divided among grooming the horses, making trips to the front, and policing the grounds.

As a whole, the work of the Battery on the first front had been unusually pleasing. Without a casual, the men had received their final training and were ready for the more arduous duties of holding a sector with the division.

The division as a whole came through this sector finely. The infantry suffered some losses, but had repelled all raids against their trenches with heavy losses to the Germans. The work of the 51st Artillery Brigade was especially noteworthy, and received the warmest praise from the French.

After an all-night train ride, the Battery was detrained at Brienne-le-Chateau, where Napoleon attended school when a boy. After a short march in the cold bleakness of the afternoon, the men were billeted in a little village, Chaumesnil; the first Americans to be billeted in the village.

Chaumesnil is situated in a broad river valley. In 1820 it was invaded by the Prussians, and Le Rothnere, a village near Chaumesnil, was the scene of a fierce battle in the Franco-Prussian War. After a short stay, which will always be happily remembered, the Battery pulled out on March 23rd for the longest hike of its history.

For several days the troops of the 26th Division had been gathering in the Brienne area, and when Battery A at last got under way it was to take part in one of the greatest undertakings of the American Army up to that time. It had been planned to have a series of Divisional maneuvers, the first time in American history when a complete division had ever been marched over the road in maneuvers. But these maneuvers were never completed.

The Germans had started their drive on Amiens. The Allies were falling back, fighting stubbornly to hold their places, but the irresistible rush of the Germans made it impossible. While the French and British were thus fighting desperately, Foch had been made Marshal of France and General Pershing had made the offer, so memorable in history, which put the American Forces under direct control of the Allied Commander-in Chief.

Orders were at once given for the division to move to Toul to relieve the First Division, which by this time had seen hard service and had been holding the sector north of Toul for several months.

The Division moved ahead as speedily as possible, in a series of marches which will never be forgotten by the men who participated in them. Never less than 20 kilometers were made in a day.

"The Little General"

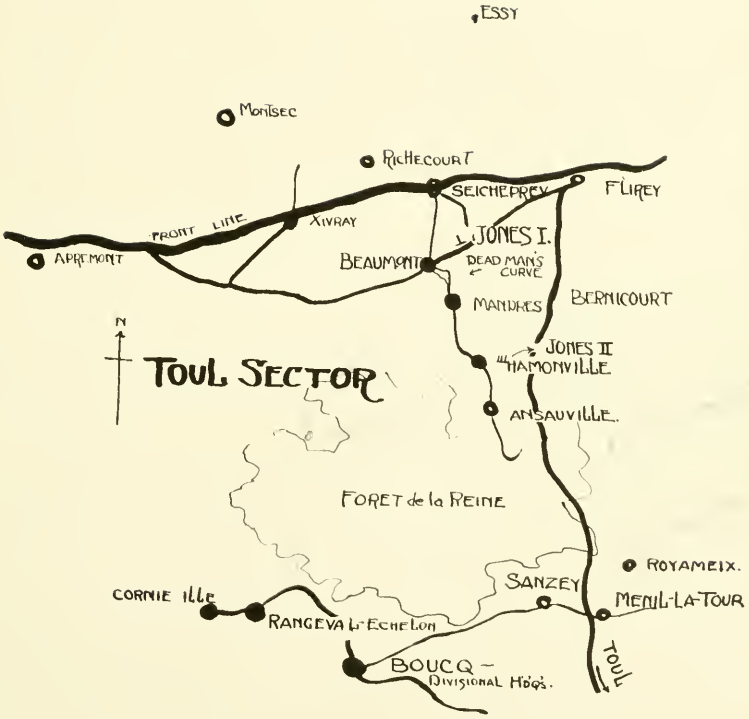
All kinds of weather were encountered, and supplies were not brought up as they should have been. However, despite the many discouragements, the spirit of the men never lagged, and they finished the long march of almost 200 kilometers, in splendid condition.

The route of the march led through Thil, Vignery, north of Chaumont, to the village of Blancheville, where it had originally been planned to put the Battery in billets for rest and furlough. A short stop of two days was made in Blancheville, where the march was resumed. This time the route led through Neufchateau to Toul, the Battery finally ending its march at Rangeval, where the echelon was set up in a quaint old monastery.

The Sector Northwest of Toul

On the night of April the third, the fourth section cannoneers relieved a gun crew of Battery D, Fifth Field Artillery, at a lone sniper gun position known as Number 413, or Jones 1, situated on the Paris-Metz road. The night following, during a foggy drizzle, the first three gun squads took over the remaining three pieces of D Battery, which we located on the outskirts of the village of Hamonville. This latter position, called Jones 11, or Number 443, was more than two kilometers in rear of the sniper gun, and was camouflaged in the edge of a thick fir woods. Early in March, all four guns of D Battery were in action at Jones 1. However, the Germans, concentrating a sufficient amount of heavy artillery on this position, fired five hundred rounds of high explosive. Of the four howitzers, three were put out of commission by direct hits. Fortunately, however, the casualties were few. The absence of defilade at this advanced and exposed section of the highway made a four-gun battery emplacement a virtual target, impossible to conceal and extremely easy to destroy. Thereafter, one piece only was retained by the side of this famous thoroughfare as a sniper.

Thus, by the fourth of April, Battery A had assumed its share of the responsibility of defending the sector northwest of Toul. And looking back, it becomes more and more clear that in every respect, save that of time, the Toul front was for the Battery its initial fighting front. True, at Soissons the men performed all their duties with a zeal, a precision and an excellence that was highly lauded by the French Commanders. Those duties, nevertheless, were pleasant and free from danger, for there chanced to be during


ESSY
MONTSEC
RICHECOURT
SEICHEPREY
FLIREY
FRONT LINE
XIVRAY
JONES I.
APREMONT
BEAUMONT
DEAD MAN'S CURVE
MANDRES
BERNICOURT
N
TOUL SECTOR
JONES II
HAMONVILLE
ANSAUVILLE.
FORET de la REINE
ROYAMEIX.
SANZEY
MENIL-LA-TOUR
CORNIE ILLE
RANGEVAL-ECHELON
BOUCQ –
DIVISIONAL H'QRS.
TOUL

View of Mont Sec taken from Seicheprey, June 13, 1918

Shell Abri, Jones I

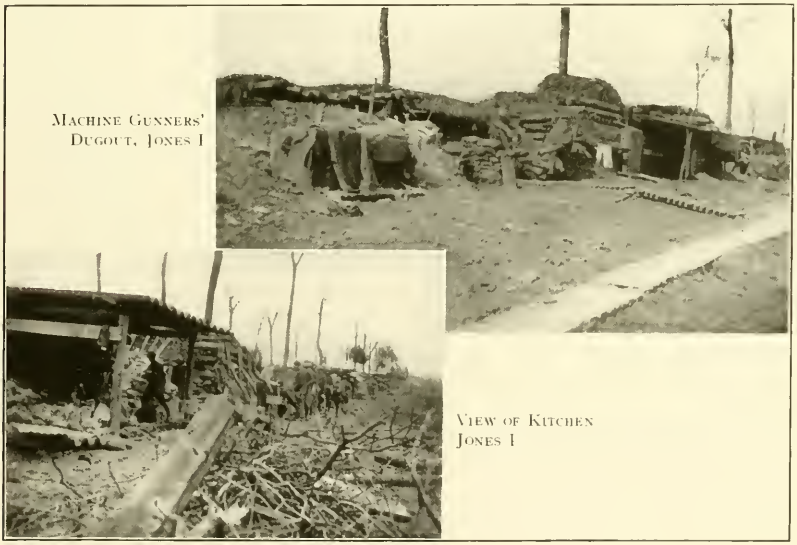
P. C., Jones I

Betsy the Sniper and Crew, Awaiting Orders to Fire on Mont Sec

this period but little artillery activity. Concerning mustard gas and "butterflies," and battles, the men were then ignorant. Nor was it ever necessary for anyone to dive headlong into a dugout to avoid an exploding German 210mm. shell. However, in the Toul Sector, where French warfare was developed to the nth degree, seldom a day passed but that some gas, fatally sweet, painfully injurious, and with a name of about thirty-five letters, contaminated the air. And times without number the dugouts trembled beneath the loud crash of large caliber shells. At Soissons, the men were receiving the finishing touches to their military education; at Toul they were veteran fighters. At Soissons, the Yankee Division was brigaded with the experienced French Army; at Toul, without aid, it held a front of twenty-two kilometers.

Owing to the long front assigned to the division, it became necessary for the Battery to detail men for the organization of other batteries. One detail of men, under the command of Captain Davis, then 1st Lieutenant, was assigned to a battery of French .95's, with a position near Dead Man's Curve, on the road from Mandres to Beaumont. Another detail, under the command of Lieutenant R. E. Apthorp, was assigned to an anti-tank gun in the shattered town of Seicheprey. Two other groups of men were sent to Observation Towers numbers 12 and 23. Meanwhile, the Battery itself occupied two positions, Jones I and Jones II.

Jones I, never-to-be-forgotten Jones I, where the Battery worked and fought for three months in the springtime and early summer, when the sunny days outnumbered the rainy, and poppies, red and yellow, flowered everywhere, Jones I will ever remain among the most cherished memories of the war. The Germans, strongly entrenched,



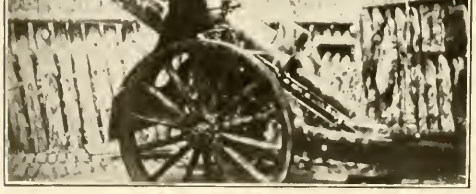
Machine Gunners' Dugout, Jones I

View of Kitchen Jones I

occupied the powerful mountain fortress of Mont Sec. Stretched out beneath the mountains were the broad, grassy lowlands of the Woevre. Across these lowlands ran the Paris-Metz highway. And on this road about a kilometer east of the ruined village of Beaumont, Betsy the Sniper, the most advanced gun in the entire Toul sector, was placed on a gentle, shell-torn slope. No camouflage concealed her, no camouflage ever could, so prominent, so conspicuous was her little "place in the sun." The infantrymen knew Betsy, for she was usually roaring as they silently marched to the trenches. By them she was called "The Ground Hog," because after firing it was customary to run her into a casemate or garage for protection. Along the side of the road nearest the enemy were four gun-pits, of which one only was in use, and on the opposite side of the road were the kitchen and the dugouts, ten in number.

As the sniper gun was only a kilometer distant from the enemy's front line trenches, it was possible to fire with uncanny accuracy and damaging effect. Thus by day and by night Betsy harassed and annoyed with marvelous success. For this reason the Germans shelled Jones I more frequently than any other gun position in the sector. With consistent regularity were received morning hates, afternoon hates, evening hates, and midnight hates. The groan of the Klaxon was no unusual occurrence. Bar none, every gas on their repertoire was employed by the Teutons. Tear Gas and Sneezing Gas, Chlorine, Phosgene and Mustard Gas were used and reused in an effort to silence Betsy. But Betsy always replied, gas for gas, and the ground around her was dotted thick with holes made by shells of various calibers. So often was Jones I shelled and gassed that the position became known throughout the sector as "Hell's Half Acre."

Around the 15th of April it was obvious beyond a doubt to the divisional intelligence department that the Germans were planning an advance, the objective of which was the capture of the village of Seicheprey. Field Marshal Von Hindenburg's shock troops, nicknamed by the Yanks, "The Traveling Circus," composed of the famous Prussian Guards and picked Turkish storm troops, were reported in the sector opposite. Finally at 3 o'clock, on the misty morning of April twentieth, the battle began. For twenty-four hours the artillery activity was most violent. French officers attached to the division admitted frankly that the artillery fire in the battle of Verdun was not more intense.



Gun-pit at Jones II

According to the very conservative estimate of Major Barker, no less than two thousand shells dropped on Jones I during the twenty-four hours. Though shells were bursting in tens and twenties around her, Betsy never ceased to roar. Three hundred and fifty-three rounds of ammunition were fired by the sniper gun alone, with Captain Barker acting as a member of the gun crew all day. Likewise at Jones II, the cannoneers stood by the guns until the last shell was expended. When the battle ceased, the Germans had gained not an inch of ground. It was during the grey morning hours of this day that A Battery suffered its first loss through the heroic death of Sergeant Joshua K. Broadhead, while serving with the .95's.

Walter Ball snaps boys reading The Providence Journal at Rangeval

There elapsed a period, from April 21st to May 31st, during which nothing of cardinal importance occurred. Each week, however, the artillery activity in the sector grew more and more intense. The Germans, at irregular intervals, and more particularly at night, harassed all channels of traffic conducting to the front. There was a war, and never was the enemy permitted to forget it. His cross-roads and hair-pin turns were incessantly colored with the savagely beautiful orange flashes, white smoke and grey flying litter of bursting shells. His machine-gun nests, communication trenches, and battery positions were often shrouded in a sea-green mantle of gas. At the echelon at Rangeval, things arranged themselves in perfect order. Both men and horses were now in the best physical condition. At Jones II, after pumping water and ooze out of the dugouts all day, the men managed to sleep at night with their heads above the tide. Meanwhile, at Jones I there was being excavated a subterranean passage from the dugouts on one side of the road to Betsy on the other side.

Culvert at Jones I

The morning of May 31st, the day following Memorial Day, will always be remembered as the morning of the "Million Dollar Barrage." This raid, in which approximately a thousand infantrymen took part, was centered on the village of Richecourt, with the purpose of capturing prisoners. At 2 o'clock in the morning, a preliminary barrage, lasting about fifteen minutes, was laid on the village. Under cover of this curtain of fire, the engineers advanced and with dynamite pipes destroyed long rows of

barbed-wire entanglement. Then, sharply at three o'clock in the morning, for one hour a violent and perfect box-barrage was laid down around Richecourt with the object of shutting out reinforcements and of enabling the engineers and the infantrymen, with a minimum of losses, to dynamite trenches, shelters, pill-boxes, and dugouts, and to capture prisoners. The German first, second and third line defenses were thoroughly wiped out, and all was accomplished that was planned, only one mistake being made. The initial dose of medicine was administered in too strong a concentration, and but few of the Teutons survived it. Consequently, only a paltry two prisoners were gathered in, of whom one was an adolescent grenadier, 15 years of age. By the infantrymen he was promptly christened "The Million Dollar Kid." Besides inflicting great damage on the enemy, this attack served yet another valuable purpose. It showed the infantry what the artillery was capable of doing. The "Million Dollar Barrage" was without doubt the best example of precision firing ever done by the 51st Artillery Brigade.

From May 31st until June 16th, nothing of historical significance happened. The echelon, on June 8th, was moved from Rangeval to Lagny. At Jones II the men constructed new dugouts and improved the gunpits. Though the weather was, as a rule, sunny and pleasant, all the men at one time or another suffered from "Three Day Dugout" fever. At Jones I, things were as they should be. From his observation balloons or "sausages," Fritz watched Betsy as a cat eyes a mouse. Diurnal "strafeings" were received. The kitchen every four days was re-"crowned" and rebuilt. And Betsy had her flashes.

Sunday, June 16th, the Germans endeavored to stage another Seicheprey, another surprise attack with the motive of taking prisoners. This raid was directed against Xivray, a village on the extreme left of the sector. At 3 in the morning, the enemy fired violently on the artillery positions. Direct hits were made on many of the dugouts at Jones I. Muggy and calm, the weather was ideal for the use of gas, and for four hours both Jones I and Jones II were smothered in phosgene. At times the low-hanging veils of greenish phosgene gas obscured the aiming points, and the gunner corporals were obliged to use their auxiliary aiming points, which were erected precisely for such an emergency. A prompt barrage was laid down by the 75's, while the Battery was engaged the entire forenoon in counter-battery work. At one time during the battle an aeroplane, swooping down over Jones I, fired its machine gun at the men. This same aviator also discovered and photographed Jones II. Throughout the morning and afternoon the enemy, with long-range rifles of large caliber, shelled Boucq, Menil-la-Tour, Cornieville, Sanzey and other villages situated in the rear areas. The battle of Xivray was primarily a .75 machine-gun and infantry engagement. And it is now a matter of history how the 103rd Infantry defended the town, completely crushing the German attack.

Allied Plane
Forced to Land at Jones II

Early in the morning of June 19th, a moderate breeze, six or seven kilometers an hour, was blowing directly towards the German trenches. Conditions could never have been more favorable for a cloud gas attack. Consequently, at 2:30 o'clock, the engineers discharged 923 large canisters of powerfully poisonous gas. As a precautionary measure,

owing to the proximity of Jones I to the trenches, and due to the possibility of a change in the direction of the wind, the men were ordered to wear their box respirators, commencing 2:30 a. m., for an hour, whether or not the presence of gas was detected. This gas attack was a marked success. The Germans had concentrated a large number of troops in the trenches, in readiness for a raid on the American lines at 3 o'clock. The gas attack, coming when it did, caught the enemy unaware, his projected raid was an utter failure, and it is known beyond a controversy that his gas casualties were heavy. The brilliant success was made possible largely by the excellent work of the divisional intelligence department, which knew not only that there was to be a raid, but also the time when the Germans planned to go over the top. In retaliation for this cloud gas attack, the rear areas were again shelled, and later on the same day Jones I was severely bombarded.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of June 19th, with observers in two balloons sensing the shots, the enemy opened fire on Jones I with 150mm. and 210mm. howitzers. At first, the rate of fire was slow, one shell bursting on the position approximately every three minutes. And, as the Germans were using delayed fuses, pits six feet deep and six feet wide were torn in the soft ground. After two hours of this slow, methodical firing there was a temporary pause, followed by a swift and terrific deluge of shells. No less than three large howitzer batteries were simultaneously concentrating their fire on Jones I, with the intent of destroying Betsy and of caving in the dugouts. Not fewer than sixty shells per minute dropped on the position. Tree-trunks a foot in diameter were blown from dugout roofs twenty yards into the field. Enough protection was ripped away from some dugouts to permit daylight to shine through. Even the duds from these large guns landed with such momentum that they made the ground quake. Early during the bombardment a projectile pierced the abri, in which were stored some ten large boxes of high explosive powder. The explosion that resulted was visible for miles around. Débris and smoke were blasted a hundred and fifty feet in the air, and heavy iron I beams, eighteen feet in length, were twisted in knots and hurled three hundred yards across the field. The concussion from this explosion was terrific. Gas curtains, sandbags, rocks, smoke, and mud came crashing into the dugouts, partially obstructing the exits. Shortly before the powder abri exploded, an ambulance carrying two gassed infantrymen approached Jones I on its way from the trenches in the Bois de Jury to the Beaumont dressing station. The driver, believing it possible to race through the barrage, continued his course. However, the powder magazine exploded just as the ambulance was passing, and the concussion lifted the machine in the air and wrapped it around the trunk of a tree like so much paper. After fully twenty minutes of intense bombardment there followed a lull. Even during the lull, approximately six shells per minute were breaking on the position. Anticipating a second heavy attack, only an officer and three enlisted men were allowed to expose themselves during these unquestionably dangerous moments to investigate what damage had been suffered. By the side of the wrecked machine the driver and an orderly were dead. The two gassed infantrymen who had been pitched into the gun-pit and who had crawled into the fuse abri for protection, were found injured and groaning. Under shell-fire, one of these men was carried on duck-boards into a dugout by First Lieutenant Van Ostrand and Private John L. Walker. Meanwhile, the other was hurriedly carried by Corporal Earl H. Plympton and Private George H. Downey to an ambulance, which fortunately had just arrived from Beaumont, and

Tree Felled by German Shell-fire

Powder Abri after Bombardment

Arrow Indicates Dugout where Eight Men were Killed and Three Injured during the Bombardment of June 19, 1918

Ambulance on Paris-Metz Road, hit during Barrage on Jones I

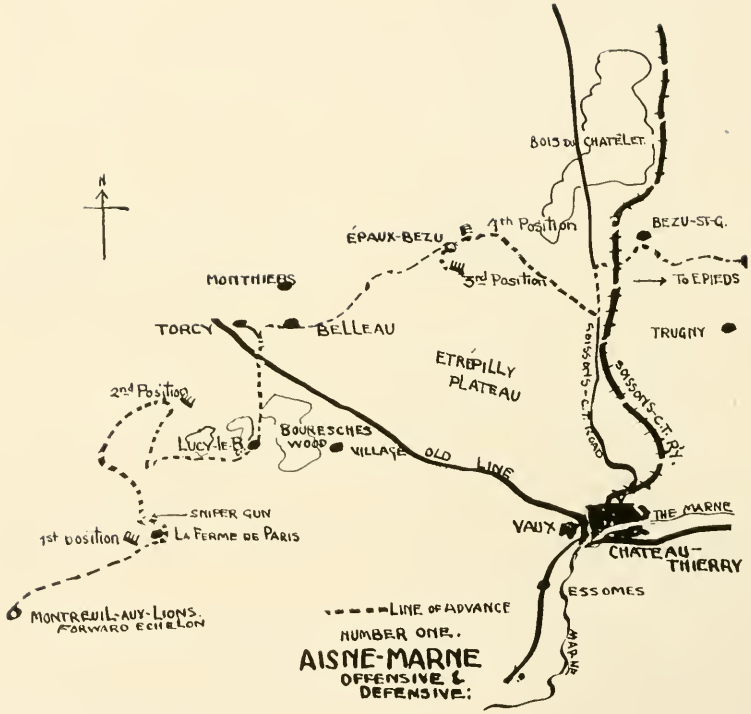
rushed away. No sooner had the machine gone than the Germans resumed the bombardment, firing violently for a space of ten minutes. When the barrage ceased, a speedy check of the men was taken. It was then learned that one of the dugouts in which nine men sought refuge from the shell-fire had collapsed. Picks, shovels and axes were quickly assembled. The men labored to unearth their comrades, most of whom were couriers attached to the infantry. Three of the unfortunates, still alive, were extricated from the wreckage. The work was difficult. It grew night rapidly. The men were exhausted. Yet five bodies, as far as was then known, remained wedged deep in the ruins. A special detail of men, equipped with the proper implements, arrived from battalion headquarters at Mandres and excavated the five. Meanwhile, at eight o'clock, the men, except a few to insure telephone connections, walked silently in small groups to Mandres, where arrangements had been made to quarter them for the night. On the following morning, by daylight, it was discovered that still another body was lying crushed under the débris. Of the eight men killed, only one was a member of Battery A, Dona Dougal. Two other A Batterymen were among the injured. Betsy miraculously escaped without a scratch. On June 20th all who were present during the bombardment were ordered to the echelon for a rest.

The bombardment marked the one dark hour among the many golden that were spent at Jones I. However, what the Germans had achieved was indicative neither of brilliancy nor of efficiency. Times without number German battery positions were methodically smashed and wrecked with equal and even greater ruthlessness.

The last few days in the sector northwest of Toul were largely devoted to preparation for the awaited relief; guns were painted olive-drab, spare equipment was checked, and parc wagons at the echelon were packed. Finally on the night of June 26th, while shells from the guns at Jones II were whizzing over her, Betsy was rolled out of the gun-pit and rumbled over the dark roads towards the echelon, passing on the way long, thin columns of French "Poilus" and of 82nd Division infantrymen, who were relieving those of the Yankee Division. On the quiet night following, a French gun crew with a 155 mm. Schneider howitzer arrived at Jones II, and as the three A Battery pieces were lumbering back to Lagny, Jones II became a lone, sniper gun position. Meanwhile, those men who had been attached to the .95 battery, the anti-tank gun and observation posts were relieved and each rejoined his former section. Soon after dusk, June 28th, the commands "Mount" and "Forward Ho!" were given, and the men, united for the first time in three months, left Lagny and marched via Toul to Gye, which village was reached at 2 o'clock in the morning. Here two restful days were passed and at 6 o'clock, June 30th, the short hike was commenced to Toul, where the Battery entrained and definitely departed from under the menacing shades of Mont Sec.

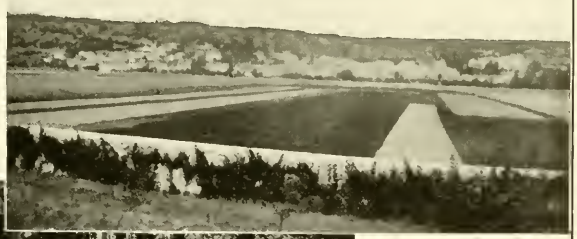
Chateau-Thierry to St. Mihiel

From midnight to early forenoon of the next day the Battery was rushed over the road to La Ferté-Sous-Jouarre, where most of the evening was spent in detraining, the work spurred on by the interrupting buzz of the Boche aeroplanes swooping around overhead. The following two days were devoted to cleaning guns, resting, and generally preparing for another long stay at the front. At this time there was not the slightest inkling of the coming counter-offensive that was to change the entire complexion of the war. The crucial situation of the war was already at hand, but few realized it. The Germans were expected to commence shortly their last great drive, the drive which was to take Paris and end the war by the conquest of German arms. Ludendorff had been


N
BOIS DU CHATELET
ÉPAUX-BEZU
1th Position
BEZU-ST-G.
MONTHIERS
3rd Position
To EPIEDS
TORCY
BELLEAU
TRUGNY
ETROPILLY PLATEAU
2nd Position
LUCY-LE-B.
BOURESCHES WOOD
VILLAGE
OLD LINE
SNIPER GUN
1st position
LA FERME DE PARIS
VAUX
THE MARNE
CHATEAU-THIERRY
ESSOMES
MONTREUIL-AUX-LIONS
FORWARD ECHELON
LINE OF ADVANCE
NUMBER ONE.
AISNE-MARNE
OFFENSIVE & DEFENSIVE.

pouring troops into the unwieldy salient, preparatory to making the final great gamble. The Allied General Staff, however, was fully aware of what was in the wind, and later secured detailed information by a brilliant reconnoitering dash on the part of a small French force. It was then decided to hold the Germans along the Chateau-Thierry-Rheims front, and, if successful in holding on the eastern side of the salient, to launch a powerful counter-offensive on the weakened western side of the salient. The most difficult and important portion of the salient to hold and advance was the Bussiares-Bois de Rochets sector, which marked the right flank of the Allied advance and also the tip of the salient. This tip must first act as a cork to restrain the German forces while they were being subjected to pressure on their flanks, and later become the pivotal point as the Allied flanks swung toward the center of the salient. The third phase would find the pivot changing suddenly to the edge of a wide swinging gate of troops that was to close in on the retreating Germans, at the same time acting continually as a threat to the right flank of the German First Army that had just attacked. That sector and the job that went with it was given to the 26th Division, and how well their task was performed is now a matter of common knowledge. It was a signal honor for the Yankee Division, and a mark of confidence from the French, who were controlling our operations.

The First and Second American Divisions were in the line around Soissons, opposite the pivot upon which the success of the German retreat hinged. The Third American Division was on the right of the Twenty-sixth. To these four divisions fell the burden of the difficult tactical work in the counter-offensive. Operations started on the night of July Fourth, and the Battery celebration of the event consisted in maneuvering to oppose the mass of German reserves that were continually shifting back and forth in an effort to conceal the point of attack. The first position was slightly southwest of Chateau-



Citry, overlooking the Valley of the Marne

La Ferté sous Jouarre
July 4, 1918


BOIS DOLE
FISMES
9th POSITION
CHERY-CHATREUSE
MARIEUL-EN-DOLE
FOREST DE NESLES
S'ERINGES
FERE-EN-TARDENOIS
OURQ R
8th POSITION
SERGY
OURQ R
CLERGES
JAULGONNE-FERE-EN-TARDENOIS
7th POSITION
FORÊT de FERE
BEAUVARDES
26th ARTILLERY GOES ON FROM HERE AS SUPPORT TO 42ND AND OTHERS
6th POSITION
COURPOIL
5th POSITION
EPIEDS
DIVISIONAL OBJECTIVE
LINE OF ADVANCE
RETURN ROUTE
DIVISIONAL OBJECTIVE
NUMBER TWO
AISNE-MARNE
OFFENSIVE.
JAULGONNE
MT. ST. PERE

Thierry, at Citry. The Battery remained there for a day only, that night limbering up and swinging still farther west. The maneuver imposed a severe strain on both men and horses, and all were glad to rest for a day at Jouarre.

At ten o'clock on the night of July sixth, the guns left for the front assigned to the division, popularly known as the Pas Fini sector. Slightly south of Montreuil, the guns were unlimbered and set ready for action in a small growth of woods. Meanwhile, the cannoneers slept and awaited the arrival of the echelon, which was being brought up wagon by wagon to conceal the large troop movements that were going on at that time. Advancing the next day by platoons, the firing battery relieved the 17th Field Artillery at a position which was located in an L-shaped woods between the Paris-Metz Highway and the Belleau Woods.

Near Echelon at La Ferté

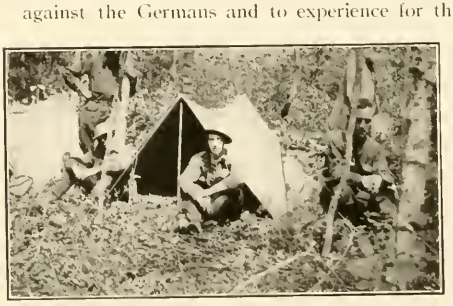
Meantime the echelon for the first time was divided into two parts, the rear echelon and the advance picket line. The rear echelon moved back to La Ferté and a life of ease. The advance picket line established itself at Montreuil-aux-Lions. In these three places the Battery remained until after the commencement of the Aisne-Marne offensive.

The week preceding the offensive passed quickly, there being for the most part the usual harassing fire and counter-battery work by the artillery on both sides. Three days before the Germans commenced their offensive on the eastern side of the salient, two artillery brigades, the 51st and a French brigade, opened up a terrific concentration of fire on a patch of woods opposite the sector. A large number of German reserves were massed in the woods. To insure the security of the plan then in mind, it became necessary to wipe out this force or at least to so disorganize it that it would be incapable of doing any effective work. With this end in view, the Yankee Division "75's" placed a box barrage around the wood, making it practically impossible to escape, and, while the Germans were thus boxed, the 103rd howitzers and the French heavies poured in a hail of high explosives, literally tearing the woods out by the roots. The next day Captain Barker was assigned the problem of blowing up a German General Headquarters, the fire being observed by an American balloonist. Seven direct hits sufficed to end the career of that particular headquarters.

Two days before the drive, all but the third piece were out of action for various causes, even the redoubtable Betsy being on the sick list with a worn tube. On the afternoon of the eighteenth, things began to happen with a vengeance. Ammunition trucks rolled in and out the position all afternoon, dumping load after load of powder and shells, until the cannoneers, who stand almost anything, were demanding a relief. Late that night and in the early morning Nature staged a prelude to the barrage that was to come later, and it was by the intermittent flashes of lightning that the men found their way as they slipped and struggled through the mud and undergrowth to their posts when the call "stand to" came at half past three in the morning. Not realizing what was about to happen, and with spirits somewhat dampened by the heavy downpour of rain,

Betsy the Sniper, and Crew, after first day's firing at Paris Farm in the Chateau-Thierry Drive

the shells were greased and powder prepared, but at 4:35 the whole front west of Chateau-Thierry as far as Soissons burst into flame as thousands of cannon roared forth the signal for the Allied advance. From then on through the rest of the day the guns fired steadily except as one piece or another went out of action for some temporary mechanical trouble. The Germans after the first few minutes failed to return fire, being too busily engaged in retreating to a position of greater security. At dusk the piece hitches arrived at the position and harnessed into the guns. Battery A started forward on its first advance against the Germans and to experience for the first time the rigors of open warfare.



Whipple and Coole in Front of their Apartments

Where, at Chemin-des-Dames and Toul, it had become accustomed to the comparative comfort of a stable, quiet sector, it was now to sleep where it could, eat on occasion, and to repeat the Seicheprey affair as a daily exercise. Communications were hopelessly tangled. There were days that the rear echelon, ignorant of what was going on up front, headed for towns which the Germans had not yet evacuated. And many were the days on which supplies failed to catch up with the fast-traveling firing battery which was having all that it could do to keep in touch with the infantry, and it was only by night and day riding that the Battery agents maintained any sort of liaison. The whole atmosphere seemed charged with a go-get-'em spirit and a spirit that demanded speed and yet more speed.

Men in the pink of condition, who had for months been restrained from returning the enemy more than two for one, were for the first time given license to chase Germans until strength and ammunition gave out.

The firing battery went into position that night directly in the rear of the Belleau Woods, later renamed the Bois de le Brigade des Marines in honor of the famous stand that the Marines made there together with the infantry of the Second Division. The stay in the rear of the woods was short, the German artillery making the place too uncomfortable. So, on the afternoon of the same day, the guns were moved further forward and everything was set in readiness for further battle, which was not long in coming. The next morning took place the battle for Torcy, in which the Battery fired all its available ammunition. The infantry took the town after grim hand-to-hand fighting.

In the meantime, the rear echelon had moved up to the recently abandoned advance picket line and from there marched to Essomes, being on the road for the greater part of 24 hours. The rear echelons of the regiment, because of their peculiar makeup of sick horses, useless caissons, and extra men, had been dubbed "Whitney's Circus" by some nimble-witted private, and Whitney's Circus it remained until the end of the war.

Now came the first big push ahead for the artillery, Batteries A and B travelling all night to the next stand, finally drawing alongside some woods on the heights above Bezuit, overlooking the Chateau-Thierry-Soissons highway and railroad. The German line was slightly north of the railroad, and when the infantry attacked here they met desperate resistance and were severely hampered by machine-gun fire. A hurry call was sent to the howitzers, and both A and B Batteries unlimbered and went into action on the road, a few shots snuffing out or reducing the number of machine-gun nests sufficiently to permit the infantry's advance without serious difficulty. The German artillery immediately returned fire, but only one man was slightly wounded.

A better artillery position had been located in the morning, and the guns were at once sent forward to what is known by batterymen as the Sand Bank Position. The first platoon, with Captain Barker, entered first, being shelled on the way down the slope leading to the position. One horse was killed, and only the prompt action of the Captain prevented further trouble. The third and fourth sections followed the next day, and all hands were busy digging in and camouflaging the guns. Then came the battle for Epieds, a village in the old province of Champagne, and formerly belonging to the bailiwick of Chateau-Thierry. The French strategists regard the taking of this town as one of the principal points of interest in the reduction of the salient.

Fourth Piece, Camouflaged by the Section, Aided by "Bud." Chateau-Thierry Drive near Epieds

Epieds is located in a valley, flanked on all sides by gently rising hills, and on three sides by woods. The German machine gunners covered the approaches on three sides

of the town, and when the infantry entered, they were met by a terrific barrage on the open side and were enfiladed by the machine guns. Little daunted, but resolved not to waste lives unnecessarily, they withdrew and sent back word to the artillery, which successfully covered the infantry and at the same time wrought havoc with the machine guns. Then General Edwards, by what is characterized both in orders and press reviews as "a skilful maneuver evincing a rare appreciation of the tactical requirements for victory," directed his infantry south of the town, and enveloped the hills which surrounded it.

It was not long after this that the order was again given to advance, and the men cheerfully packed up, a simple operation by this time, as most everything useless had been scrapped, and set out for Epieds. The trip was slow, as the Route Nationale and all the roads leading to Epieds were clogged by the advancing Allied Armies. As far as one could see stretched a long, sinuous line of cavalry, artillery, infantry, supply wagons and what not — all going forward. Had the German artillery been in position instead of retreating, there is little doubt that the casualty list would have been swelled appreciably that morning. Epieds was reached by sunset, and the guns placed in a clearing of the woods to the north of the town. While the column spent the day in advance, the infantry had pressed on with such fury that they had now reached the Fere Woods and the road from Fere-en-Tardenois. In this advance they were accompanied by a brigade from the 28th Division which had been turned over to General Edwards to supply the gaps in the ranks of the hard-hit Twenty-sixth Division Infantry.

Battery on Road to Epieds

French Cavalry passing through Beauvardes

The next day the Twenty-sixth as a division withdrew from the line and returned to a well-deserved and much-needed rest, but the artillery, having escaped with comparatively light casualties, continued as support for five other divisions. General DeGoutte, in whose army the Yankee Division was operating, paid a magnificent compliment to the division. He had for a long time been in Morocco in command of a celebrated Moroccan division; all its regiments have the fourragere; and their flags are decorated with a Legion of Honor. In speaking of the 26th, he said: "I couldn't have done better with my best troops."

German Prisoners passing in review before Sergeant Burton

The division was at the same time cited by General Pershing in an order of the day. It was due praise for a division that had advanced eighteen and a half kilometers in

seven days, taking 250 prisoners, four field pieces, including one 210mm. gun, numerous machine guns, one pontoon train and large quantities of ammunition. Its losses in the drive were 5300 officers and men, of whom 600 were killed. To its arms belonged Torcy, Belleau, Givry, Bouresche, Rochet Woods, Hill 190, Etripillety, Trugny, Epieds, LaFere Woods, and the Jaulgonne-Fere-en-Tardenois Road, that objective being the last.

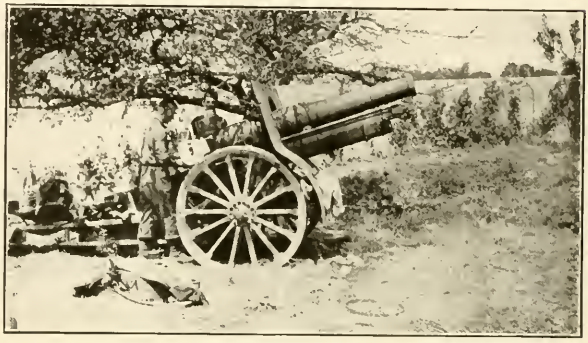
The next position occupied by the Battery was in a patch of woods a kilometer to the east of Courpoil and south of Beauvardes. It was necessary to advance during the day across an open field under direct aerial and terrestrial observation of the enemy. The position was slightly in advance of the support trenches, the infantry digging in as the Battery passed, and immediately in the rear of our own first lines. It was the beginning of the forcing tactics that were employed to the end of the drive. The artillery from now on followed American tactics of previous wars, in which cannons were regarded as weapons to be used in or near the first lines.

As the pieces crossed the open field, observation was partly neutralized by camouflaging with tree branches, one cannoneer being assigned to walk beside each pair of horses with a large bough in hand. It was a modern version of Shakespeare's *Birnham Wood*. Taking position was uneventful insofar as the Battery was concerned; most of the shelling being a hundred yards or so on the right. Everything was quiet until the Battery opened fire, then commenced extremely accurate counter-battery work by the Germans. Their shells raked the woods and, sweeping back and forth, searched out the guns. It was miraculous that the Battery escaped with few casualties. All through the night and the next morning the position was subjected to a deluge of high explosives and gas. The first section, under direct command of Major Barker, stuck to their gun, Betsy, through the worst of the shelling, thereby earning individual divisional citations. The other gun crews were not called upon to fire at that time, and were told to take cover in the shelter trenches. It was a nerve-racking night, for even a partially successful counter-attack would have engulfed the position and meant the possible loss of the guns, and casualties for the major part of the firing Battery. To add to the general miserableness of the situation, it had been impossible, owing to the heavy shelling, to get food up to the firing battery, and the men went two days on one scant meal. On the 27th there was no shelling, the Germans fleeing towards positions near Sergy and moving their artillery back to the next line of defense, the Battery joining in the advance on the heels of the retreating enemy. All night the Battery was on the road, finding its way in the brilliant illumination furnished by the burning German supplies and exploding munitions dumps. The arrival at Beauvardes and the occupation of a new position on the northern edge of the town in an apple orchard was a signal for enemy artillery activity, one caisson being smashed by a direct hit, several men being more or less wounded, and twelve horses in the rear of the first platoon being torn to bits by an exploding shell. Here the guns remained for the better part of a week, firing at intervals on various targets, and here experienced its first aeroplane machine-gun attack of any severity, four Boche planes making two raids at a low altitude. The 42nd Division Artillery was now advancing with the 26th. Just as the Battery was about to move forward, Captain J. C. Davis, formerly with Battery

Douglas and Couch—Whose Goat?

A and now commanding Battery E, was killed by a ricochet shell splinter as he was leaving his P. C. He was buried at Epieds by a Battery A detail.

On the second of August the firing battery moved to the west of Sergy and was prepared to hasten the Germans' retreat from this town, but before this became necessary the Germans withdrew beyond the Ourcq. The battle had now become a mere case of pursuit, and it was becoming correspondingly difficult for the artillery to keep in touch with its infantry.



Fourth Piece, in Apple Orchard in Beauvardes

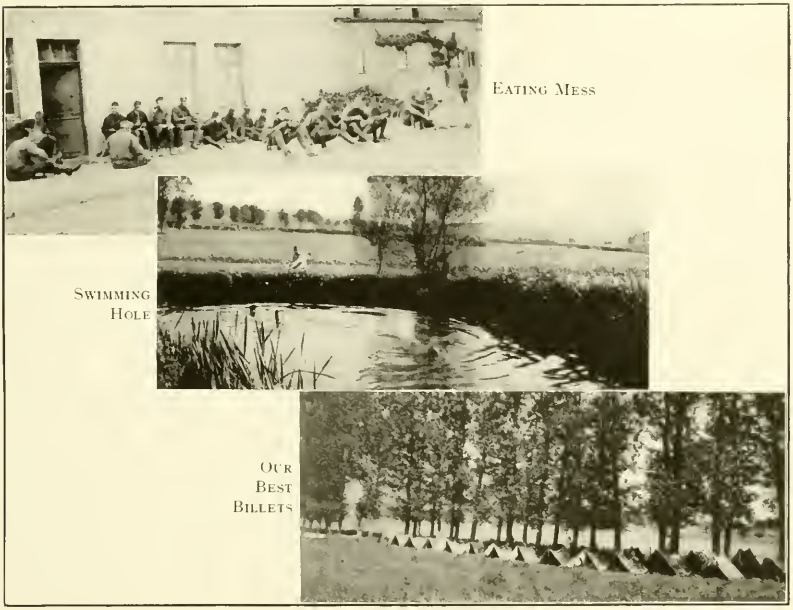
The advance picket line moved on the second of August with the firing battery, parking about a kilometer in the rear from then on.

On the noon of the same day, the firing battery evacuated its position and started on a long hike through Sergy, Nesles, and Mareul to its last position in this drive. There was little to eat and less to drink, the hike itself being made on a small ration of stew. Fismes, which marked the temporary end of the drive until later in the year, was now under the batteries' guns. At midnight on the fourth of August, the 42nd Division of artillery took up the work of the Y. D. artillery and the Battery was relieved, the relief marking the completion of six months' active service on the front and ten months' foreign service.

Then began the long march to the rear. The Battery pulled onto the road and joined the column at midnight with the American "Long Toms" roaring a point-blank farewell. The men were physically and mentally exhausted, but set up a stiff pace, singing battery and regimental songs. Beauvardes was reached next morning, and, after a light breakfast, pup tents were put up and the men slept until late in the afternoon. Towards evening the Battery started on the road again for Chateau-Thierry, arriving there just before sunrise, and the men were billeted in what seemed palaces after their late experiences. The next day the Battery pulled into the site of its old rear echelon in La Ferté, where it stayed for five days, refitting, generally cleaning up, and resting. A number of the batterymen were lucky enough to draw passes for Paris, and the majority of those who weren't lucky went also. The stay at La Ferté was enlivened by the party of

Billets at Aulnois
after the Chateau-Thierry Drive
August 6, 1918

Colonel Glassford of the 103rd, later made General of the Brigade. Everyone by order resumed the civilian status, and for one bright hour there were no buck privates, no captains, no majors, no colonels. There was also an extremely hilarious entertainment. At the end of the week the Battery entrained at La Ferté and used for the first time the Paris-Nancy Railway that had just been retaken from the Germans by the reduction of the Marne salient. When going through Epernay, at 11:00 that night, the station was bombed, the air raid lasting the better part of an hour. The next morning,



Eating Mess

Swimming Hole

Our Best Billets

Leuglay

near noon, the Battery detrained at Latrecey and hiked all day – 23 kilometers — arriving at Leuglay at 5:30 p. m., now reaching its rest area and in sight of its long-anticipated furloughs, already twice denied. Baseball, drill, and rest occupied the Battery for several days, and then, as the men were enjoying a well-presented entertainment by the divisional troops and on the day preceding the first furloughs, fond hopes were shattered by Colonel Glassford's announcement, "Men, we are off for another front." Truly it was with an eye to the future that General Edwards had said a few days before to the batterymen — "Efficiency has its penalties."

Entraining at Latrecey was rapid work, and the Battery was soon on its way for another front — no one knew where. The Battery detrained next morning at Longville, 14 kilometers east of Bar-le-Duc, and after a short rest started a series of forced night

marches to the Troyon sector on the St. Mihiel salient. Before reaching the sector, the Battery camped near the famous Verdun road, holding games while awaiting orders. September 4th, the Battery established an echelon near Rupt-en-Woevre, and on September 5th, in miserable, rainy weather, went into position east of Ranziers, about one kilometer from the first lines and Vaux.

Saint Mihiel à Verdun

After the tide of the German advance of 1914 had been stemmed and swept back, it left behind it the Saint Mihiel Salient, which remained practically unchanged until the First American Army, by a cleverly planned and brilliantly executed blow, delivered it from the Germans' hands. The head of the salient rested on the low, marshy lands of the Meuse before the village of Saint Mihiel and extended at the right through the hills of French Lorraine to Pont-à-Mousson, to the left through the steep heights of the Meuse to the gates of Verdun.

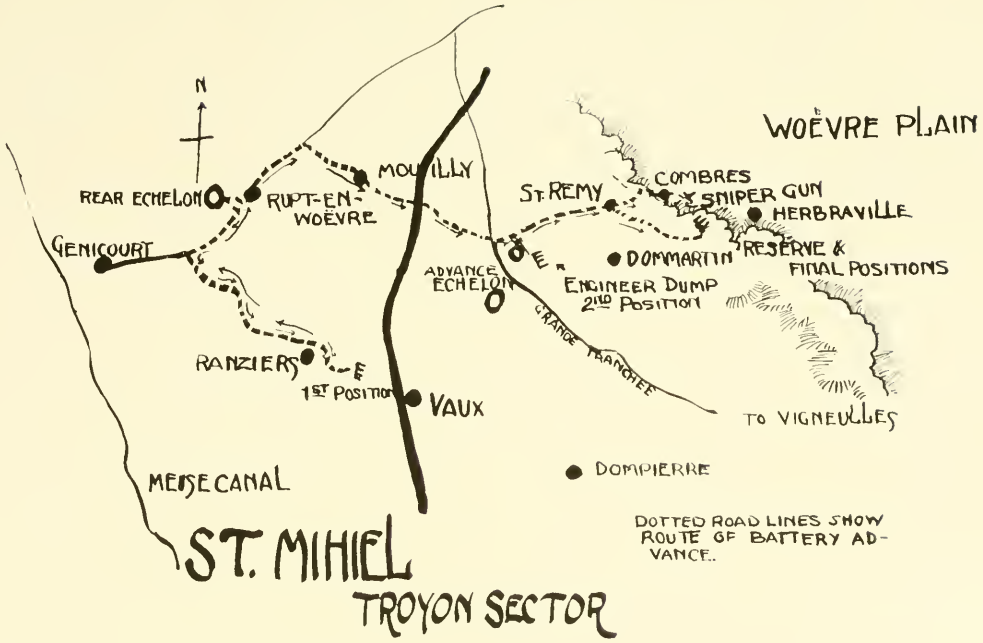
The Germans were placed in a position of great strength. They had their artillery in the hills, from which they could at all times batter away at the Allied lines. At their back was the extremely fertile basin of the Woevre, which offered an excellent base for supplies; and behind this were the iron-fields of Briey and Metz, which were of the utmost value.

Direct Hit — Chateau-Thierry

On the other side, the Allies were at a great disadvantage. The salient severed the Paris-Nancy railway, making long detours necessary in the transportation of troops from the north to the south. The Meuse canal, which might have been a valuable artery of traffic, was either under fire or so cut off as to be of no use to the French. Then, too, the Germans, from their strongly entrenched position, at all times threatened the two key cities of the central part of France — Toul and Nancy.

The French overcame the difficulties of transportation by a rerouting of trains and the building, in some places, of new railway lines. They had little fear of an advance through Toul, because the enemy had staggered and fallen before these two cities in the fall of 1914. So, with all activity centering in the north, after a few unsuccessful attempts to reduce the Saint Mihiel salient, the Allies were content to let it lie undisturbed. Gradually activity in this part of the line quieted down until it became a rest sector for both French and Germans.

With the entrance of the United States into the war, the Allies at last were able to make plans for a general reduction of the whole Western Front. It became more or less tacitly understood that the first task of the American army would be the attempt to take Metz, an endeavor which would have been realized if the war had not come to a quick and almost unexpected end in 1918.


N
WOEVRE PLAIN
REAR ECHELON
RUPT-EN-WOEVRE
MOULILLY
ST. REMY
COMBRES
SNIPER GUN
HERBRAVILLE
GENICOURT
DOMMARTIN
RESERVE & FINAL POSITIONS
ADVANCE ECHELON
ENGINEER DUMP 2ND POSITION
GRANDE TRANCHEE
RANZIERS
1ST POSITION
VAUX
TO VIGNEULLES
DOMPIERRE
MEUSE CANAL
ST. MIHIEL
TROYON SECTOR
DOTTED ROAD LINES SHOW ROUTE OF BATTERY ADVANCE.

The first step toward the taking of Metz must be the reduction of the Saint Mihiel salient. All study in American military schools turned eventually to the terrain of the salient, so that when at last American troops went into the lines, the higher officers were familiar with every difficulty of the road which led to Metz.

The position of the 26th Division was extremely difficult. Before the men lay a strongly fortified line of hills, the Heights of the Meuse, which was a key to the Woevre basin. These once gained, the Americans would be able to reverse the situation and from the vantage of the hills batter away at the Germans on the plain, beyond which lay Conflans, Briey, and Metz itself. The Heights of the Meuse were wooded hills, with narrow valleys whose steep sides offered ideal fortifications. Immediately behind the German lines was a waste of woodland which was nothing but a mass of undergrowth, tangled and snarled with barbed wire and trenches.

The position given to Battery A was in a wooded valley behind the ruined village of Vaux, which had been between the lines for four years. There was little evidence of shell-fire in the valley, and even beyond in the lines the terrain showed a remarkable freedom from all signs of war. Here and there a hillside was stripped bare of all foliage, a barren waste of rotting trees that pointed grimly to four years of war. But this was in No Man's Land and not in the back areas.

When the great German withdrawal from France began, on July 18th, it became possible for the Americans to make definite plans for the attack on the Saint Mihiel salient. The Allied command left the entire matter in the hands of General Pershing, offering him all the troops that they could possibly spare from their operations to the north.

The plan of campaign was a heavy artillery preparation of several hours' duration, after which the Infantry were to go over all along the line. Vigneulles, lying some kilometers behind Saint Mihiel, was to be the objective of two different bodies of troops, one setting out from a point near Pont-à-Mousson, the other from the village of Les Eparges, south of Verdun. In this plan the 26th Division was given the extremely important position near Les Eparges where they were placed side by side with French troops.

To make the attack successful it must be a complete surprise. All troop movements had to take place during the night, and all indications of unusual activity had to be carefully concealed. But so carefully was the plan worked out, and so cleverly were the troops moved, that thousands of men were brought into the salient without the Germans being able to discover anything unusual.

For days before the time set for the drive, troops were pouring in a steady stream into the lines around the salient. Moving by forced marches in the night, resting concealed in woods by day, these men were put into position ready to strike the expected blow. Despite the fact that the weather of the week before the drive brought much rain and made the roads slippery ways of mud, there was no retarding of the smoothly-planned troop and supply movement.

By September 10th most of the Infantry and Divisional Artillery was ready, but almost up to the minute of the attack, there was a constant stream of American and French Corps of Artillery pouring into the salient. And then on September 12th the blow was struck.

No gun-pits were built. The brush was cleared away sufficiently to allow the pulling of the pieces into position in the marshy land of the valley. The men were quartered

Camouflaged by Nature

in pup-tents on a steep side-hill just above the position, and there they lived under adverse conditions while they awaited the drive. The rain was almost incessant, and the tents offered little protection. The guns were laid as soon as the Battery pulled into position, but no registration was done, as the necessity for concealment was too great. Any unaccustomed artillery activity behind the American lines would have caused the Germans to expect the impending drive.

The advanced horse-lines were only a few hundred meters behind the guns, in a fringe of trees above the road. The ground here became churned-up mud, owing to the presence of the restless horses.

The rear echelon was situated in a ravine near the village of Rupt-en-Woevre. This ravine was given by its inhabitants, for no reason whatever, the name Hungry Valley. Here the men led a life of comparative ease, having warm quarters and good food in contrast to the muddy and wet homes and cold food of the men ahead.

At midnight on September 11th, the men were called out into a night of almost blinding darkness and rain and given orders to prepare for the barrage. At 1:00 a. m., came the first indication of the barrage, when one of the heavy guns at the right opened up, to be followed by the belching roar of the many guns along the line, as they leaped into action. The first American-planned, American-commanded drive was under way.

From 1:00 a. m. until 1:00 the next noon the Battery kept up its firing. At first there was no indication of an advance, but early in the morning new data was given, and after that there came a steady lengthening of range which told that the troops ahead were advancing. The heavy rain that was pouring down when the firing started decreased in volume until by noon the sky had cleared and the aeroplanes were out to make their observations.

The German Artillery, taken by surprise, with no data on the many American positions, and overwhelmed by the great force of American guns, was unable to reply with anything but a most perfunctory and desultory fire. Several shells were dropped in and around the guns of Battery A before daylight, but, although several landed close to the pieces, no one was injured. Just before noon, the first detachment of German prisoners came down the road before their French guards. Although the main body of prisoners was taken back by the main road through Ranzieres, the batterymen saw enough Germans and Austrians to know that the drive had succeeded, although at first they did not know how well.

Ahead, the Infantry was advancing steadily. They met practically no opposition at first, but in the woods behind the German lines were held up in many places by machine-gun nests. However, the artillery preparation had been so heavy that there was little stubborn fighting during the first hours of the attack, the bewildered Germans and Austrians falling back en route before the Americans.

The advance was finally halted on a line which ran roughly from Les Eparges through Marcheville, Riaville, outside Vigneulles, Thionville to a point near Pont-à-Mousson. In the drive the Americans had liberated many square miles of French territory, freed many French villages, taken hundreds of guns and thousands of prisoners, and were in a position to batter at the very gates of Metz.

German Prisoners Taken in St. Mihiel Drive

The 26th Division alone had advanced 14 kilometers, taken 2400 prisoners and about 50 guns besides large bases of supplies, many motor trucks, and much ammunition, and won for itself the undying gratitude of the French people which was so finely expressed by the Curé of Rupt-en-Woevre.

The prisoners taken were apparently well dressed and fed, although they gave as a reason the fact that the Saint Mihiel salient was being used as a rest sector where soldiers were given new equipment and put in condition for the heavy fighting to the north.

But, despite the apparent well-being of the prisoners, there was written in their faces the war weariness which was the beginning of the end for Germany.

The Battery remained in position, doing no further firing until the 14th of September. At 9:00 in the morning of that day, the guns of the first three sections were pulled forward through Mouilly, which a few mornings before had been almost within the lines but which was now within range of only the heaviest German artillery.

German Trench and Dugouts St. Mihiel Sector

German Barbed Wire St. Mihiel Sector

After leaving Mouilly, the Battery pulled up a long hill and through "No Man's Land," a dreary, desolate land of stark trees and churned-up ground. Now it was far away from the lines, and already the Engineers, with extraordinary speed, had constructed good roads to link with the better roads behind the old German lines.

Mouilly, near St. Mihiel

Just at dusk the guns were put into position in the edge of a wood in an old German supply dump which was always known to the men of the Battery as the "Engineers' Dump." This was really a reserve position, being so far behind the front lines that little effective firing could be done. The first few days here were spent in building shelters, with the aid of supplies left behind by the Germans, and doing a little firing.

On September 17th, the rear echelon came up, thus getting the whole Battery together. Horse-lines were established and improved, and the men settled down to enjoy themselves.

But the position was too far in the rear to be of any value. So, on September 19th, orders came for the second platoon to move forward to Combres, a tiny village on the plain, while the first platoon was to follow, going into position on the heights above Combres in the Bois de St. Remy.

The second platoon got under way early in the evening, but was forced to stop when the third piece became mired on a turn of the road just above Combres. From here the men could look out over the Basin of the Woevre, which was little more than a vast No Man's Land, so elastic were the lines. The Infantry and machine gunners were holding the line by a system of outposts, although, later, trench systems were begun.

Playing "Old Maid"

The next evening the two guns were gotten out of the mud and pulled down the hill into Combres, which lay stark and battered at the foot of the steep hills which dipped so gracefully into the plain. The project of bringing the two heavy pieces into the plain, where there were no effective means for camouflaging them and from which in event of an attack it would be extremely difficult to pull them speedily, was extremely hazardous.

The third piece was in position in a tiny ell of hedge, while the fourth piece was practically in the open, having only an apple-tree to protect it. The Germans had destroyed practically all the shelters in the village, so that it became necessary for the men to build themselves shelter at night when the village was under shell-fire. These shelters were only flimsy openings in the battered walls of the houses and offered no great protection. The village was under a steady, harassing fire from the Germans, which increased in intensity at night, and many nights the plain was drenched with gas. After less than two weeks' time the fourth piece was pulled

Bringing Mess to the Boys
on the Plain at Combres

out, its position having been discovered and registered on by the Germans. The gun crews worked in two reliefs, the day shift going to the plain before dawn and returning after dark so as to be free from observation.

The work on the plain was dangerous and unpleasant, and each section was far from displeased when its week's tour of duty there was completed.

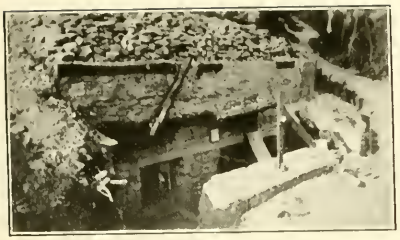
The position in the Bois de St. Remy was better in every way. The woods crowned a steep hill which rose above the village of St. Remy and had formerly been a strong reserve position for the Germans. It was encircled by a complete system of trenches and concrete pill-boxes, while the trees themselves were in many cases concealment for observation towers. The Battery position was near an old concrete dugout which burrowed some sixty feet under the ground. This was not large enough, however, to offer shelter to all the men. Some were forced to pitch pup tents in the woods until wooden huts were constructed in the trenches. These huts were well protected by the trench walls, and after being fitted with stoves made almost luxurious quarters for cannoneers who had been living in tents since the old days at Toul.

Third Piece in Action
on Woevre Plain, near Combres,
in the St. Mihiel Drive

No elaborate gun positions were built, the guns being placed in cleared places in the woods. A very efficient system of camouflage was constructed, covering all the positions, the paths and the tiny railroad which was used to carry shells from the edge of the woods to the position. After the first days, the men settled down to a regulated, fairly quiet life. The food was good, the quarters comfortable, and they asked for no more.

Dugout at Combres Built by 1st and 2nd Sections.
On October 9th this Dugout Stood 20 Direct Hits

During this time the rear echelon was comfortably quartered in the "Engineers' Dump," not far from the old position which had been abandoned when the guns moved forward.



Entrance to German Dugout, 50 Feet Below the Surface. St. Mihiel Drive

The firing at both positions was largely harassing. One gun was given the work for the night and fired in its schedule forty or fifty rounds. The pieces on the hill carried on the greater part of this work, although the piece on the plain fired frequently.

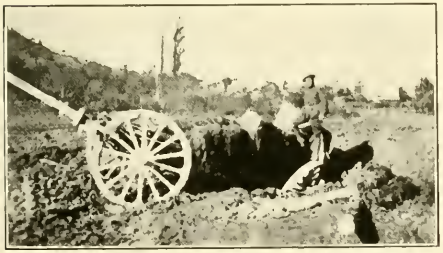
On September 26th, the final drive of the war commenced, when the Americans attacked in the Argonne. The Germans had been expecting an attack of this kind, but had been unable to ascertain at what point it would occur. To keep the Boche in a state of uncertainty, the 26th Division was given the task of making a local attack on Marcheville, thus diverting attention and giving the Germans two points at which they must concentrate. The action planned was only a large raid, but it was by nature a sacrifice attack and called for the most extreme courage.

"Bird" Keach in a Small Shell-hole

The infantry, going over in the morning, ran into a hell of artillery and machine-gun fire. Snipers were in abundance, and the hand-to-hand fighting very stubborn. The battle raged steadily all day, but at night the lines were withdrawn to their old location after both sides had suffered heavy losses. The fighting at this point was probably as intense as it was any place along the line that day. But the 26th Division had carried out its task.

Thanks to the great losses in German artillery in July and August, the Boche were unable to focus any great amount of fire on the back areas. The gunners on the plain had the interesting experience, not often enjoyed by them, of seeing their own shells burst on the plain ahead of them.

On October 9th, the third piece was pulled out of position to be brought to the hill via Herbeuville. Just beyond Herbeuville the gun was mired in an old shell-hole, and while the men were endeavoring to extricate it, the Germans started a heavy shelling and gassing of the plain. The piece was left for the evening, being pulled up on the hill the next night after a day of hard work getting it out of its hole.



Third Piece in Shell-hole on Plains, near Combres

On October 11th the Battery was relieved by Battery A of the 115th Field

Artillery, and proceeded on an all-night march to a wood near Rupt-en-Woevre and Genicourt. From here, after a day's rest, the march was begun again. During the night the Battery was lost on the road, and after wandering about Verdun pulled into the Bois des Sartelles, having covered over 40 kilometers. This march was a severe test of the men's powers of endurance.

After several days in barracks in the woods, the first platoon set out for the "Death Valley" position. They were followed the next evening by the second platoon, which completed the relief of a battery of French 155's which was in the position.

Verdun to Armistice

Just east of the River Meuse, between the villages of Samogneux and Haumont-pres-Samogneux, is the Ravin Boussieres. From the heights at the head of this tiny, steep-sided valley, one can look over the broad Meuse Valley to Le Morthomme, Dead Man's Hill, on whose sides so many Frenchmen gave their lives to stem the German advance in the Spring of 1916; Le Morthomme, which finally was battered to pieces under a withering fire of German Artillery.

The whole terrain about the Ravin Boussieres showed the effect of the great battle of Verdun. The village of Samogneux was a village only by name, being little more than a waste of shell-holes and beaten mounds of stones. The hills, which were once thickly forested, were stripped until they appeared as old, abandoned pasture land.

When the great Allied drive in the Argonne, named by Marshal Foch, "The Battle of Liberation," was begun on September 26th, the Ravin Boussieres was in German hands. From it the German Artillery shelled the advancing lines of Americans. The slopes of the valley toward the French lines were honeycombed with dugouts, and at the foot of the valley was an ammunition and supply dump which was annihilated by the American artillery fire.

During the first days of the drive the 29th American Division took the valley by flank attacks and succeeded in pushing the line ahead for more than a kilometer beyond. The valley was then used by them as a machine-gun reserve position and the French pulled in a battery of 155 mm. howitzers, to be followed later by a battery of 155 mm. rifles. Two days before the first battalion of the One Hundred and Third took their position, the valley was subjected to a heavy shelling by the Germans. During the shelling, aeroplanes flew low and finished the day's work by subjecting the men to a severe machine-gun attack from the air. The American losses were heavy, and after that day the Ravin Boussieres became to all Americans "Death Valley."

On the 17th of October, the first platoon of Battery A relieved the first platoon of the French Howitzer Battery which occupied the upper end of the valley. That night the second platoon followed, and the next morning the French turned the position entirely over to the Americans. Where there had been only one battery of French guns, there was now a battalion of the One Hundred and Third. The French rifles remained in the lower part of the Ravine.

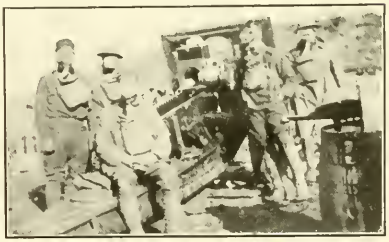
The position at Death Valley was probably the most difficult of any ever held by Battery A. The men, worn out, much in need of rest and furloughs which a beneficent High Command had often promised but had never given, were thrust into a position which was known to the Germans and which by its strength drew a constant harassing fire from the enemy artillery. Added to this was a difficult firing schedule, poor living conditions and insufficient food supplies.

Betsy in Action at Death Valley, near Verdun

Not a day that did not bring with it heavy shelling. The nights were long hours made miserable by shells and gas. The mists which gathered around the valley at dusk were filled with all the gases known to the Germans, and the morning sun only served to bring from the damp ground the gases which lurked after the night's shelling. Gas masks had to be always at hand, were worn a large part of the night, and the least carelessness in this respect meant a casualty.

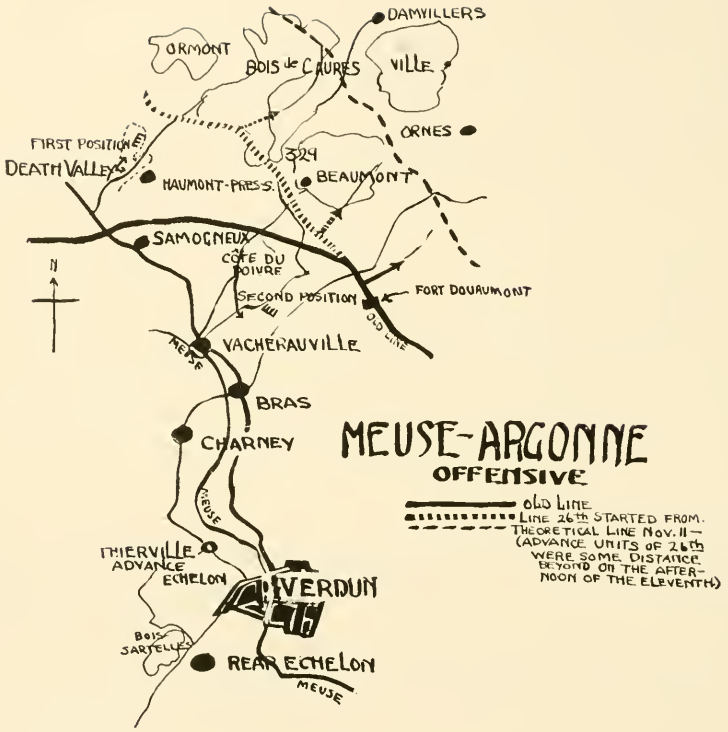
The dugouts, built originally by the Germans, were not well protected, and faced the lines. They were damp, infested with vermin, and so far from the guns that in some cases it was possible to reach them only after a long walk up the steep hillside. In front of the guns shelters were built, but they were small and almost impossible as living quarters. But in spite of these difficulties the men, with the aid of a little salvaged fire-wood, made their temporary houses as cheerful as possible. But, although the shelling was heavy, there were few casualties. Every piece was scarred in many places by shell fragments, while several "duds" fell when an effective shell would have meant death to many men. The dugouts received several direct hits, and on two occasions the powder which was piled behind the battalion position was destroyed.

On the night of October 31st, while the Battery was firing its last heavy barrage from the position, the Germans began shelling the position with both high explosives and gas. The men were kept at their guns for several hours, while there was a constant stream of high explosives and gas placed, which remained there during the days that followed.



Gas Attack at Death Valley, near Verdun

While the artillery was in this position the Infantry, worn out and discouraged, was fighting brilliantly in the Bois Belleau and the Bas d'Haumont. These woods were masses of tangled undergrowth, infested by machine gunners and snipers, and held by the Germans with a grim determination which characterized the efforts of their best troops in the last, discouraging days of the war. To lose the heights which they held meant for the Germans disastrous retreat to the level basin below. And this retreat


DAMVILLERS
ORMONT
BOIS de CAURES
VILLE
ORNES
FIRST POSITION
DEATH VALLEY
324
HAUMONT-PRES S.
BEAUMONT
SAMOGNEUX
CÔTE DU POIVRE
N
SECOND POSITION
FORT DOUAUMONT
OLD LINE
MEUSE
VACHERAUVILLE
BRAS
CHARNEY
MEUSE-ARGONNE
OFFENSIVE
OLD LINE
LINE 26th STARTED FROM.
THEORETICAL LINE NOV. 11—
(ADVANCE UNITS OF 26th
WERE SOME DISTANCE
BEYOND ON THE AFTER-
NOON OF THE ELEVENTH)
THIERVILLE
ADVANCE
ECHELON
VERDUN
BOIS
SARTELLE
REAR ECHELON
MEUSE

Why was "Joe" Tinker Smiling?
He Must Have Found a "Wheel-horse"

could easily become a rout which would leave an open road to Luxemburg before the Allies. The best troops the Germans had were opposed to the Americans at this actual point, and as the line was being pushed back further to the north their efforts to hold were characterized by the utmost stubbornness and most desperate resistance.

In ten days the Battery was called in to aid in five attacks. The 75's were spitting their rain of fire constantly against the lines, while the Americans and Germans mingled in the heaviest fighting in the woods. An advance of a few hundred yards was considered a brilliant accomplishment. Time after time the Infantry would gain a few yards but to be pushed back later because, weakened by heavy casualties, they were unable to hold their advantage. But every day found at least a slight gain credited to the doughboys.

This fighting lasted from October 23rd, when the 26th Infantry with the 29th at its left, went over for the first time, until November 1st, when the Infantry, having gained their objective, were relieved.

During this time the Battery took part in several barrages, the last one coming on the morning of November 1st, when the Germans put up a heavy center-shelling of high explosives and gas.

Much bombarding of rear areas and reprisal was done at this time. One village, Damvillers, was so heavily shelled that the Germans were forced to build a new road around it for the bringing up of troops and supplies.

Every night found at least one piece engaged in harassing fire, which was almost as harassing for the men who fired as it must have been for the Germans.

There was little regret felt when, on the morning of November 2nd, the position was evacuated for one a kilo east of Bras, where a French Battery was relieved. This position was well equipped with dugouts. Emplacements were already built, and reports said that there was little shelling.

"Only a Dud"

The position was near the main road to Douaumont and Vaux, the two most famous forts of all that famous ring about Verdun. The story of the gallant resistance offered by the French in these two forts in 1917 is one of the most heroic of any that came from the grimmest battles of the great war. Stormed again and again by the seemingly inexhaustible forces of the Germans, these forts held out until, all communication being cut off, every man fell in his place unconquered.

On this historic ground, almost under the guns of the Fortress de Charny, which never fell before the Germans, in a terrain pitted thickly with old shell-holes, the Battery went into position.

Although the French had received little shelling here, the Americans at once received everything in the German repertoire from 75's and the lightning-like 88's, to 350's, which screamed and rumbled in the air for an almost interminable length of time before they fell. At this position the third piece was put out of activity by a shell which exploded near it. However, the casualties suffered here were of a light nature.

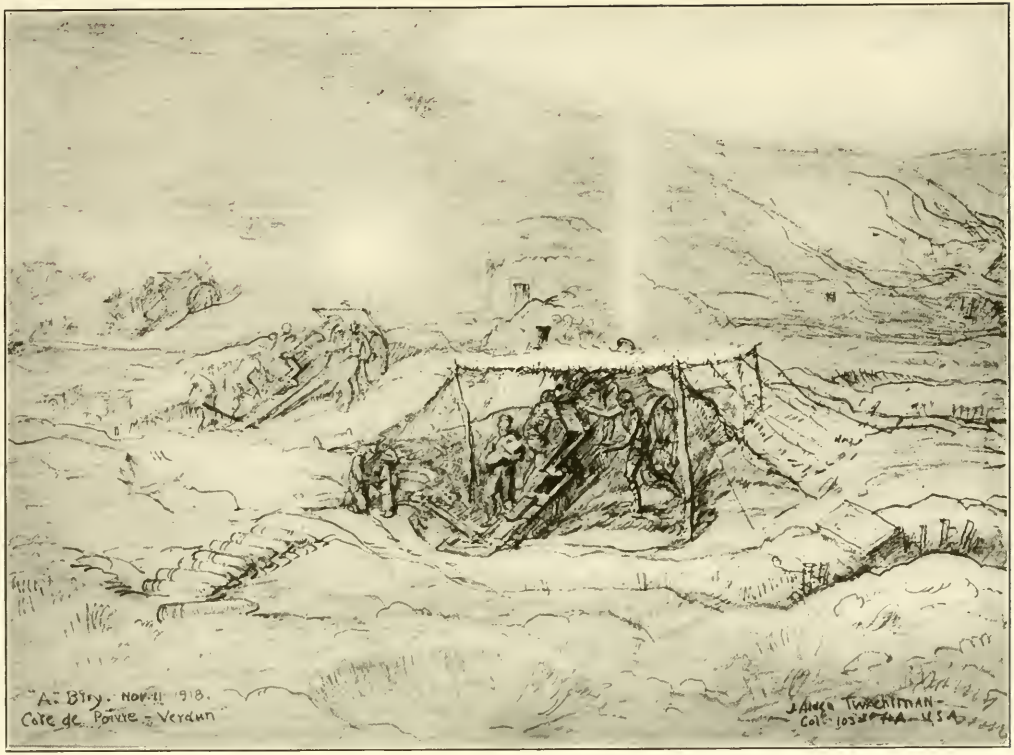
The work done by the Battery was largely harassing fire, although on the morning of November 11th a barrage was fired in support of a Divisional attack which was never completed owing to the cessation of hostilities.

It was here that the last shot was fired on November 11th, and after running up the American flag at the position, the Battery definitely finished its career as a fighting unit in the great war.

In strange contrast to the life at the front during this time was the life at the echelons. For a time a rear echelon was maintained. But later this was moved and all the horses were kept at Thierville just outside of Verdun. The horses were kept in clean, stone stables and the men were quartered in comfortable barracks equipped with bunks and with every facility that such a barracks could offer.

However, the work of the drivers was of a most hazardous nature. The task of getting supplies to the position caused them to travel along roads which were under constant fire and which were never free from gas. And there was always a detail of drivers in the valley itself for the handling of ammunition from the dump along the road to the guns.

November 11th found the Battery an organization of weary, driven men who had maintained themselves at the front only by a spirit which was unquenchable, the spirit which made them hang on despite the greatest obstacles and hardships. These last days were the greatest in the history of Battery A, and, although marked by no brilliant deeds of heroism, showed that the Germans could not conquer the dogged, stubborn will to stick and win.



Battery A Position, Cote de Poivre–Verdun, November 11, 1918.

Pencil Drawing by J. Alden Twachtman, Colonel, 103rd F. A., U. S. A.

Headquarters,
51st Field Artillery Brigade,
American Expeditionary Forces, France.

11 November 1918

SECRET
Operations Order
No. 337.

1. The artillery preparation and accompanying fire will be executed as per Operations Order No. 336 until 11:00 o'clock, 11 November 18. All fire will be carried 200 meters further away from our troops than stated in Operations Order No. 336. Under no condition will a shot be fired after 11:00 o'clock without further orders from these headquarters.

2. The infantry will not advance.

3. No part of this command will move from its present station without further orders.

By Order of Colonel Farr:

Charles P. Reynolds,
Captain, Field Artillery Operations

Distribution:

101st F. A.
102nd F. A.
103rd F. A.
26th Division.
51st Inf. Brig.
52nd Inf. Brig.
File.

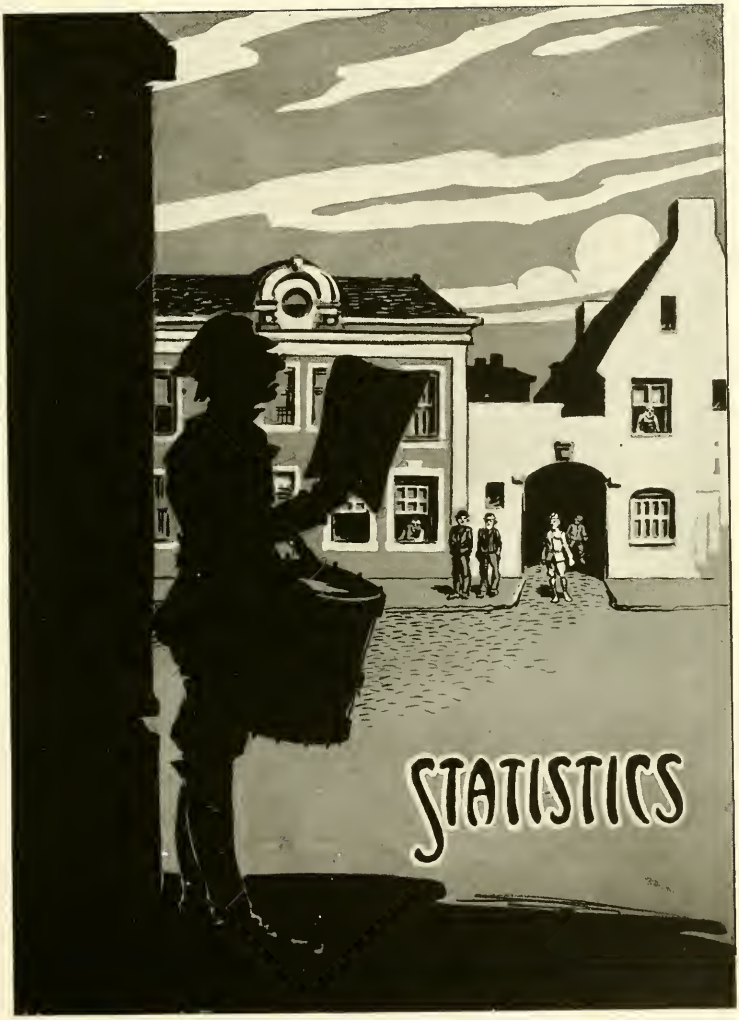
(This is a copy of the order to cease fire as given the 51st Artillery Brigade on the morning of November 11, 1918. Delivered by Holsenbeck. The Brigade stationed in the Bois d' Haumont near Verdun.) (The order that silenced Betsy the Sniper and her three companions.)

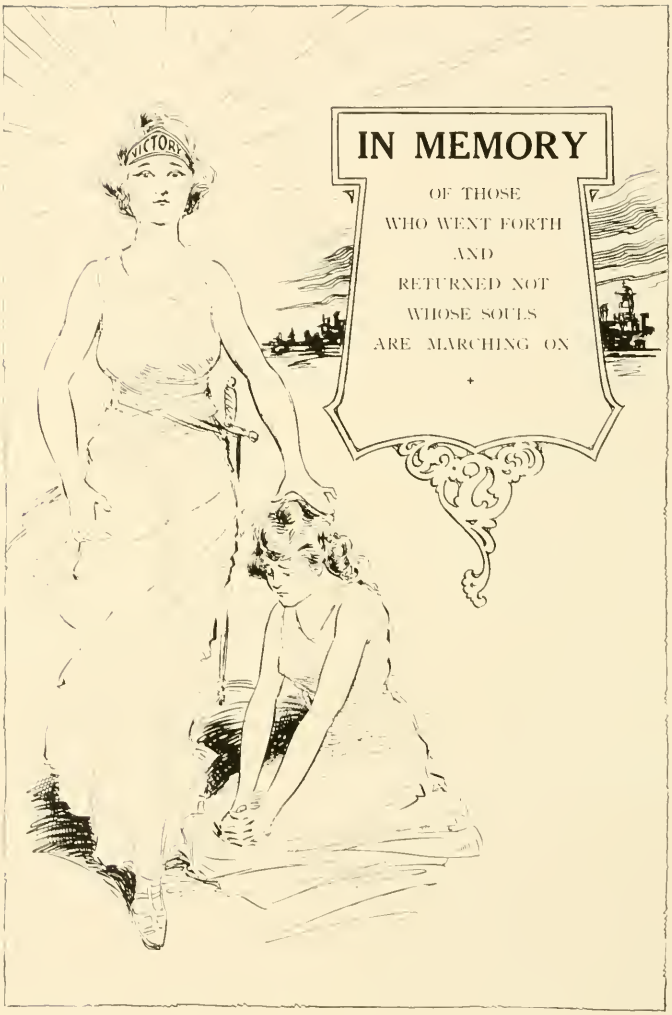
Successive Periods in Line on the Western Front

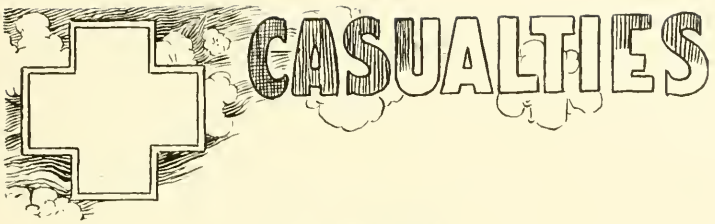
Date of Entry	Place	Sector	Date Withdrawn
Feb. 6, 1918	North of Soissons (Brigaded with French)	"Chemin-des-Dames"	March 21, 1918
Apr. 3, 1918	North of Toul	"La Reine" and "Boucq"	June 28, 1918
July 10, 1918	Chateau-Thierry	"Pas Fini"	July 21, 1918
Sept. 8, 1918	St. Mihiel Salient	"Rupt" and "Troyon"	Oct. 8, 1918
Oct. 18, 1918	North of Verdun	"Neptune"	Nov. 14, 1918

Aggregate time in line — 7 months, or 210 days.

Note: "Date of Entry" and "Date Withdrawn" as used above, are the dates on which *the command passed to or from the 26th Division.* This table does not in reality show the exact time which all units of this division served in line. There were several instances where regiments and brigades entered the line several days in advance of the passing of the command to the division. Also, during the nine months' service from February 6, 1918, the division spent only 10 days in a rest area (just prior to the St. Mihiel offensive), the balance of the time being consumed in moving from one sector to another, or in support position, awaiting entry into the line.


STATISTICS


VICTORY
IN MEMORY
OF THOSE
WHO WENT FORTH
AND
RETURNED NOT
WHOSE SOULS
ARE MARCHING ON



Killed in Action

Joshua K. Broadhead	Sergeant	April 20, 1918
Joseph C. Davis	Captain	July 30, 1918
Dona J. Dugal	Mechanic	June 19, 1918

Killed by Accident

John E. Benson	Private First Class	August 31, 1918
Charles E. Jenkins	Private	January 1, 1918
William D. Packer	Private	September 9, 1917

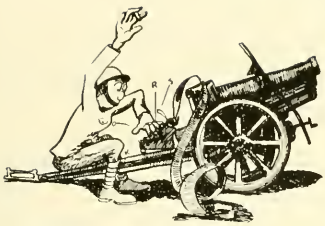
Died of Disease

Fred A. Almquist	Horseshoer	August 2, 1918
Carl F. Green	Private	May 30, 1918
Beverley S. Lake	Chief Mechanic	March 8, 1919
Ernest H. Munroe	Corporal	December 23, 1918
Eugene K. St. Amour	Private	March 12, 1919
George A. Rico	Private	October 25, 1918

Wounded

William F. Andrews	1st Lieutenant	April 21, 1918
Harold J. Aspinwall	Mechanic	July 25, 1918
Jesse L. Beard	Private	November 5, 1918
Leslie A. Boswell	Corporal	July 30, 1918
Raymond E. Burrows	Private	October 25, 1918
Raymond E. Crowell	Private	November 5, 1918
John M. Curtin	Private First Class	July 26, 1918
Michael DiBattista	Private First Class	June 19, 1918
William Douglas	Private First Class	October 10, 1918
William Dugan	Private	November 7, 1918

James E. Eaton	Private First Class	November 7, 1918
Henry J. Flint	Private	October 10, 1918
Harold S. French	Private First Class	July 24, 1918
Arthur J. Frey	Sergeant	November 4, 1918
Henry G. Gilbert	Private First Class	April 17, 1918
James C. Gould	Private	November 3, 1918
Morris L. Harrington	Private First Class	April 7, 1918
George B. Harvey	Private	November 2, 1918
Cornelius P. Hanlon	Private First Class	October 31, 1918
William B. Kelley	Private First Class	June 19, 1918
Carroll B. Larrabee	Private First Class	May 7, 1918
Edgar L. Mott	Bugler	October 10, 1918
Ray E. Palmer	Private	April 21, 1918
Archie F. Patterson	Private First Class	October 10, 1918
Charles C. Plumb	Sergeant	October 29, 1918
Earl H. Ramage	Bugler	April 24, 1918
Donald D. Ring	2nd Lieutenant	October 10, 1918
Raymond E. Siegel	Private	October 22, 1918
Raymond E. Taylor	Chief Mechanic	October 10, 1918
Foster M. Trainer	Private	October 26, 1918
Peter Tsavos	Private	April 7, 1918
A. Mortimer Van Ostrand	1st Lieutenant	June 19, 1918
Bert L. Vincent	Private First Class	October 10, 1918
Roger W. Williams	Private	April 20, 1918



ROSTER

Roster of Battery A from July 26, 1917:

A

Abbott, Chester C.	Private
Abbott, Preston O.	Sergeant
Acton, Louis	Private
Adams, Carroll E.	First Sergeant
Adams, Harold V.	Private
Adams, Ronald T.	Sergeant
Almquist, Fred A.	Horseshoer
Ainsworth, Stanley S.	Corporal
Aspinwall, Harold J.	Mechanic
Atkinson, Francis K.	Private
Ault, Paul	Private 1st Class

B

Balch, Joseph	Private
Balchin, Charles E.	Sergeant
Baldwin, Earl F.	Sergeant
Ballinger, George, Jr.	Private
Ballou, Fred B.	Private
Barthelmess, Frank E.	Private 1st Class
Batcheller, Carryl L.	Private
Beard, Jessee L.	Private
Beaulieu, Peter A.	Private 1st Class
Bell, Richard	Private
Bender, William	Private
Benson, John E.	Private 1st Class
Bischof, Stephen J.	Private
Bishop, Harold W.	Private
Bitting, Kenneth B.	Private
Bizon, Arthur J.	Cook
Black, Oswald B.	Private
Blackmar, George C.	Private
Bondy, Perry E.	Private
Boswell, Leslie A.	Corporal
Bosworth, Leland S.	Private
Bothroyd, George A.	Private
Bouchard, Edmond A.	Private
Boucher, Joseph A.	Private
Braman, Harold A.	Sergeant
Brennan, Frank	Private
Bright, Miles P.	Private
Broadhead, Joshua K.	Sergeant
Brockmann, George T.	Private
Bronsord, William J.	Private
Brooks, Ralph W.	Private
Brown, Albert	Private
Brown, Edmund A.	Private
Brown, Gilbreth	Sergeant
Brown, Harry G.	Private 1st Class
Brown, Louis C.	Private
Brown, Saul	Private 1st Class
Burrows, Raymond E.	Private
Burton, Raymond H.	Sergeant
Byron, Daniel E.	Private

C

Campbell, Bertram T.	Private
Campbell, Thompson A.	Private 1st Class
Cannon, Albert C.	Private
Cantwell, Percy	1st Sergeant
Caruolo, Anthony M.	Private
Carroll, Patrick	Private
Case, Benjamin W.	Private
Casey, George A.	Private
Cazanas, John A.	Private
Cederholm, Gustof E. E.	Private 1st Class

Cedor, Peter	Private
Chandler, George A.	1st Sergeant
Chaplin, William W.	Private
Choquet, Henry A.	Private
Church, Harold P.	Corporal
Clark, Henry W.	Private
Clark, William P.	Private
Clarke, Francis A.	Private
Clarke, William J.	Horseshoer
Cleaveland, Ernest R.	Corporal
Clement, Burton R.	Private 1st Class
Coker, Lewis R.	Private 1st Class
Conway, Charles	Private
Cook, Leslie R.	Private
Coole, Gordon C.	Private 1st Class
Cottuly, Edward	Cook
Couch, John R.	Private 1st Class
Cournoyer, Homer	Private 1st Class
Coyle, James E.	Private
Crowell, Raymond E.	Private 1st Class
Crowther, Robert E.	Private 1st Class
Crum, George F.	Corporal
Curley, Thomas E.	Mechanic
Curtain, John M.	Private 1st Class

D

Damon, Howard C.	Corporal
Damon, Samuel R.	Sergeant
Dangelo, Mercantonio	Private
Daniels, Frederick L.	Corporal
Danielson, Oscar M.	Private
Davies, Oliver J.	Private
De Grange, Felix J.	Private
De Martino, Antonio	Private
Demarest, Millard	Private
Dennis, Albert E.	Private
Derry, Ernest N.	Private
Deskin, Thomas H.	Private
Di Battista, Michael	Private 1st Class
Diset, Alma M.	Private
Dodworth, Wilfred K.	Sergeant
Dolzadelli, Italo	Private
Donovan, John J.	Private 1st Class
Doquila, Robert	Private
Douglas, William	Private 1st Class
Dowe, John M.	Corporal
Downey, George H.	Corporal
Dreistadt, Joseph A.	Private
Dugal, Dona J.	Mechanic
Dugan, William	Private
Dwyer, Michael W.	Private

E

Easterbrooks, Wilfred K.	Private 1st Class
Eaton, James E.	Private 1st Class
Elliott, George A.	Private

F

Faber, David	Private
Fay, Frank	Private
Fielder, Wilbur	Private 1st Class
Finlay, Raymond F.	Private 1st Class
Fleming, Leon H.	Private
Flood, William J.	Private
Fowkes, Ernest E.	Private
Francis, Paul W.	Corporal
Freeman, Arthur C.	Corporal
French, Harold S.	Private 1st Class
Frey, Arthur J.	Sergeant

G

Gaffney, Leo C.	Private 1st Class
Gilbert, Henry A.	Private 1st Class
Gilmore, Harold G.	Private
Goodman, William H.	Sergeant
Gorham, Isaac W.	Corporal
Gould, James C.	Private
Grady, James J.	Private
Green, Carl F.	Private
Griffin, Timothy P.	Private 1st Class
Grimes, Thomas M.	Sergeant
Grover, Harold E.	Private
Gurry, Ellis T.	Private 1st Class

H

Hainer, Albion E.	Private 1st Class
Hall, Albert E.	Corporal
Handy, Courtland J.	Private
Hanlon, Cornelius P.	Private 1st Class
Hannaway, Henry A.	Private 1st Class
Harmon, Walter T.	Private 1st Class
Harrigan, John P.	Private 1st Class
Harris, John H.	Private
Harrington, Francis B.	Private
Harrington, Morris L.	Private 1st Class
Hart, Charles E.	Private
Hawes, Russell C.	Private 1st Class
Hayden, Eugene B.	Private 1st Class
Herring, Elmer R.	Private 1st Class
Hickey, James E.	Mechanic
Hicks, Peter E.	Saddler
Hicks, Russell G.	Private
Hill, Harold E.	Supply Sergeant
Hoar, Frank T.	Private
Holbrook, Walter A.	Private
Houle, Edward W.	Private
Howard, Vincent A.	Private 1st Class
Hunter, Edward C.	Corporal

J

Jackson, Newton J.	Corporal
Jenkins, Charles E.	Private
Johnson, Arthur	Private
Johnson, Erven	Private
Jones, Donald C.	Private 1st Class

K

Keach, Charles B.	Private
Kectaros, John	Private
Kelley, Loring S.	Corporal
Kelley, William B.	Private 1st Class
Kennedy, Frederick G.	Corporal
Kensil, John T.	Private
King, John H.	Private
Kittredge, Guy W.	Private
Knapp, Alden D.	Private
Knights, Edwin N.	Corporal

L

Laffey, Joseph J.	Corporal
Lake, Beverley S.	Chief Mechanic
Lang, John	Private
Langdon, Chauncey T.	Private 1st Class
Langdon, Robert C.	Private 1st Class
Laperche, Benonie	Private 1st Class
Lapointe, Charles F.	Corporal
Larkin, Russell E.	Private
Larrabee, Carroll B.	Private 1st Class
Laxton, Ira R.	Private 1st Class
Lawson, Harry E.	Private
Lees, Chester F.	Corporal
Leland, Edgar A.	Private
Lippitt, Charles W.	Private
Little, John W.	Private 1st Class
Livesey, George	Private
Loomis, Clarence, D'O.	Private
Lord, Ivory	Private 1st Class
Lord, Leonard	Private 1st Class

M

MacDonald, George R.	Sergeant
MacDonald, Roderick	Private
MacFarland, Robert J.	Private
MacLaughlin, Joseph A.	Corporal
MacMillan, Webster C.	Private 1st Class
McCarthy, Edward F.	Private
McCarthy, Michael	Private
McCormick, William B.	Private
McElroy, Arthur V.	Private
McGarvey, Gilbert	Private
McGowan, William I.	Sergeant
McIntire, Lowell A.	Private
McIntyre, Albert	Private
McKenna, Fred A.	Sergeant
McPhee, Joseph H.	Private
Major, Basil K.	Supply Sergeant
Maloy, Charles B.	Corporal
Mara, Edwin	Private
Marchand, Alphonse	Private
Marcil, Onesime	Private
Marshall, Floyd C.	Sergeant
Martin, Warren W.	Private
Mason, Walker	Private
Mathieu, Wilfred	Private 1st Class
Meagher, Charles A.	Private
Mellor, John H.	Private 1st Class
Metcalf, Paul B.	First Sergeant
Mitchell, Herbert G.	Private
Moffitt, Samuel A.	Private 1st Class
Monroe, Eric A.	Private 1st Class
Moore, Bradford K.	Sergeant
Moore, Karl R.	Private
Morris, Albert	Corporal
Mott, Edgar L.	Bugler
Mulcahey, William T.	Private 1st Class
Mullard, Samuel H.	Private 1st Class
Munroe, Ernest H.	Corporal
Murphy, Arthur L.	Private 1st Class
Murphy, John J.	Stable Sergeant
Murphy, William R.	Private

N

Nadeau, Adona	Private
Nevin, John B.	Sergeant
Nield, Raymond C.	Private
Nye, George H.	Private 1st Class

O

O'Brien, Williams J.	Horseshoer
O'Connor, John H.	Private 1st Class

P

Packer, William D.	Private
Paige, Percy E.	Private 1st Class
Palmer, Ray E.	Private
Papineau, Alfred L.	Private 1st Class
Parkin, Ernest D.	Private
Parks, Fred J.	Private
Parsons, Paul S.	Private
Patterson, Archie L.	Private 1st Class
Paty, Frederick R.	Private
Pearson, Robert A.	Private 1st Class
Pelchat, Alfred J.	Private 1st Class
Perry, Charles H.	Horseshoer
Perry, Ellis E.	Horseshoer
Pettee, Herbert B.	Private
Phillips, Eugene A.	Private 1st Class
Phillips, Samuel H.	Private 1st Class
Pierce, Willard D.	Private 1st Class
Pipes, Harry	Private
Plumb, Charles C.	Sergeant
Plympton, Earl H.	Corporal

R

Ramage, Earl H.	Bugler
Raney, Roy E.	Private
Reed, Walter D.	Private
Rhoads, John W.	Sergeant
Richardson, Clyde	Private
Richardson, John H.	Private
Rico, George A.	Private
Robertson, John F.	Private 1st Class
Robertson, Hugh	Corporal
Robinson, Leo A.	Private
Ronne, Arthur H.	Private
Ruhl, Aim E.	Private
Ryan, Lyman H.	Private
Ryan, Thomas N.	1st Sergeant

S

Saacke, Julius A.	Sergeant
Salter, Howard P.	Corporal
Sawyer, John H.	Corporal
Scammon, Paul A.	Corporal
Scanlon, William A.	Saddler
Schwull, William	Mechanic
Sheetz, Frank H.	Private
Sheldon, Herbert H.	Corporal
Shelmerdine, Raye	Private
Sherman, Herbert L.	Private
Shunney, John M.	Private
Siegel, Raymond E.	Bugler
Singleton, James J.	Private 1st Class
Sisson, Russell E.	Private
Smith, Wendell C.	Private
Soban, William A.	1st Sergeant
Springer, Allan P.	Private
St. Amour, Eugene K.	Private
Stimpson, Henry P.	Sergeant
Sturgeon, Claude	Private
Sweet, Russell H.	Corporal
Sweet, Walter H.	Private

T

Tarbell, Luther A.	Corporal
Taylor, George A.	Private
Taylor, Raymond E.	Chief Mechanic
Tetreault, Joseph N.	Private 1st Class
Therrien, Edward	Private 1st Class
Thomas, Royal L.	Sergeant
Tinker, Herbert T.	Corporal
Tourjee, Paul W.	Private
Trainer, Foster N.	Private
Tsavos, Peter	Private
Tursi, James V.	Private

U

Uecker, Emil	Private
Usher, Reuben A.	Corporal

V

Vance, Thomas F.	Private
Vincent, Bert L.	Private 1st Class
Vincent, Robert E.	Private

W

Wade, Bissell L.	Private
Walker, Alpheus A.	Private 1st Class
Walker, John L.	Corporal
Wall, Frank A.	Private
Walsh, Joseph H.	Corporal
Ward, Harry	Private
Weeden, Raymer B.	Mess Sergeant
Wells, Maurice C.	Private 1st Class
West, Eldred G.	Cook
Whipple, Earle G.	Private
Whipple, Charles G.	Private
Whitwam, Ambrose	Private 1st Class
Williams, Roger W.	Private
Wood, William F.	Cook
Wright, Carlos G.	Private 1st Class

Y

Yeilush, John F.	Corporal

Battery A
as a Training School for Officers

In the fall of Nineteen hundred and ten, Battery A of Rhode Island was reorganized. Always after the reorganization, Battery A was in the foreground of her rivals in the National Guard, and was, indeed, an actual and excellent training school for officers. From Nineteen hundred and ten until the entrance of the United States into the war against Germany, a large number of enlisted men were instructed by thorough and efficient officers in all branches of work pertaining to field artillery. And, according to the most accurate and complete data obtainable at present, one hundred and fourteen former members of Battery A served as commissioned officers during the World War. Of these there were one colonel, one lieutenent-colonel, eight majors, twenty-five captains, thirty-one first lieutenents, thirty-nine second lieutenents, six cadets, one captain, U. S. N., and two lieutenents, senior grade, U. S. N. Furthermore, eighty-one of the one hundred and fourteen officers served in France, and one in Siberia.

Unfortunately, however, the following list is incomplete, for it is believed that at least fifteen other members of Battery A, concerning whom information can not be obtained at present, were commissioned officers.

Adams, Carroll, 2nd Lt. C. A. C. Instructor, Army Heavy Artillery School, France.

Adams, Ronald T., 2nd Lt. Tank Corps, 301st Bn. Heavy, France.

Allen, Walter L., 1st Lt. 302nd American Train Co., France.

Andrews, William F., 2nd Lt. Batt. A, 103rd F. A., France. 1st Lt. 54th F. A., U. S.

Angell, Carl H., 2nd Lt. F. A. O. T. C., Camp Jackson, S. C.

Babcock, Donald S., Capt. Commdg. 2nd Batt. 103rd F. A., Major Postal Service, France.

Babcock, Harold P., 1st Lt. Batt. A, 103rd Field Artillery and Balloon Service, France.

Bagnall, Charles L., 1st Lt. C. A. C., Batt. A, 66th Artillery, France.

Bailey, George W., Jr., Cadet Capt., West Point, U. S. M. A.

Balchin, Charles E., 2nd Lt. 302nd Field Artillery, 151st Brigade, Corps Art., France.

Barker, Harold R., Captain Batt. A, Major 2nd Bn., 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Berry, Stanton K., Capt. Infantry Personnel Officer, 340th Inf.
Killed in action October 9, 1918.

Bitting, Kenneth H., 2nd Lt. Hdqrs. Co., 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Blanding, Alan C., Lt. Senior Grade, U. S. N., Foreign Service.

Bliss, Carlton M., Aviation, U. S. A. Killed by accident November, 1918.

Bontecou, Fred H., 1st Lt. Field Artillery, France.

Bontecou, Russell, 1st Lt. Field Artillery, France. Captain Field Artillery, U. S.

Bowen, Charles W., Jr., Capt. U. S. A. Field Artillery, France.

Braman, Harold A., 1st Lt. Field Artillery, France.

Brown, Stewart D., 2nd Lt. U. S. A. 125th Reg., 8th Corps Field Artillery, France.

Bullock, Earl C., 2nd Lt. Batt. C, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Burnell, Ray L., Capt. U. S. A., 79th Field Artillery School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla.

Burnham, Walter H., Capt. U. S. A. Ord. Office, Chief of Ord., Washington, D. C.

Burton, Wallace, 1st Lt. Batt. B, 147th Field Artillery, France.

Butterfield, Theodore S., 2nd Lt. U. S. A. Quartermaster Corps, U. S.

Cady, John Hutchins, Cadet Field Artillery, Camp Taylor, Ky.

Cantwell, Percy J., Capt. 351st Field Artillery, France. Major, U. S. R.

Chaffee, Everett St. John, Maj. and Lt.-Col. 103rd F. A., France. Col. 55th F. A., U. S.

Chandler, George A., 2nd Lt. 86th Div., Batt. F, 331st Field Artillery, France.

Chace, Kipp L., 1st Lt. 32nd Field Artillery, France.

Chase, William C., Capt. 11th Machine Gun Bn., 4th Div., France.

Christy, Edward L., 1st Lt. Co. M, 48th Reg. Inf., Newport News, Va.

Clark, Henry G., Officers' Material School, U. S. Naval Reserve Force.

Clark, Harold F., Cadet Aviation, U. S.

Clayton, Ernest, 2nd Lt. Casual Quartermaster Corps, France.

Collins, King, 2nd Lt. 116th Field Artillery, 31st Division, France.

Congdon, G. Maurice, Capt. Ordnance Dept., Washington, D. C.

Cummings, Matthew J., Capt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Damon, Samuel R., 2nd Lt. Hdqrs. Co., 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Daley, Frank H., 2nd Lt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Darling, C. C., Lt. Ordnance Dept., Washington, D. C.

Davis, Joseph C., 1st Lt. Batt. A, 103rd F. A. Capt. Batt. E, 103rd F. A., France. Killed in action July 30, 1918.

Dillon, Asahel S., Capt. 112th Trench Mortar Batt., 37th Division, France.

Dodge, W. P., Capt. Ordnance Dept., U. S.

Dodworth, Wilfred K., Capt. Batt. C, 305th Field Artillery, 77th Div., France.

Drummond, Frank C. P., 2nd Lt. 113th Field Artillery, 30th Div., France.

Eaton, Richard J., Capt. Field Artillery, 1st Div., France.

Eden, Charles H., Jr., 2nd Lt., Field Artillery, France.

Engelhard, George, 1st Lt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Files, Chester A., 2nd Lt. Batt. C, 144th F. A., 40th Div., France.

Gammell, William, Jr., 302nd Field Artillery, 76th Div., France.

Garnett, Evanda B., Aviation Cadet, British Army. Killed in action, France.

Gibson, Reuben Timothy, 2nd Lt. Batt. A, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Goodspeed, George S., 1st Lt. 4th Reg. Field Artillery, U. S.

Grant, Wilmont A., 2nd Lt. Batt. B, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Grosvenor, William, 2nd Lt. Air Service, U. S.

Hamilton, Ralph S., Jr., Major 103rd Field Artillery. Lt.-Col. Postal Service, France.

Hanley, Gerald T., Capt. Batt. B, 103rd F. A., France. Major 54th F. A., U. S.

Hartigan, Thomas J., Capt. Dental Corps, France.

Hartwell, Everett S., 2nd Lt. Batt. A, 103rd F. A. 1st Lt. and Capt. Airplane Observer, France.

Hazard, Frederick R., Jr., 2nd Lt. 54th Field Artillery, C. A. C., France.

Heminway, Loring S., 2nd Lt. 71st Field Artillery, France.

Hess, John R., Jr., 1st Lt. 301st Field Artillery, 76th Div., France.

Holt, George T., Lt. Senior Grade U. S. N., Foreign Service.

Howland, Daniel, 1st Lt. Battery A.

Howe, Paul D., 2nd Lt. Chemical Warfare Service, U. S.

Hubbard, Dana M., 1st Lt. Batt. C, 103rd F. A., France.

Jenckes, Thomas A., 2nd Lt. Field Artillery, U. S. 1st Lt. Field Artillery, France.

Kelley, Solon C., Jr., 2nd Lt. U. S. A. Field Artillery R. D., Camp Jackson, S. C.

Langdon, Duncan, 1st Lt. Balloon Observation Service, France.

Langdon, George W., Jr., 1st Lt. 102nd F. A., France. Capt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Lewis, George W., Cadet U. S. M. A., West Point.

Lewis, Lester T., 1st Lt. 102nd Field Artillery, France.

Lippitt, Charles Warren, Jr., 2nd Lt. 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Lull, Ernest P., 2nd Lt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Luther, Earl F., 1st Lt. Chemical Warfare Service, France.

MacColl, William P., Maj. Q. M. C. Chief Purchasing Office, Paris, France.

MacDonald, George R., 2nd Lt. Co. B, Military Police Bn., Coblenz, Germany.

MacLeod, C. Gordon, Capt. Batt. A, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

MacLeod, Norman D., Major 1st Bn., 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Major, Basil K., Capt. Field Artillery, France.

Malone, Charles B., 2nd Lt. Batt. C, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Marshall, C. C., 2nd Lt. Air Service, U. S.

Marshall, Floyd C., 1st Lt. Field Artillery, France.

Metcalf, E. T. H., 2nd Lt. and 1st Lt. 103rd F. A., France. Captain 55th F. A., U. S.

Metcalf, George T., 1st Lt. Inf., also for five months attached to 103rd F. A., France.

Metcalf, Paul Barney, 2nd Lt. 137th Field Artillery, 38th Div., France.

Miller, J. W., 1st Lt. Field Artillery, Regular Army, U. S.

Moore, Bradford V., Capt. Field Artillery Batt. E, 124th Reg., 33rd Div., France.

Murray, William A., 2nd Lt. Supply Co., 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Nelson, Hendrick G., 1st Lt. 103rd Field Artillery, France. Capt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Nevin, J. Benjamin, 2nd Lt. Batt. B, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Nightingale, J. H. K., Jr., 1st Lt. Quartermaster Corps, Hoboken, N. J.

O'Connor, Lucian J., Cadet Canadian Field Artillery, Camp Borden, Hants, England. Three and a half years' service in France.

O'Gorman, Thomas A., Jr., 2nd Lt. State Guard, U. S.

O'Rourke, William T., 2nd Lt. 125th Field Artillery, 2nd Army, France.

Phinney, Harold T., 2nd Lt. Batt. B, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Richmond, Lawrence, 1st Lt. Infantry. Intelligence Division Hdqrs., A. E. F., Siberia.

Ryan, Thomas N., 2nd Lt. Batt. F, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Siteman, John H., 2nd Lt. Batt. B, 103rd F. A., France. 1st Lt. F. A., U. S.

Stiness, Henry R. W., Lt.-Col., Judge Advocate General Dept. Hdqrs., 41st Div., France.

Stockwell, Fred C., Capt. Field Artillery, France.

Stowe, Roy C., 1st Lt. Hdqrs. Co., 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Sturges, Rush, 1st Lt. Batt. B, U. S. Capt. Ord. Officer, Angers, France.

Sullivan, Robert J. B., Capt. Ordnance, France.

Staples, Robert T., Capt. 4th Field Artillery, France.

Sawin, Melvin E., 2nd Lt. Field Artillery, France. 1st Lt. Field Artillery, U. S.

Sisson, Russell E., 1st Lt. Q. M. C., Office of Zone Supply Officer, Baltimore, Md.

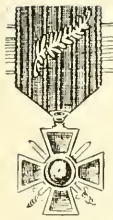
Sheffield, William P., 1st Lt. Field Artillery, France.

Tarbell, Luther, 2nd Lt. Casual, France.

Walsh, Raymond J., Capt. 15th Field Artillery, France.

Ward, Stanley A., 1st Lt. Batt. C, 103rd Field Artillery, France.

Webster, Charles A., 1st Lt. Ordnance Dept., U. S.



CITATIONS

The 26th Division received forty-two citations. The following give an idea of their general tenor:

HEADQUARTERS, 26TH DIVISION,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

FRANCE, Sept. 15, 1918.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 77

1. The following letter is published for the information of all those concerned:

RUPT-EN-WOEVRE, September 13, 1918.

Sir:

Your gallant 26th American Division has just set us free.

Since September, 1914, the barbarians have held the Heights of the Meuse, have foully murdered three hostages from Mouilly, have shelled Rupt and, on July 23rd, 1915, forced its inhabitants to scatter to the four corners of France.

I, who remain at my little listening post upon the advice of my Bishop, feel certain, Sir, that I do but speak for Monseigneur Ginisty, Lord Bishop of Verdun, my parishioners of Rupt, Mouilly, and Genicourt, and the people of this vicinity, in conveying to you and your associates, the heartfelt and unforgettable gratitude of all.

Several of your comrades lie at rest in our truly Christian and French soil.

Their ashes shall be cared for as if they were our own. We shall cover their graves with flowers and shall kneel by them as their own families would do, with a prayer to God to reward with eternal glory these heroes fallen on the field of honor, and to bless the 26th Division and generous America.

Be pleased, Sir, to accept the expression of my profound respect.

A. LECIERC,
Curé of Rupt-en-Woevre.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARDS:
DUNCAN K. MAJOR, JR., *Chief of Staff.*

Official, C. A. Stevens,
Adjutant-General.
Adjutant.

"ST. MIHIEL SALIENT."

Headquarters, 26th Division
American Expeditionary Force

France, March 29, 1918.

General Order No. 24

I desire to express to the officers and men of this Division my deep gratification for their excellent conduct during the recent tour of duty at the front.

Hardships were encountered and battle losses sustained, but with a cheerfulness and determination that proclaim them a stout-hearted lot of lads.

All eyes at home are watching our troops in France. What you have done has given encouragement to our own people there, as well as to our Allies here. We are now taking up new and difficult tasks, but with the knowledge that our Allies have confidence in us and that the division has already abundantly demonstrated the fact that it has the will to win.

C. R. Edwards,
Major-General Commanding.

Chemin-des-Dames Sector.

VIII Army
32nd Army Corps Staff
3rd Office, 3292-2

Headquarters, June 27, 1918.

General Order No. 133.

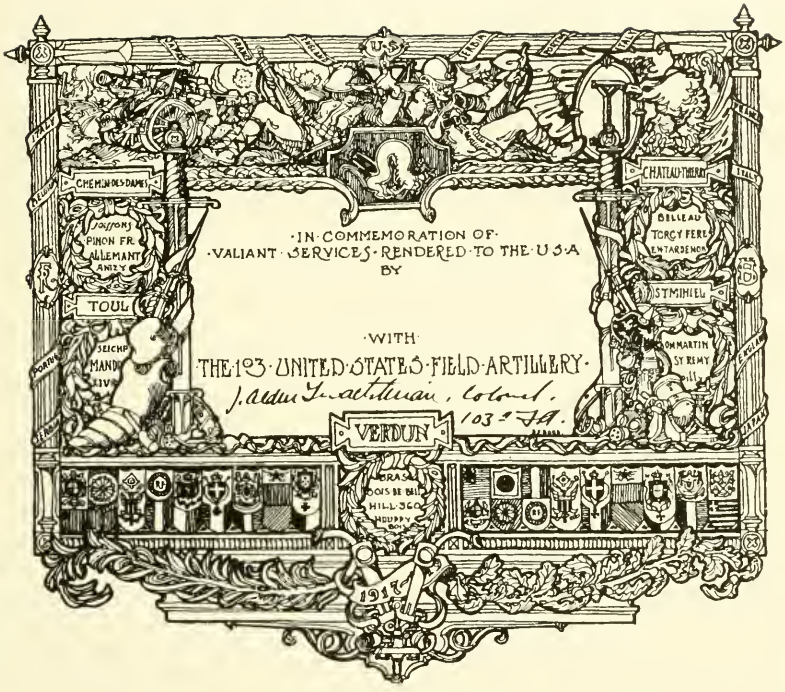
At the moment when the 26th Division of Infantry of the United States is leaving the 32nd French Corps, I salute its colors and thank it for the splendid services it has rendered here to the common cause.

Under the distinguished command of their Chief, General Edwards, the high-spirited soldiers of the "Yankee Division," have taught the enemy some bitter lessons, at Bois Brule, at Seicheprey, and at Xivray-Marvoisin; they have taught him to realize the staunch vigor of the sons of the Great Republic, fighting for the world's freedom.

My heartiest good wishes will accompany the "*Yankee Division*" always, in its future combats.

General Passaga,
Commanding the 32nd Army Corps.

Signed: Passaga



Citation Given to All Men in the 103rd Regiment, Field Artillery
by Col. J. Alden Twachtman, 103rd F. A.

Battery A, 103rd Field Artillery

To be with a battery while it is being organized, to go through its training period with it and, finally, to serve in the field with it during a period of hardship which called upon the very limit of one's energy, is to know that organization as no outsider can ever hope to know it. This is my position in respect to Battery A.

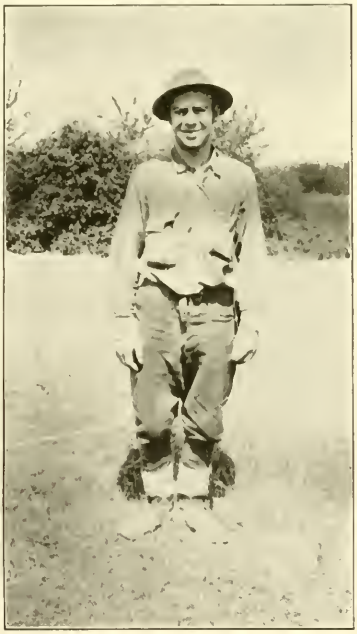
My only regret is that I lack sufficient skill to express, adequately, the utmost respect and admiration which I hold for the men in this battery.

What you men have done in the field will serve as an example to batteries in future generations, and you may well feel proud of the fact that you represent Battery A, 103rd Field Artillery.

To a Battery Commander, your example of loyalty, cheerfulness, discipline, and ability was a source of constant inspiration, and may it always be my good fortune to serve with men of such character. In future life you men will attain the success you so justly deserve, and in days to come the same spirit, ability, and dash shown by you will be invincible.

Men of Battery A, I salute you!

H. R. Barker,
Major, 103rd F. A.



The Doughboy

We didn't see you often up there in the lines. But when the Boche barrage started we remembered you and knew that you were up there, next door to hell, down in a trench that was being pounded to pieces, waiting for "them" to come over. We knew you'd stick and hold until "they'd" gone back through the broken wire.

When we gave you a barrage, we knew you were going over and that the only thing that would or could stop you this side of Berlin would be an officer's command.

We never saw you in action, but we did think of you in those gray hours of the dawn, going out behind the puffs of the .75 barrage, stumbling, sliding, falling along in the pitted land, going into a wall of machine-gun and rifle bullets, and — going through.

You always got what you went after. You never gave "them" an inch.

You were dirty, you crabbed, you called us by those names that only you can call an artilleryman, but we liked you, and — well, we knew you were better than anybody else in the world.

You fought the hardest, the most discouraging kind of a fight, and then when you came out, cursing, almost too tired to see or care, you would look at us and show your teeth in a dusty smile and say in that voice of yours that seemed to come like a whisper from way down inside, "We got 'em."

But it was you who won this war, you and those you left behind out there, who lay huddled awkwardly in the mud and grass, pathetic in their quietness but great in their courage, always facing "them."

We are proud that we were able to help you, the whitest, finest, bravest, toughest bunch of fighters in the world.

Machine Gunners

We knew you were out there in front of us, sometimes just ahead. In the quiet nights, when "they" let up and we hadn't anything to do but listen and watch the stars and wait with a half fear for something to start, there would come the sharp beat of your guns. We knew then that you'd seen a shadow out in the line, and we felt strangely comforted because you were there. And when "they" came over we thought of you — some of you crouched in shellholes to spit death right into their grey faces, other of you back in the pits when the shells were giving you hell and we knew that it was all right, that "they'd" have to stop, that they couldn't stand up to these little black, spitting guns. You called yourselves the "Suicide Club," and when some of you had seen what "they" left you when they went back — we understood. But you stuck, and while it was going the hardest you laughed and you cursed and you kept the guns going. You had the "guts," and we're glad we knew you as you were, a brave, hard bunch of fighting men.

The Signal Corps

When we were young and green we thought that the Signal Corps ran the telephone centrals in the S. O. S., but as we got more and more into the war, we learned that wherever wire ran also went the men of the Signal Corps. There aren't many worse things in war than to go out alone into the inky blackness of the night and find a short circuit somewhere along the line from the Infantry brigade P. C. to the front line, and then, under the foiled whining of the shell fragments, to repair the break coolly and skillfully, and many are the times that you do not come back from those errands. To you were entrusted the vital life links of an army in the field, and, fast as our doughboys traveled, you were rarely far behind and unable to report —"Communication Established." Your work was far from spectacular, and your praise from the short-sighted world was scant, but the hats of those who know are off to you, Men of the Signal Corps.

Trench Mortars

Well, little unattached, half-forgotten band of Suicide Club, the war wasn't so bad to you after all, was it? Three fronts and you were practically through, because the Yanks abolished trenches as a component part of the war. You arrived the last, with us, and you were the first to go home.

You made life a terror for the doughboys who were mortally worried with anything Trench Mortarish. But Fritz knew just what the real worry was when you set your six-inch Dispensers of Worry Pills and lobbed over twenty-inch balls of Concentrated Death. You didn't shoot much, but when you did the map of France was very much altered. Victims of circumstances, you never got the opportunity of seeing every front line, but your guts were strong and your nerve like tempered steel. There is no yellow in a gun crew that haunts the front line.

Engineers

Infantry, road menders, dugout wreckers, trench diggers and barbed-wire erectors — what did you not do in this war?

You were over the top at Richecourt and you buried the fallen at the Marne. You were out demolishing wire at Mouilly to make way for your infantry, and then spent the morning building the road across the shell-strewn land of craters, so that the food and guns could go forward. We never envied your lot, but we were proud of your accomplishments. If any one unit in this great division of ours deserves any greater praise, we have yet to find it. It takes a world of nerve to bridge the Ailette in the face of a living wall of steel and lead, but you did it. It takes as much to build a road and dodge the machine gun snipers at Douaumont, but you did it. No man can have better praise than to have it said of him, "He had a dirty, nerve-wrecking job, but he did it."

Ammunition Trains

How we cursed you when up from the murky shroud of the dawn you lumbered with load after load of O. A.s and F. A.s powder and fuses. Your every visit was a signal for labor and sweat, but we were tired and worried then and did not receive you with the glad hand of welcome that you so richly deserved. Now on thinking it over, we better understand your trials and better appreciate your skill in piloting your big trucks over shell-torn roads, swamps, and fields, through blinding darkness, always getting there, searching us out in every nook and cranny of the Western Front. Wherever trucks could go, you went. But for your ceaseless driving, day and night, no rest, snatched lunches, and tired eyes, the artillery's record at Chateau-Thierry would never have been possible. While we rested, you worked; and when we worked, you perforce worked harder.

The Artillery likes you, Boys!

Medical Corps

Oh, Dispensers of C. C. Pills and Daubers of Iodine, Intimate Guardians of our Health, we know not whether to praise or deride you. You who have made our lives miserable in training camp and rest billets; who for colds, rheumatism, broken bones, headaches, and fevers prescribe C. C. Pills and Iodine and Duty. You are the erratic children of our hearts.

But — long after the derision and the joshing of your pre- and post-war activities have faded into the dim, forgotten past, we will remember your brave, unflinching services under fire, your gentle and mother-like handling of the suffering, your long sleepless hours of work, your self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, your prompt and efficient treatment. Nothing speaks better for you than the minimum mortalities in a vast number of casualties.

We respect the men whom the Rules of War forced to stand the gaff without striking back.

Quartermaster Corps

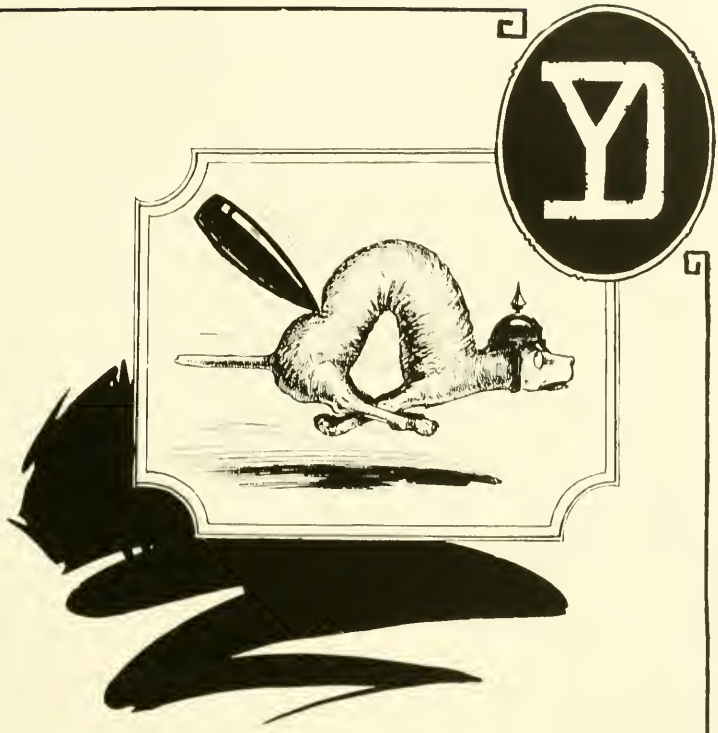
"It took you 16 months after you got to France to get going, but when you did — we got clothes and shoes and candy and food. But where were you when the war was on and why didn't you get the things we were crying for out to us? Why did you fail to come through?" So plaints the superficial observer.

Yes, it's true, we didn't get the clothes and the shoes and the candy and the food in the quantities that were needed, but it wasn't your fault, Q. M., you could not issue that which was not. You were the victim of an Army system that proved a distinct, sad failure until the Spring of 1919, and we know that you regret as individuals your impotency to give us the necessities that were lacking. Red tape chained you tighter than bands of steel, while short-sighted and unimaginative policies left your storehouses empty. So we wore our salvaged uniforms and borrowed underwear and spent our pay for food enough, meanwhile cursing the man that thought that Canned Corn Beef and Luck were good enough for the Man Up Front.

Military Police

There are M. P.s and M. P.s. For one type we have no use — for arrogant, overbearing, authority-puffed Warriors of Tours, Paris, and Brest. For the other type, the men who were up there, we have the highest regard, and our heartfelt thanks go to you, Military Police of the Yankee Division. You knew what the war was.

It was one of you that stood post at the shell-pounded crossroads beside our position at Bras and who every morning slipped across to our kitchen to chat between flappers and coffee and then hustled back to your position to regulate traffic by the constantly shelled crossroads. The last thing we heard you say before we went to sleep that night in the security of our dugouts was, "All right, Old Timer — Hit 'er up — you got four minutes before the next shell." That night you stood your last post. We hope you're on the crossroads when we arrive on Main Street, Heaven.



SPECIAL ARTICLES

Cannoneers

MAGAZINES and newspapers, especially those leaning toward fiction, which applies to the latter as well as the former, have done a great and far-reaching work in disseminating misinformation regarding the life of a soldier at the front. The life of an infantryman is not all the red hell that the artists, correspondents, and fiction writers from Council Bluffs would have one believe.

The artilleryman gets little said about him. When one finds an article on the artillery there are sure to be many phrases describing the roar and the blinding flash, or many statistics explaining how Lieutenant M. Swivel-Chair increased the annual output of shells by several billion.

There is little romance in the life of an artilleryman; little of that element of the general hellishness of life that appeals so to the before-mentioned artists, correspondents, and fiction writers. But there are exciting moments, and moments of great danger, around the big guns.

Were the ordinary writer, who observed the work of artillery closely for almost an hour one quiet afternoon, to tell of the life of the gunners, he would make about as accurate and interesting an article as some of those which appeared in a certain well-known weekly concerning the work in the S. O. S.

So, to correct the many misunderstandings and the large amount of misinformation, these little pieces are written to tell what kind of an animal a cannoneer, a driver or a specialist really is.

A cannoneer is as separate a person as a Chinaman or an actor. From the moment that he is designated by the magic name "Cannoneer," he becomes a being separate, distinct; far above the ordinary person whom he calls casually and a bit sadly "an ig'orant driver." He takes on a sudden hate for saddles, grooming kits, shovels, anything that even suggests the driver's life. When ordered to attend a stable call he will go to great lengths to avoid it.

But in an argument he will assert loudly and surely that he knows far more about driving than any driver in the outfit. When another Battery passes on the road he will regard it condescendingly and make critical remarks on the driving and the looks of the horses. Above all, he will assure one that a driver's life is a bed of roses, a paradise compared to that of the poor, down-trodden cannoneer.

In his eyes there is always a look of wistfulness, a fleeting glance of sadness which might lead the inexperienced observer to believe that at some time he was crossed in love and is now a cynical, wordly-wise person. He has a secret sorrow, indeed, but it is caused by no long-ago love affair. He can never forget that he has to walk while the driver rides. Of course, there are pare wagons where one may comfortably hide beneath a 'paulin, but only the more scientific get away with this.

As this strange, superior person walks about, one is moved to wonder what can be the life of the man, that makes him that way? What does he think? What does he feel?

His life on the whole is a routine of work in which all the joy must come from the cannoneer himself. He will always say that his part in the war is the hardest and most unappreciated. That the officers persecute him and that the non-coms are merely hirelings for those higher up.

The march to the front, which always takes place at night when the ruts and holes in the roads are carefully hidden from the ordinary eye, is the first step toward the scene of action. Before the march the cannoneer rolls his roll and places it on the piece or the caisson. A caisson is a large box set on wheels which is of no use whatever, but gives the drivers something to haul. At the end of the war the caissons were traded in for a new monkey wrench.

Late in the war, when horseflesh was scarce and victory was near, the cannoneer was forced to carry his belongings in a pack suspended from his aching shoulders. It was at first thought possible to camouflage some of the equipment in a wagon, but the Special Detail was there first. This disagreeable feature occurred late in the war, and the weight of many full-pack hikes that followed can be forgotten.

As soon as the carriages are packed, the horses are hitched in. At this stage of the game, it is difficult to find a cannoneer. Then, just as the column is about to move, some somnolent member of the battery hurries up with his roll, on which he has been reposing while the industrious were at work packing. After a little delay the march is finally started.

Many a weary hour follows, when the cannoneer stumbles blindly along behind the piece which moves now at a good pace, now like a snail. Many choice comments are made at this time on the ability of the drivers up ahead. Someone has to man the brake, and there is always much competition to see who will be the unlucky wight to cling to the cold steel through the night. The brake has one advantage. It helps one along wonderfully, acting as a rope to pull on the tired wanderer.

No smoking is allowed on the night march, but the resourceful cannoneer can always manage a few drags along the roadside, carefully camouflaging the cigarette beneath the hands. A march always starts musically, all the cannoneers singing at the tops of their voices. But how different as the march drags on. One by one the voices drop away until the only sound heard is that low, horrible curse emitted between clenched teeth. Despite the Articles of War, the man leading the column comes in for many a clear and lucid vituperation. The pertinent fact that he is riding is mentioned several times. Some even hope that his horse will break a leg, thereby making the leader walk.

At last the position is reached, the horses unhitched and the drivers go back to the echelon to spend the next few days, according to the cannoneers, in a life of fine meals, lots of sleep and a continuous round of commissary trucks. The rolls are dumped off, and, after many cries of "heave, heave," the guns are trundled into position.

After the guns are laid, the cannoneers may sleep; that is, all but those who are chosen for guard. There are never volunteers for this guard, although, if there is ammunition to be carried, a guard displays no particular unwillingness to take his post. He will always complain, but as he watches his comrades sweating under their heavy loads, there is a look in his eyes which may be construed to mean that there are worse things than

guard. At least, there is no incident on record where a guard has volunteered to carry shells.

From the first day at the position, the cannoneer's life settles down to a routine. The first thing done is the improving of the position, and every cannoneer knows in his heart that if he were to die and go to Heaven there would always be some kind officer about who would put him to work at once improving the Golden Gate. If the position is in a fixed sector, there are dugouts to be built. This work is always taken up happily, for the cannoneer loves a shovel with that same touching affection which he shows toward his rifle, which he looks at only before inspections, when it is necessary to clean off several inches of accumulated rust.

There is ammunition to be carried. A shell is a long, tapered object of steel, weighing about a hundred pounds and feeling like a ton. Powder is packed in white and green bags which are in turn packed in boxes invented by Kaiser Wilhelm himself. These boxes are just too heavy for two men to carry, awkward for three, and too small for four. To add to the pleasures of the soldier, a beneficent ammunition officer usually sees to it that the shells and powder are unloaded some distance from the pieces, so that it will be necessary to carry them some distance.

Included in the routine at the front is much firing. The gun crew is composed of seven ordinary men, a gunner, and a chief-of-section who are a bit above the common run. The chief-of-section, who is a sergeant, unless there is a lot of beer at the echelon, when he is replaced by a corporal, has many duties according to regulations. However, at the front his duties consist of getting the gun crews out at unpleasant hours, picking details and spending much time in the P. C. (a mysterious place whose formula is understood only by the initiated) talking over things with the C. O. (another mysterious term). No one ever knows what these talks are about, but it is understood on good authority that some of the toughest problems of the war were settled at these conferences. At least, the chief-of-section tries to make one believe that fact.

The corporal is in charge of the sights. This does not hinder him from letting someone else clean them. His duties are to yell "Trail left," in the meantime pushing his hand the wrong way, and to simulate work when officers are about. Corporals have been known to work, but this is a fault soon corrected.

The gun crew is composed of seven cannoneers. Number One, the busiest man in the war, does many mysterious things about the breech. He knows much more about the gun than Mr. Schneider himself, and, what is more, is not bashful about telling all he knows in a loud tone of voice. All Number Ones chew tobacco. Number Two and Number Four have nothing to do but ram home the shells. As shells only weigh about one hundred pounds, this is an easy job. Good men at this work can push a shell right through the gun and out of the muzzle, and often have to be cautioned against doing this lest the shells explode and kill off a gunner corporal or two. After five or six hundred rounds, these men are apt to show signs of fatigue, expecially if they are a bit out of condition. Number Three has the position de luxe. He does nothing but cut bag strings with a little knife and mix the charges by throwing about sticks of powder in a nonchalant manner. The one drawback to his work is that when the firing is finished he always draws a little detail. Numbers Five, Six and Seven do the heavy work. They do the greasing and carrying of shells. A good Number Five can take nothing but a can

of grease and a brush, and hop at a defenceless shell with a cry of joy. When he emerges from the fray he is carefully camouflaged with several coats of grease, while the shell itself is scarcely serviceable.

Teamwork is the essential to the success of the gun crew, and the Battery A gunners always worked together in fine shape. In some batteries the cannoneers cursed at each other, but not in Battery A.

After the firing is done, the gun is cleaned and relaid, and the gun-pit is tidied up so that it will be in good condition to get dirty again soon. A gun crew, gathered about a breech block on a blistering hot day, applying kerosene to the rust spots which won't come off, is indeed a happy sight. They are buoyed up by the thought that probably they will have to fire again in a few minutes and then they will get another chance to clean the breech.

Dugouts are places of refuge; refuge for the cannoneer when he is about one jump ahead of a Boche shell, for rats who desire food and lodging, and for cooties who desire not only food and lodging, but a nice, quiet place to breed. Dugouts are fitted with bunks that bunch under the back and fall away from beneath the head. Modern dugouts have running water, lots of it; each bunk having more than its share. Often the tired cannoneer awakes in the morning and finds that he has been saved the trouble of pulling his clothes from beneath the bunk, that they are floating peacefully on his chest. But despite the few discomforts, there are many feet of rock and earth and concrete overhead, which gives plenty of protection and allows a man to sleep in peace.

The door of a dugout is always too small, especially when eight or nine cannoneers are hurrying to refuge from an oncoming shell. Even when there is no cause to show haste, a cannoneer must be a clever man if he does not bump his head and fall down stairs when entering a dugout. Each door is fitted with a gas curtain for which no use has ever been discovered, although the gas guard watch over it with a great care.

When there are no dugouts, the cannoneers dwell in puptents. These leak in many places when it rains, and it always rains. They are cold and have been found to be but poor shelter against shell fragments. Butterflies have a habit of forcing their way into a puptent without any hesitation whatever.

If the cannoneers are quartered in puptents, a trench is always dug, usually in some inaccessible place. One of these trenches is good shelter from the front, sides and back, but the overhead protection is not all that one may desire. The only time a trench ever saved a man's life was when it was so muddy he didn't dare go in it for fear of drowning. Trenches are always small, but this is no obstacle to the cannoneers when shells are hovering overhead.

The cannoneer has no regular day's work. He is subject to call at any time, and the call usually comes at night after he has been fooling around for the greater part of the day in the mud. On the 155 there is no work that isn't heavy, so the day's work is sure to be arduous. There are shells to carry, guns to clean, holes to be dug, and, when there is nothing else that an officer can think of, positions to police.

The bathing facilities at the front are anything but adequate, and a cannoneer who washes once a week is considered by his dirty comrades as a bit too "stuck-up." The men shave (when ordered to), and are required to wash their feet once a day in whale oil. During the war the battery received one quart of whale oil, so this duty was some-

times neglected. The water is drawn from a nearby shellhole, and there is no more beautiful sight than the face of a man who has just shaved in water from an old mustard-gas shellhole. Drinking water is obtained from a water cart which is drawn to and from the position by a decrepit mule and a fool mule driver who need plenty of aid from the cannoneers.

The clothing of a cannoneer at the front is worthy of note. Men who were sartorial wonders at home sometimes allow their care for dress to lapse a bit under service conditions. Those who never went in for dress at home just naturally let it slide. There is always one torn shirt, covered with grease, above a pair of breeches with only one button left and lots of ventilation in the rear. It is a poor pair of breeches that doesn't display to the gaze of the passer-by about three yards of underclothing. Puttees are never worn, as the labor entailed putting them on is both useless and unnecessary. The shoes, which are always too large, are encased in a layer of mud through which run little rivulets of water which hesitate only when they reach a dirty sock, and then not for long. A cannoneer at the front looks like the marooned hero of a motion picture after he has been on a desert island for nine years.

The chief annoyances at the front are shells and gas. The worst of all shells is the "dud," one which fails to explode. Many a man has had his hair turn grey as he waited for a "dud" to explode as he stood by and said his last prayers. Gas isn't so bad, but it makes necessary a gas mask, which has a faculty for punching one in the eye or in the ribs at unexpected moments.

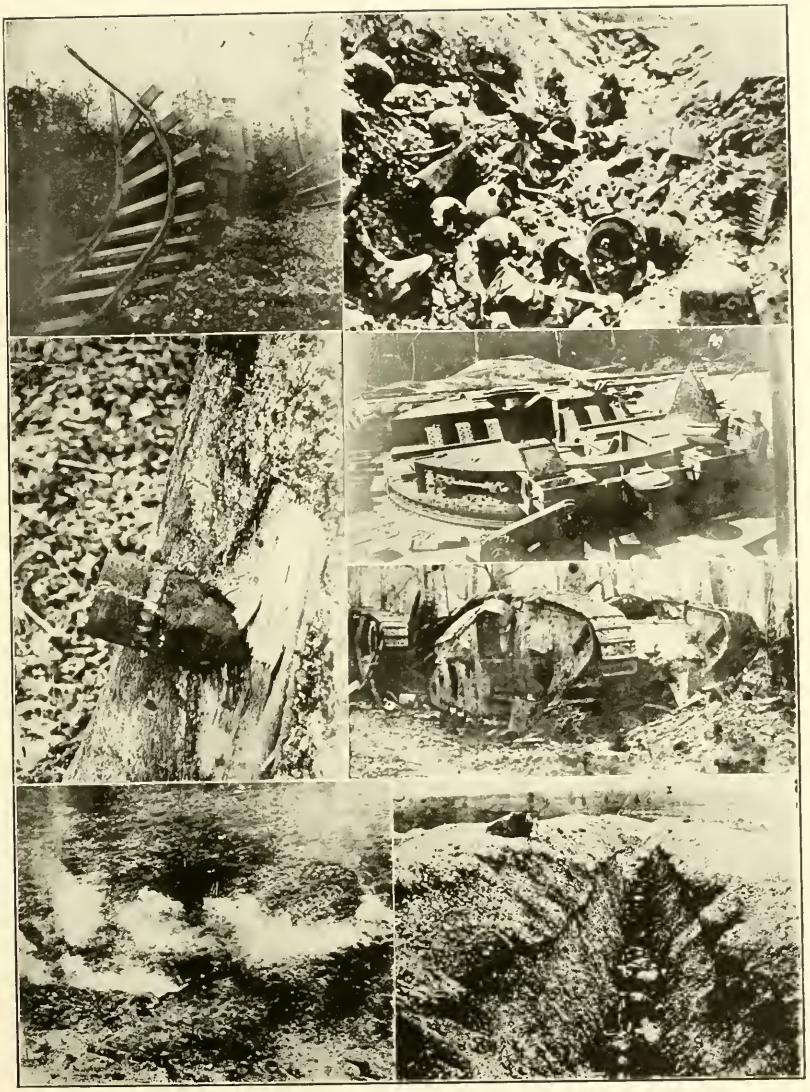
There are two ways to escape shells. One is to leap into the nearest dugout. The only danger here comes from the possibility of a collision with a friend who is also leaping. Or one may fall into a shellhole. If there is a dry hole and a wet one, filled with mud and water, a cannoneer invariably picks out the wet one.

As a rule the shelling at a fixed position is pretty steady, and many an infantryman who talks of the easy and safe life in the artillery, has been seen to hurry by a position with a strange look of apprehension in his eyes.

Despite the shells and the cooties and the gas, the cannoneer leads a happy existence. Give him mail and food, and life isn't so bad after all. Truly, he makes most of the happiness himself, but there are many laughable incidents at the front, and he can keep in good humor.

When the cannoneer is out of the lines he has a feeling that the world owes him a living. He will wail loudly when he is called upon to do any work at all, and takes guard as an insult. He eats much, and drinks much, and longs to be back at the front. The cannoneers had little time behind the lines, however, so that the ultimate study of their psychology is impossible.

The cannoneer's life is a dangerous one, a dirty one, but like all American soldiers, he quickly adapts himself to anything. He is just as happy at the front as he would be at home, although he would deny that fact with much vigor. He complains a lot — but, well, he'd complain if he were home.



Pictures Taken from Captured German Plates

Drivers

ALTHOUGH the guns and their attendants, the cannoneers, were the sine qua non of the little fracas in France, they would not have been of much value had it not been for the drivers and their charges. One was dependent upon the other, despite the friendly arguments between the two as to who won the war. The driver had unquestionably the easier of the two jobs, but also the most monotonous. There was hardly a driver who would not have been at the front, could he have been the master of his own destiny; but someone had to conduct the nags, and those who had volunteered an affirmative answer to the question, "Would you rather be a driver and ride?" were picked.

Horse Lines at Thil, near Neufchateau

In the earlier stages of our careers as "soldats Americaine," the drivers listened more or less attentively to lectures on hippology, and tentatively experimented with the few horses that were at the disposal of the Battery. Sometimes the horses did not take kindly to the novitiates' experiments, and there came the consequent falls, bumps, kicks, and bites that every good horseman must endure before he can properly be termed a horseman.

It was after a few weeks at our mudhole in Coëtquidan that horses of all sorts and varieties arrived — wild, frisky horses with but a single thought — not to be driven by the hand of man. And it is still the talk of the Battery how the clerks, students, and young business men mastered that set of equine devils. Bill Hart and all his cowboy associates had nothing on the drivers, according to the cannoneers, for in the short space of a month, the horses were so trained that they pulled the guns and caissons over the roads and through the mud seas with hardly ever a failure. True, at first, it sometimes took a dozen horses to pull around an empty parc wagon that six men could have moved with ease, but that was due to the misdirected energy of the chevaux, one pair trying for a direction due north and the others headed for the remaining points of the compass.

Entertaining the Youngsters at Leuglay

Horse Lines at Boxford, Mass.

It was at our first front that the life of the driver commenced to be of interest. The first echelon, or horse line, was located at Bucy le Long, about thirteen kilometers in the rear of the lines. Here the horses were kept in stables that were dry horse-mansions compared with the two-foot mud floors that existed at Coëtquidan. There were two or three trips a week to the battery position to haul supplies, food, and lumber, and it was seldom that any one driver had to go to the front more than once every ten days. Strangely enough, it was the drivers in the echelon who had the first real experiences with shells, the German big Berthas dropping over some ten or twelve 210mm. shells in an effort to register on the railroad running along the Aisne. Naturally the drivers were more interested than afraid of their first time under fire, but there were some that sought the Stygian darkness of nearby wine cellars, explaining rather sheepishly that they wanted to live for their country rather than die for it — which it must be admitted is entirely praiseworthy. The same program was followed on the Toul front, with the exception that the work was more fatiguing and more dangerous. Here the drivers had nightly to run the gauntlet with Death on the well-known Dead Man Curve, and venture up to the advanced Jones I. Owing to the lack of motor transportation and Decauville systems on this sector, it was necessary that the drivers haul a large part of the ammunition and powder. During the battle of Seicheprey and on several other occasions, the drivers worked night and day supplying the gun positions — on the road all night and part of the next day, coming in dead tired and then feeding and grooming before even thinking of their own welfare. This constant care of the horse showed its results when, towards the end of the war, at the echelon in Baleycourt, A Battery possessed the greatest number of serviceable horses of any Battery in the regiment, a fact which won the praise of the regimental and brigade commanders.

Pulling out of Sandbank in Chateau-Thierry Drive

The Aisne-Marne offensive was undoubtedly the hardest task that the drivers and their hitches were called upon to perform. From the day of the drive the drivers of the first four sections were on the go night and day, pulling the guns forward, grooming and feeding their horses, foraging far and wide through the shell-torn countryside for grasses and wheat, and sleeping at what odd moments could be snatched from those hard and fast traveling days. Between shells, bombs, sleeplessness, under-nourishment, and worry for their tired beasts, it is small wonder that the drive was more or less of a wild, chaotic, feverish dream for them. All this added to the fact that it was the first time that they were called upon to live a cannoneer's life.

The driver's life was far from being the dream of ease and leisure that the sometimes too pessimistic cannoneers were wont to believe. It had its moments of leisure, but it held for each such moment, hours of dreary, monotonous drudgery. The best testimonial that the drivers ever received came when the Chief of Staff, A. E. F., said that it was never necessary to worry about the 51st Field Artillery Brigade, for, no matter how it was accomplished, the brigade was always there on time. And it was no less than the driver that got the brigade there "on time."

The Artillery Horse

No fancy breed were you brave, old war horses, shaggy and strong! Not of the high-stepping, pedigreed kind were you, nor of the race blueblooded. You were a variegated equine assemblage—mouse grey, strawberry roan, carrot red, dapple white, ebon black, brick, and straw. Motley and mongrel, powerful of muscle and limb. Ever trying, willing, suff'ring. Ofttimes hours on hours in deep ooze 'neath heavy packs you waited and waited and shivered, while the cold night rain in miniature waterfalls streamed from your bellies and legs, mud encrusted and numb. You knew the rack of hunger and of thirst. You knew the utter anguish of forced marches. You knew the bitter throes of steely war. Though you were without food and water, though loads were heavy, and though long the highway and up-hill, you kept the traces taut. Though you were weary and your backs were sore, and though your heads drooped low, you kept the traces taut. Though crossroads, turns, and hairpin curves were shelled and re-shelled, though gas, as a veil, floated over the narrow, sunken lanes, you kept the traces taut. And when the men fell asleep in the saddle, drenched and exhausted, what of you? You kept the traces taut. You had no trappings, no gay ornaments, as had the chargers of warriors olden, no honors, no war-crosses, but you kept the traces taut. Brave old war horses! Long familiarity with you has bred in us the highest admiration.

Specialists

GALLOPING at a dead walk on "Teeth," Corporal John Latham Walker sunk his spurs the deeper into his beast's quivering sides and guided the faithful mount across a certain shell-strewn, poppy-covered field in Lorraine.

He was on a desperate mission. He glued his type EE binoculars to his eyes. There, 200 yards ahead, was his objective. It was then 16:32 o'clock. Could "Teeth" hold out another half hour? Could his faithful yet ever-hungry charger forego the dainty morsels beneath his feet long enough to make the Hamonville Y. M. C. A. before closing time? The soldier pictured his disgrace if he failed; the biting sarcasm of his little Sergeant, Tim, if he returned empty-handed; the disappointment to John Little, awakening two days later, and learning that the errand was fruitless.

Meanwhile, "Teeth" plunged on, never missing a single blade of grass or a tender sapling. Promptly at 16:59 the Y was reached. Corporal Walker dismounted, giving the sharp command "At Ease" to the faithful "Teeth," who was already at "Parade Rest" in a clump of weeds, eating his head off. Our hero staggered in, threw fifty francs on the counter and hissed "des oeufs."

"My young friend, you are very late, too late in fact," said the Big Brother. "It is now 17:01 o'clock, and we close at 17:00. Come tomorrow at 16:00 o'clock, when we open."

"But they're for an officer," lied Corporal John Latham Walker, unblushingly.

"Ah, why did you not tell me that in the first place? How many dozen do you want? And how about some chocolate and jam? I can very easily open up another case for you."

In a trice the sale was completed and he was atop "Teeth" again, riding in triumph at the same breakneck walk to his Sergeant.

He had done his week's work. Had he failed, the specialists would have been required to eat the same chow as a cannoneer. Perish the thought.

* * * *

To our readers who are well versed in things military, but whose battles were all fought at Devens, Dix, and points west, our little prologue may seem a little hazy, but to us it is but a truthful pen picture of one of the many-sided activities of the specialists.

* * * *

At Boxford, when Battery A of Rhode Island was incorporated into the 103rd F. A., and the old Rock Island '98's turned in, the battery was reorganized under the tables of organization for six-inch artillery. The old fifth section was promoted or demoted (whichever way you choose to take it), to the tenth section, and the P. W. F.'s now lined up at

the left of the battery along with the cooks, K. P.'s, supply sergeants and other camp followers whose duties call for better eats and a better place to sleep than the rest of the battery. It was a grand mobilization of talent, and in all fairness let it be said that not a single instance did the special detail give evidence that the confidence placed in them by the War Department, or whoever made up those tables of organization, was misplaced. Until April 29th, 1919, we can truthfully say that the specialists ate better, slept longer, drank deeper and worked less than their more unfortunate brothers, the driver and the cannoneer.

Their duties we shall briefly speak of here. In the section were two sergeants, seven corporals and a dozen or so other loafers with the less exalted grade of private, first class, upon whose shoulders fell the Herculean task of operating a four-drop switchboard four hours in every forty or so. This switchboard was installed in the best-lighted and most comfortable dugout, the P. C., through whose doors came for distribution all mail. Another reason why the telephone operators were the most widely read and best fed body of men in battery A.

We have seen what you greasy cannoneers and you foul-smelling drivers have written about your jobs. You poor deluded mortals! We need not say a word. Our actions and inaction will live after us. Turn to another page of this book. Can any section show as good a delegation in the Societe des Mopes as the Special Detail? Hell, no. Do you see callouses on our hands, blisters on our feet, or eyes red with sleeplessness? Again, hell, no.

The only blot on our 'scutcheon was sustained when we were away from the lines. When on a long hike we turned our horses over to Loomis and his herd of over-fed help, and a few of us were forced to walk every third day unless we could hide under a 'paulin, which we usually found. But you poor fish, you walked every day, didn't you?

Could Scott have kept up his morale during those trying days at Jones I, unless he had someone to read your letters to as he censored them? We listened to them all. We know your girl as intimately as you do, and we know pretty well just how the land lies with you and her.

We shall not explain at length the intricacies of our profession. You wouldn't understand them. But — who would have heard of Betsy the W. K. Sniper had it not been for us who kept her in faultless communication with our C. O.'s in the rear? Anybody could fire her. The shells never hit her. But it took real men to keep those lines in repair — those lines which, unlike Betsy, were punctured every foot during our three months' siesta on the sector. Every front brought a repetition of this polished finesse and consummate skill in keeping 100% communication.

And not only did we shine on the field of battle. At the echelon we boasted as fine a string of horseflesh as ever dropped dead with the colic. Could the prize 3rd Section hitch of Rangeval show a thoroughbred to compare to our strawberry roan, our spavined blue roan, the mangy wheelhorse of John Dean's that followed Chaffee on the long hike from Soissons to Toul? Or that king of beasts, the rudderless, brainless, picket-line lover, "Teeth"? Intelligent brutes all! A stout-hearted lot of mustangs!

That's all. We shall not write at length. As we have said, you wouldn't understand. But remember that next to Foch, food, ships, savings and the M. P., the specialist had the punch that won the war. "Chief" Nadeau bears us out in this, and if you are a cannoneer or driver slightly above the intelligence of your class, why don't you drop in on the "Chief" at his Central Falls chateau? He will try to explain some of our easiest duties and "explain same" in language simple enough for you to understand. And a final word — don't expect to find the "Chief" home any evening before July 1st.

Machine Gun

MACHINE guns and 155mm. Howitzers as companions in action seem rather incongruous at first glance, but like many another adaptation from the Allies' war lessons, it had become an axiom that artillery and machine guns were dependent upon one another for efficient action. With the growing strength of the German air forces in the early days of the war, the Allies learned the bitter truth that their artillery could be partially neutralized and even rendered useless by the effective use of aeroplane observation and raids on artillery positions. It was found, however, that if the batteries were equipped with machine guns, the unwelcome birdmen could be driven off, if not brought down.

Consequently, when the cannoneers began to study the mysteries of the big gun, a corporal and three men were detailed to master the intricacies of the machine gun. Right then and there, the machine gunners of A Battery started to earn their title as the superlative machine gun artists in the regiment. Not only did they shine in competition in the training camp, the nearest crew being seconds behind A Battery's fast trio, but also in action at the front. For seconds mean a lot in assembling and disassembling machine guns.

We were one of the few American batteries to use the French gun, a short description of which follows:

The entire mechanism of the Hotchkiss gun contains but thirty pieces, which are assembled without a single screw. The parts are so constructed that it is impossible to improperly assemble them. With nothing of a too-difficult or technical nature to be learned, the main object in life for the machine gunners was speed and accurate firing. The gun is composed of a special rifle barrel, joined to a breech cover, containing the firing mechanism. The rifle barrel differs from an ordinary rifle barrel in that it is slightly heavier, and so better able to stand the rough usage and constant vibration that the ordinary rifle is not subject to. The cartridges are mounted on rigid, metallic strips, 40 centimeters long, each holding 24 rounds. There is also the articulated strip holding 250 rounds, but this was seldom used. The gun is ordinarily supported by a tripod, and fire directed by means of a handle at the butt of the piece. The gun is fired by a type of pistol trigger, and the escaping gases are directed into a gas piston which operates a mechanism of extraction, each shot furnishing enough power to advance the strip containing the cartridges, recock the piece and eject the used cartridge. The guns, as used with the Battery were, however, placed on special mounts for anti-aircraft work. At the Battery positions, the guns were carried on a post which, in turn, supported an offset carriage, allowing the gun to fire at extreme elevation. While on the road, the guns were, as a rule, strapped to the caisson limber, and set on the special aero-

plane mount as a protection against any too-daring, marauding plane. The speed of fire was regulated by a check on the gas pressure. It was possible to fire 600 rounds a minute, but as a rule, the firing was done in short bursts, so as not to wear out the barrel and to prevent overheating. There were two kinds of cartridges used, the "D" cartridge, similar to those used in the French infantry rifle; and the tracer cartridge, which burned a phosphorescent blue as it traveled through the air. The latter were used to inform the gunner just where his shots were going. Usually, every fifth cartridge in a strip is a tracer.

At the front, the machine gunners were quick to realize the utter worthlessness of the complicated system of fire control and range finding. By the time that the weary crew had the range, speed of flight and direction of travel figured out, the plane was some ten miles out of the way. Inasmuch as effective firing can only be done while the hostile plane is within 1000 feet, some better method had to be devised. And so it came about that the gunner corporal relied upon his good right eye for direction, and estimated the height and speed from experience, the plane being picked up for markings by some other member of the crew. As soon as the buzz of a plane was heard, the man on duty at the machine gun swept the sky regions with his glasses, located, and identified the plane. If the black cross which marked a German plane was picked up, the cannoneers were warned to take cover, and the crew of the machine gun prepared for action. One man inserted a strip of cartridges, while the gunner kept his gun trained slightly ahead of the approaching plane. If the Boche aviator had apparent designs on the Battery position and came too close for safety, the gun opened up with a spurt of lead and kept it up until the plane was driven off.

During the Seicheprey battle, the artillery did not have the best of aeroplane protection, and one German plane circled low over the position, directing fire on Jones I. The machine gunners, despite the heavy bombardment which was then going on around the position, stuck pluckily to their posts and made it so uncomfortable for the intruder that he soon flew away, with his task uncompleted.

From then on until the Battery was installed on the outskirts of Beauvardes, during the Aisne-Marne offensive, the machine gunners had very little to do. Not that there were no more German planes, but because the Battery had secured positions which were well concealed, and unnecessary firing on the part of the machine guns might have revealed the hiding-place to the Germans, which would have made it both personally and strategically unpleasant for the Battery. At Beauvardes, however, the artillery was so placed that discovery meant little or nothing. There was intense traffic through the position, and the rear of the position seemed to be an attractive spot to park armored cars and what not. Consequently, the invading German planes singled out the point as worthy of special attention, and busy were the machine gunners. At the same place bombing planes came over in the early evening, but were not fired upon for the good and sufficient reason that the bombing plane would fire back, and no matter how you would figure it, the machine gunners could not see the percentage in exchanging a few more or less useless bullets for a ton or so of high explosive dropped in their immediate vicinity.

It was not until the Battery arrived at Death Valley, so called, which was north of Verdun, and elsewhere in this book more fully described, that the machine guns worked

every day. Our aeroplanes had evidently all disappeared, or perhaps it was thought unnecessary to use them. At any rate, the Germans played hide and seek with the Battery every day, sneaking over the tops of the hills and below their crests around the corner of the ravine. They spied at the most unexpected times, and calmly made observations for their own artillery. The results were rather disconcerting for the Battery, because the Germans for once were accurate, and shells that ought to have blown the guns out of the ground, landed directly behind and in the gun-pits. Very fortunately, a larger part of the close ones were duds. But the machine gunners kept everlastingly at it, making it so hot for our multitudinous visitors that a lot of damage that might otherwise have been done was averted.

The Battery Combat Train

CREAKING wheels, and straining equine refuse used to announce the approach of the battery combat train, or the 5th and 6th Sections.

A Parcwagon is a rather long-drawn-out affair as wagons go, with sides four feet high and springs. Into its spacious depths are piled boxes, bags, baggage of all sorts and descriptions. Officer's roll, blacksmith's coal, mechanic's tools, and Captain's stools; misfit shoes, and bolts and screws; breeches, coats, and extra oats, rakes, rope, and harness soap!

And is there a hitch of strong and able horses picked out to haul these towering loads? There is not. In a battery the guns are naturally the most important consideration, and therefore the cream of the horseflesh is selected to draw them. Thereby the inferior residue goes to the supply wagons. And the men? There are, of course, men in the combat train — but the guns have to be served — and they have to be served by the best talent available.

Let us hurt no one's feelings. We will hasten on to say that the 5th and 6th Sections invariably got there. It has often occurred to the writer, who was himself once a 6th-Section non-com, that those who had rejected and laid aside apparent lemons in the garden of efficiency, had ofttimes passed up peaches unaware.

Let it be said of the 5th and 6th Sections that with the exception of the time when one of its heavily laden carryalls pressed its wheels through the pavement of a street in Chateau-Thierry, it never delayed the Battery on a maneuver or failed to draw into camp in good order.

Upper — 1st Battalion Cooks and K.P.'s
at Camp Coëtquidan, France
Lower — Captain Barker's Quarters at Boxford, Mass.

Upper — First Morning at Boxford, Mass.
Lower — Drivers Drilling with "Baby Carriages"
at Quonset Point, R. I.

CAMP Beeckman, where the majority of us received our baptismal mouthful of the wild and witching joys of the army, was situated eighteen miles from Providence, at Quonset Point, on the shores of Narragansett Bay. Here for many years the State of Rhode Island mobilized and trained for varying periods, usually in the early summer months, its various cavalry, ambulance and field artillery units of the National Guard. During the Spanish-American War, A Battery, under the command of Capt. E. R. Barker, was stationed here for eleven months, and here the battery camped in 1917, approximately four weeks in July and August, under the hot sun and the dogstar. During this period were also under canvas at Camp Beeckman, Batteries B and C, Troops A, B, C, and M, and the Ambulance Company.

The camp grounds at Quonset Point possessed many of the requisites of a good military training post. Surrounding the stone storehouse, the barn, and three wooden barracks, were expansive grassy fields, excellent for the purpose of mounted and dismounted instruction, and for reviews. The salt air was always invigorating, and the thick woods that fringed the grounds afforded excellent outdoor classrooms for lectures on hippology, materiel, guard duty, etc., by the sun-kissed, stripling survivors of the Mexican Border tour of duty. Still another striking feature of the camp was its manifold facilities for personal cleanliness. In addition to numerous washstands, shower baths were installed for each organization, and as the water supply was always adequate, nothing obstructed the path of any individual who chose to bathe. Furthermore, the briny blue waves of the bay were but a few stone's throws distant, and thus aquatic sports frequently gave tittilations to our nerves. However, the "big noise" at Quonset Point was the tin flivver, our seven-league boots, which joggled us to Providence and to the *only only*.

The preliminary work of pitching tents was done by a detail of five officers and thirty-two men, who left the Armory for Mounted Commands on July 23rd. Meanwhile, on July 25th, the battery paraded in Providence, and on the following forenoon arrived at Quonset Point. After a short time things fell into their natural course, the red letter days being but few in number. Anent the red letter days, see the Battery Calendar.

A day's schedule at Quonset usually commenced with finger-stretching and toe-spreading exercises by the numbers. Gymnastics were followed by the Elysian raptures

of picking up lollypop sticks, ice cream boxes and spoons, and the newspapers, thoughtfully dropped everywhere by our "picnicy" visitors. The joys of policing over, the cannoneers victoriously fought sham battles with that large and most deadly engine of destruction, the American three-inch field piece, vintage of 1880, while the drivers, mounted on fiery charges, made Buffalo Bill even in the heyday of his career, look amateurish. Then the mellifluous harmony of the bugle, blown with consummate delicacy by one of the battery's arch-musicians (whose musical proclivities were inherited from his mother, who had operated the steampipes of a circus calliope during two trans-American seasons), announced that mess was ready. The men, full of joy, of breeze, and of sunshine, advanced to receive their portion of Blue Points on the half shell, sirloin steak smothered in onions, French-fried potatoes, angel cake, and a cup of iced Oolong tea. After luncheon at 12 o'clock the men were at leisure all the time until 1 o'clock. At this hour, the scintillating French love romances were tossed aside and the men were marched onto the drill grounds to practice "to the left, take two pace intervals" and all the other movements that won the war. After retreat, the fortunate ones who had passes "slicked up" to go to East Greenwich, Apponaug, and Providence. Those of us who were obliged to stay at Quonset philosophized that Quonset after all was a better place than Rhodes, and at taps we enveloped ourselves in our emerald-colored netting and were lulled to sleep by the soporific humming of the mosquitoes.

To go to Providence dressed like a Brigadier General it was necessary to have a great granary of gall. First, it was conventional to borrow from someone his new Stetson hat, someone else's leather puttees, from still a third person his tight-fitting blouse, and from some other "Easy Mark" his tan shoe polish and nickel-plated spurs. After putting a Sir Bulwer-Lytton looking-glass finish on shoes and puttees, and incidently borrowing a dollar from Soft Guy, it was customary for the embryo general to dash for a jitney, vault into it and shout: "To Providence and my Queen of Sheba."

COETQUIDAN

ON the extreme southern part of the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, about thirty miles from the city of Rennes, is situated Camp de Coëtquidan, home of Battery A from November 2nd, 1917, until February 2, 1918. The buildings crown one of a long line of low hills, while the firing range extends for many kilometers west, into the hilly country of the region.

The camp itself is one of the oldest and finest in France, or in the world. The old stone barracks, which now form the nucleus of the larger camp, have housed many thousands of soldiers. It was here that Napoleon once trained his men for the great wars of the early nineteenth century. In a little wood, not far from the center of the camp, is a church where the Great Consul at one time worshipped, while further out on the range is the shell of the once-comfortable home where he lived.

Many famous generals have had their first course of training here, and some of the hardiest soldiers of France have gone out from the old barracks to fight and die for their country. In the villages about the camp, one may see the quaint insignia of those men who went in 1870 to meet heroically the most bitter defeat France ever suffered.

At the outbreak of the war in 1914 the French, realizing the extreme value of the camp, set out on a series of improvements and enlargements which were to make the grounds and buildings as they were when Battery A arrived in November, 1917. When the United States entered the war, it was seen that Camp de Coëtquidan, with its proximity to St. Nazaire and Le Havre, would be an ideal training place for Americans. The first Americans to take the camp over were the batteries of the 101st Regiment; the first troops of the 51st Brigade to reach France, the first National Guard artillery to train in France.

The camp, when the first troops of the 26th Division arrived, was large enough to quarter over five thousand soldiers. The Americans had been given practically all the buildings for their use; the French reserving only a few barracks for German prisoners who were engaged in the work of construction and improvement, and the French guards, men too old or physically unfit for the harder service at the front.

On either side of the main road which leads through the camp are long rows of wooden barracks, and the better constructed buildings of tile and brick which are employed for headquarters and offices. The 103rd Regiment was given two rows of barracks at the western end of the camp, next to those occupied by the 102nd. It received these as permanent quarters about a week after arriving in camp, having had temporary quarters nearer the camp entrance assigned on its arrival.

The regimental unit consisted of four rows of barracks, four stone kitchens, four washhouses, an infirmary and a headquarters and post office building. The A Battery street was used also by Battery B and the Headquarters Company, running from a road

which roughly marked the southern boundary of the camp to the main roadway. From the foot of the street one could look out over a beautiful valley, rimmed by a gray range of hills that lost itself in the mists many miles away. At the head was the hospital—six large, concrete buildings—which, although poorly equipped and managed at first, became later as comfortable and well equipped, both in materiel and personnel, as many of the large base hospitals.

Back of the hospital, occupying the eastern end of the long range plateau, was the gun park, where were kept the guns of two brigades. Beyond this the hill slipped at first gently and then abruptly into the valley where lay St. Malo de Beignon. On the upper part of this slope were the newly built stables, which were not occupied for several weeks after the Battery's arrival. Across the road from the stables lay the stone barracks, occupied by the 101st Regiment. Above these were the two water towers, built on the highest point in the camp and visible for miles. Beyond these, to the west of the gun park, was the range with its flat tableland, for the most part grassy meadow, but with here and there a thicket of low trees.

The range itself was large, extending as it did for almost unlimited distances into the country, and ideal for artillery training. The gun positions were all on the large plateau which ran westward from the camp, a plateau almost as flat and even as a floor. This slid away into a narrow valley, from the other side of which emerged a range of hills, whose slopes contained the targets employed. One of these targets was an old village which had been bought by the French government and was being gradually battered to pieces under the constant firing of the guns. Guards were maintained along the roads at various points to keep unwary travellers from the danger zones. On the edge of the plateau were also situated the observation towers, from which observation was made, and corrections telephoned to the pieces.

The climate at the camp was equable compared to that of New England, but the damp winds, which brought with them much rain and snow, were exceedingly depressing and unhealthful for the Americans. A few days after the Battery's arrival, the winter's rains and snows set in, and ever after the ground was little more than a sea of mud, save on the range with its thick carpet of matted grass. At one time the weather was very cold, a condition uncommon to that section of France.

The barracks, the homes of the men for three months, were long, brown wooden buildings, with interior walls painted a dirty white. The men slept in one large room which accommodated fifty. At the front of each barrack were small rooms used as offices, supply rooms, and living quarters for the more fortunate.

In the middle of the main room was a wide aisle, on either side of which the bunks were laid on a platform raised about a foot above the floor level. Each man had a mattress, and wall, and shelf space at the head of his bunk for equipment. The windows were long, narrow and close to the eaves. In the center of the barrack were two doors used as side exits. Stoves were placed in each end of the room, but these were not large enough to give much heat, although when the wood supply was plentiful the quarters were kept fairly warm.

The life at Coëtquidan was a strange mixture of hardships and pleasures. In the morning at 6:00 o'clock, the men stumbled out of the barracks to stand reveille in the cold darkness. Breakfast was eaten in the gray light of the dawn, and the men were usually at the stables and on the range before the sun had risen fully. The quarters

in the morning were usually deserted save for a few sick men and the room orderlies, whose task it was to keep the floors clean and the fires going.

At noon the men would come in only long enough to leave a little mud in the aisles and eat their mess, which usually consisted of a watery stew and some hard, French bread. Late in the afternoon the men returned from their work and, after they had eaten their supper, which was probably a repetition of the noonday meal, went out to the environs of the camp for amusement, or lay on their bunks reading, talking or playing cards.

The scene in the barracks in the evening is almost indescribable. The electric lights were practically useless, so the men lighted many candles. Above the candles was a heavy pall of smoke that eddied its way to the rafters, almost hiding the ceiling from view.

There were always the loud hum of voices and the scuffle of hobnailed shoes to make a tumult that suggested a frenzy of speed which was not present. Many a book was read, many a game of cards played to the accompaniment of clinking sous and francs, while the popular and ancient African game of craps was not unknown.

Late in the evening the men returned from their wanderings in search of amusement, adding with their voices in a great measure to the general hubbub. Then the rooms gradually quieted down, and by Taps most of the men were in bed, although a few remained awake to finish a chapter or to continue in whispers a late game of cards.

Finally, when all were asleep, the quarters took on a quiet that was interrupted only by an occasional visit from the Officer of the Day, or by the noise when some zealous guard in pushing open a window from the outside would knock several mess kits onto the unconscious sleepers.

It was a queer life, but one which will be looked back to by most of those who were at Coëtquidan with the happiest recollections; unexciting, but enough to fulfill the demands of those who were working hard all day preparing for the life at the front.

The stables were long, wooden buildings, some of them almost slipping over the edge of the steep hill which led to St. Malo de Beignon. They were open on one side, and there was an area between them where a picket line was stretched, to which the horses were tied for grooming and harnessing.

The nearest watering place was several hundred yards away down the hill from the 101st barracks, while another watering trough was at the foot of the hill beyond St. Malo. Getting horses down the steep incline to water them was not easy, as the horses were vicious French animals and the men were inexperienced.

It was to these stables that the men were forced to stumble early each morning when the whole camp was lost in a discouraging gloom, which was usually a mixture of flying rain or snow, blown on by a wind that bit its way into the body. Early in the morning the ground about the stables was half-frozen mud, deeply rutted by wagon wheels and horses' hoofs. Later in the day the mud thawed into a liquid with the consistency and adhesion of glue. At all times the walking about the stables was extremely difficult, and as the days went on this difficulty increased, rather than lessened.

The morning's work began with watercall. After this the horses were harnessed, and there followed a tedious riding drill or a trip to the range to move the guns. The drivers were forced to ride all morning, and sometimes all afternoon, in the biting wind that made fingers little but useless, frozen stumps. All the time the horses were kicking about in mud that almost encased them in its sticky, frozen folds. Then, when the work

was finished, the horses were brought back to the stables and groomed. Grooming in the twilight, when the horses were mere masses of mud and hair, was no easy task.

While the drivers were laboring throughout the day, the cannoneers were working with the guns. It was interesting enough at first when everything was new, but eventually the work lost its glamour of novelty. Early in the course of training, the guns were fired from near the camp, but later they were pulled farther and farther out on the range, so that it became necessary to leave the barracks long before daylight to get the pieces in action in time for the first good observation. Time after time the men were pulled out on the range to stand about in the fog, rain or snow, awaiting orders to fire which never came.

When there was no firing, the cannoneers were engaged in standing gun drill, the monotonous bane of an artilleryman's life. On weekends, speed tests were engaged in, Battery A usually coming out ahead in competition with other batteries.

Frequent inspections of quarters were held, usually on Sundays, when the men felt that the day was theirs. Several mounted inspections took place on the range, and although they meant a little extra work, they came as a welcome relief from the ordinary monotony.

This, then, was the daily life of the cannoneers and drivers. But despite the hardships, which at that time were real hardships to men fresh from factory, office or college, the Battery came through the winter in good physical condition. It is a fact that the 103rd Regiment had the best health record of any organization at the camp. The men from the Middle West in the 67th Brigade were particularly susceptible to the change in climate, and suffered considerably during the winter.

No matter how hard the day's work had been, there were always the amusements of the night, which, though at first they seemed inadequate, gave a great relief after the hard work of the day.

There were always the villages about the camp to be visited, to say nothing of the stores and cafés which lined the Guer road beyond the camp gate. St. Malo, a tiny hamlet, smothered in the blackness at the foot of the hill, to be reached only after an almost perilous descent down the steep, muddy slope, was the end of many a night's pilgrimage. Nearer yet was Coquinville, a cluster of houses and cafés, perched on a ledge above St. Malo, where one could obtain many eggs and much apple-sauce, and might even play a game of billiards at the home of "Shortee," the smallest barmaid in France. And then the "Galerie Militaire," with its thousands of useless souvenirs, was always at hand.

More often, however, the weary soldier turned to the "Univers" or other cafés along the Guer road. Here he was sure to be forced to pay doubly for food and drinks, while outside at the miserable little stands, with their even more miserable proprietors, he was liberally overcharged.

The autocrat of the Guer road was Chicago Joe, the baker, who, aided greatly by his pretty wife and a little by his command of English, made and sold apple pies for nine francs, or over $1.50, to say nothing of many other indigestible bits of pastry. There was the "General Store" where Mademoiselle sold anything or everything, and made one forget the price when she smiled. And just before it was time to go home, the American papers arrived from Paris, so that one could read the Peace news and argue on the chances of the Battery's ever seeing action.

When it grew late and the time came to go home, there was the little formality of passing the Military Police at the gate. Although every man was carefully searched for concealed bottles, many a small bottle was brought in beneath a hat or concealed in one of the long loaves of French bread which were so common.

Then came Sunday. Sometimes there was a dreaded inspection, which accomplished little beyond putting both officers and men into an ill humor. But after this was over, there was plenty of opportunity to visit Guer, St. Malo, Beignon, Plelan or Paimpont, while the more ambitious sought Ploërmel, some twenty kilometers away.

Guer was a typical village of Brittany, and in many ways, typical of France. It was made up of low, stone houses with dirty exteriors and scrupulously clean interiors; of shops, indescribably dirty and cluttered; of cafés which sprung at one from everywhere. The Church rose above the dirty houses about it in the main square, and along the roads leading to the Church, could always be found the carts of the sidewalk venders who sold nuts and fruit.

The other villages of the neighborhood, with the exception of St. Malo, were harder to reach than Guer, but had the advantage of not being overrun by Americans. If one tired of village life, there was always a walk in the countryside to visit the ruins of some ancient, feudal chateau or a Napoleonic church, or to see the peasants and observe their life.

The Mecca of the Americans was Rennes. Here was a city where one walked on real pavement, saw real tramcars and talked to pretty mademoiselles. Of course there was a tedious, three hours' ride on the "T. I. V.", or Tramways Ille-et-Vilaine, where one was lucky to procure a seat even on top of one of the toy cars. But it was a city, and no matter how tedious the trip, or how foolish the expenditures, and they were often very foolish, each soldier described the day's leave as a "fine time."

The work accomplished by the Regiment at Camp de Coëtquidan was really notable, and marked a fine achievement for the men who wintered there. The drivers had had no experience, and yet in a short time, with French horses, who were naturally vicious and difficult to handle, and on roads which were usually little but mudholes, they gained a mastery of the art of driving which made possible their later skill under service conditions.

The cannoneers, who had never seen a 155mm. Howitzer until they reached the camp, mastered their work in an extremely short time, greatly surprising the French, from whom they won the highest commendation. And all this was accomplished under weather conditions that were extremely trying, by men who were unused to hard work in the open.

To the officers goes much credit for the results shown. By their untiring patience and careful example, they were always of the utmost aid and inspiration to the men.

There were many hardships, for most of the men were new to the game. At times they were tried almost to the limits of their endurance, but never did the morale ebb sufficiently to interfere with the rapid advance of the training. And, after all, these hardships made it possible for the men to overcome the difficulties of the trying drive at Chateau-Thierry, where Germany's power was at last broken.

Despite the hardships, the members of Battery A will always look back to Coëtquidan as their one real home in France. Many of the difficulties will fade away into the mists, while the memories of the leisure hours will remain among the most vivid and valued of all recollections of France.

NINETY FIVE'S

ON the gentle slope of that vine-covered hillside between the little village of Beaumont and the soft green shade of Jury Wood there was situated, in the early Spring of 1918, a Battery of 95's. But there are those who would tell it differently, and they tersely called it the middle of Hell's Halfacre. There was Mont Sec in the front yard, Jones I at the right, Dead Man's Curve just behind, and the communication trench to Seicheprey at the left. Shorts from the curve, overs from the road, and a by-no-means small allowance of hate for the position itself — such was the life on that quiet hillside.

Because of the large front held by the Division on the Toul Sector, it was necessary to organize from the personnel of the regiment, several batteries of Sector Artillery. Such were the 95's, or Davis Battery, under the command of First Lieutenant Davis. With him, from A Battery, were Sergeant Broadhead, Corporal Dowe, Privates Batcheller, Burrows, Crowther, Derry, Laxton, and Williams. The new Battery from the 103rd relieved a similar battery from the 7th Field Artillery on the evening of April 4th, the men being rushed by trucks from Rangeval before they could drop their packs after the long 14-day hike from Brienne-le-Chateau.

When the men emerged from their dugouts on the following morning, they quickly learned why their guide had insisted on such haste in getting them under cover on the preceding night as they tumbled out of the trucks and stumbled in the darkness to the position. The fresh shellholes, the stale odors of gas, and the litter from previous bombardments explained it satisfactorily.

As at Jones I, there was no attempt at camouflage. The position was known, very well known. In place of camouflage, a lavish amount of cement blocks, sand bags, steel and wooden beams was employed. The dugouts looked secure, and the gun emplacements, banked waist-high with sand bags, afforded a fair degree of protection to the gun crews.

The first day was spent in a stiff drill on the new guns. The position was a much more important one than any held by the regiment on the Chemin-des-Dames, and at any time the occasion might arise which would bring a call for artillery. Situated scarcely one thousand yards from the German line, the 95's were in a position to respond to such an appeal quickly and with telling effect. Accordingly, officers and men set about learning their new duties with the utmost energy and enthusiasm. So well was this done, that when the first order to fire came at seven o'clock that evening, a hurry call by rocket from the infantry, it was a 95mm. gun that first illumined the hillsides with its flash.

Less than twenty-four hours after reaching the position, the Battery had not only learned to serve the guns, but was the first to respond to a call for a barrage.

It was strange yet interesting work serving these guns, old 1885 model cannons with their fortress mounts and antiquated recoil and sights. It was still stranger work firing them. When the lanyard was pulled, there was not the graceful recoil of the 155's. Instead, the piece had to be fastened to a steel plate in the floor of the emplacement in order to keep it from backing entirely out of the gun-pit. When fired, the tube, which was merely balanced on its mount, swayed up and down while the carriage rocked and tossed about for a good five seconds. When finally its efforts were spent, the gun was pushed back into position for the next round.

Within the next three weeks, the Battery was thoroughly organized. Though it had within its organization men from all the units of the regiment, every one found his place and was already showing a pride in the existence of the new Battery. Stiff firing schedules were assigned daily, which were always completed with a promptness and effectiveness that early earned the commendation of the higher commanders. During this period all spare time was spent in improving the position or in repairing the damage caused by the frequent bombardments.

On the morning of April 20th, came the attack on Seicheprey. At the very beginning of the preliminary bombardment the position was subjected to a withering fire of gas and high explosive from German artillery concentrated on the sector opposite. One of its particular missions seems to have been to silence the 95's, which, because of advantages of position and range would be a highly dangerous factor in repulsing a raid.

Within a very few seconds after the bombardment had begun, the infantry had sent up their rocket, calling for assistance. The second, third, and fourth gun crews were immediately called to their guns, the first piece being out of commission. It was incredible, so violent was the shelling, that the men could make their way from the dug-outs to their guns. Yet they did, stumbling through the heavy fog which enveloped everything, found their places, and in a few moments were returning the German fire. The third section was put out of action before it could get off a shot by a direct hit upon the trail of the piece. But one man of the crew remained unwounded. The two remaining guns carried on the work in the face of this blinding fire for fully five hours. Throughout this period there was a steady rain of shells in and about the position, which seemed almost automatic in its regularity. First the whistle of the incoming salvo of shells was heard, and immediately afterwards the slight or violent concussions, depending upon the proximity of the bursts. Then, as the patter of the flying mud and shell splinters on the ground was dying away, there would come again the piercing whistle announcing the next salvo. At regular intervals the sharp crack of one of our own slower-firing guns would be heard, blotting out for a moment the noise of exploding shells.

From two hours before daylight until well into the morning this kept up. The men, under heavy fire for practically the first time, were compelled to work in their gas masks, thus increasing their discomfort and hampering their movements. Fifteen out of the forty-four at the position were either killed or wounded. Yet the remainder carried out the nearly doubled amount of work thus made necessary through these casualties until 8:30, when the supply of ammunition was exhausted.

There was now time to learn the extent of the damage and look after the wounded, while a new supply of ammunition was being brought up from the rear. Sergeant Broadhead, who had volunteered to help in getting out the gun crews during the early minutes of the engagement, had been killed. Just as he had completed his work, a shell splinter had wounded him in the back. He refused the assistance of one of the cannoneers in getting him to the dressing station, insisting that every man was needed on the guns. As he worked his way to the dugout, another shell brought the end. Lieutenant Ayer of Battery C was wounded after giving the data to the gunners. When Lieutenants Davis and Wheat attempted to remove him to safety another shell struck in the midst of the group, throwing all three to the ground, killing Lieutenant Ayer, and wounding Lieutenant Wheat. Private Roger Wilson of Battery F was wounded immediately upon leaving his dugout. Word was brought to Private Frank E. Gordon of Battery E that Wilson was lying wounded and must be brought in. Gordon was at that moment in reserve, lying on his bunk in his dugout. Jumping up, he rushed to his friend's side. Carrying Wilson in his arms, he started back through the rain of shells, when one, striking close, killed both. Four killed and fifteen wounded before scarcely a shot had been fired.

With the arrival of the first ambulance, came Father Farrell. He stayed at the position throughout the attack, until wounded on the following afternoon.

The remainder of the day and the following day were spent in firing as each new supply of ammunition was brought up. The casualties during this period included six wounded. The enemy continued to send over everything that he had. After the first furious bombardment a 'plane was sent over to ascertain the extent of damage inflicted upon the position. The Battery was still firing. Swooping down to a height of fifty meters, it sprayed the gun-pits with its machine gun. This fire was returned in kind from rifles by everyone not actually engaged in the firing. After several severe bombardments throughout the first day, a further attempt was made in the evening to finish the job. A deluge of large caliber shells over 200mm. in size was poured into the position. The Battery was not firing at the time, and the damage was confined solely to the dugouts, three of which were partially destroyed. But throughout all this, the Battery held its position until the following afternoon, when it was ordered to withdraw and construct a new position.

The conduct of the Battery is best told in a communication from Major Chaffee to General Lassiter, as follows:

"This command was made up of details from the various organizations of the regiment, placed under the command of Lieutenant Joseph C. Davis and attached to this battalion. Within a few days, it appeared well organized, able to serve the 95mm. guns issued to it effectively, and its Battery commander was asking for opportunities to fire.

"Thereafter there was hardly a time when any position was called upon to fire but that 406 was ordered to fire with it. There was very little cover for the gun squads. The enemy adjusted frequently and very accurately. An emplacement was destroyed by enemy fire. The Battery promptly reconstructed it. The guns were one by one put out of action, but repaired and returned to duty again.

"On the twentieth, after hours of firing, mostly in gas masks, with all telephone lines cut, all guns put out of action except one, one officer and three men killed, and his remaining officer and nine men out of the little command wounded, the Battery commander sent to me by runner, asking for more ammunition.

"This was supplied, and later in the day the command carried out the barrage assigned to it with the remaining gun under a severe fire and at a time when, it is reported to me, the neighboring batteries were silent.

"From what I can learn of that night and day of serving the guns, there were acts of gallantry and devotion that measure up to the highest standards of American artillery."

General Lassiter, in forwarding Major Chaffee's report to General Edwards, appended this note:

"Forwarded, recommending that this letter be put on record in Washington, as testifying to the courage and devotion to duty of this officer (Lieutenant Davis) and the men under him, all belonging to the 103rd Field Artillery."

Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the conduct of the men during the occupation of this position, nor can too much credit be given to Lieutenant Davis for his part in setting, by his own conduct, an example for his men. During the Seicheprey engagement, the first real warfare to be seen, he was to be found above the ground every moment during the heaviest of the bombardment, exposing himself constantly to danger, in order to help in the firing — stopping for a moment in some gun-pit to hearten the gun crews, helping here in evacuating a wounded soldier, constantly removing his gas mask to test for gas, at all times having a complete command of the situation. Later, as fresh supplies of ammunition arrived, he helped in unloading the truck and in carrying the ammunition himself. If one man was needed for a particularly hazardous duty, instead of sending anyone he would perform it himself. At all times it was his coolness and firm courage that served as the inspiration to all those who served with him during the attack.

After ten days at the echelon at Rangeval, the Battery, with new men to replace the casualties, moved to Mandres for the construction of its new position, two hundred meters east of the town. Ground was broken on the fourth of May, and the four guns installed in time for the Richecourt-Lahayville raid later in the month. The work continued throughout June both in improving the gun emplacements and in the construction of dugouts. Finally, when the Battery was relieved, two dugouts, each large enough to accommodate sixteen men, had been quarried from solid rock underlying the position. The guns were never called upon to fire as often as at the former position, because of the desire to keep location secret from the enemy. It was more of a reserve position, cleverly camouflaged, and one which could, in event of a successful enemy offensive, do valuable work in holding in check the hostile infantry while a part of the artillery was being withdrawn. No fire was received on the position except scattering shots from the many targets which flew thick on all sides.

The relief was completed late in the afternoon of June 27th, by a French battery, and the men were returned to their own organizations. It meant the end of the 95's, and, as much as the men welcomed the relief and the opportunities to get back to their own batteries, there was, nevertheless, a feeling of regret at its breaking up.

Seicheprey

THE village of Seicheprey, about 25 kilometers northeast of Toul, known to all American troops who ever held the Toul sector, was situated almost in the front lines. Like any village so placed, its houses had become mere piled-up ruins, its streets churned and rutted roads. However, these battered walls and torn streets offered ideal protection for strong points of defense. So, before the coming of the Americans, the French had set up several anti-tank guns in the edge of the village which faced the German lines, adding these to the already strong defense of barbed wire, trenches and machine guns.

As soon as the 26th Division took over the Toul Sector, several batteries of the 103rd Field Artillery Regiment were called on for a detail of men to take care of the guns in Seicheprey. The second day after its arrival in Rangeval, Battery A sent nine men, under Sergeant Brown, for this work. Those selected were Corporal Walsh and Privates B. F. Campbell, Cottuly, Faber, Gould, Gilmore, Springer and Tourjee. Batteries B and C had also sent details, and they were all under Lieutenant R. E. Apthorp.

The Battery A detail was given a '75 at the extreme right of the village, taking over the position in the night. Battery C had a one-pounder, a hundred meters to the left, near the Metz road, and beyond were the men from Battery B with another one-pounder. The quarters of the officer in charge were near the Battery C dugout. Before each gun was an arc of defensive barbed wire, while beyond was the regular system of wire in No Man's Land.

The village of Seicheprey itself was used by the infantry for quartering men. Many dugouts and shelters were scattered among the ruined houses, and in the rear of the village were a Battalion Headquarters and a Field Dressing Station. In addition, there were several machine-gun nests concealed at various strategic points.

The Battery A gun was in a well-protected, well-camouflaged position, in the rear of which was the dugout, which offered fairly comfortable quarters. According to orders, absolutely no firing was to be done unless there was an attack by tanks, the '75 being solely for the purpose of anti-tank defense. However, the trail pit was carefully marked according to certain data, so that the gun could be brought into action to defend its arc of fire at a moment's notice.

As the men were unaccustomed to the '75, the first days at the new position were spent in drill. There was no work beyond this and, as the quarters were comfortable and the food good, life at this forward position was not at all unpleasant.

The Toul Sector, probably more than any other on the line, was famous for its spies and wire tappers. Hardly a move was made by the Americans that was not known to the Germans by means of their extremely efficient intelligence system. Time and again wires were found cut or tampered with, while there were many stories of spies in the villages of the back areas. Some of these stories were substantiated by later events. So, after a few days at the position, the men had the strange feeling of being always watched by some strange being which lurked in the shades along the front lines.

On April 17th the Division Intelligence Department issued a warning to all troops that a strong attack, which would probably be preceded by heavy shelling, was expected. Observers had reported the entrance of much German artillery to the sector, and the notably increased activity behind the Boche lines gave every indication of preparations for at least a heavy raid.

After an unusually quiet night along the lines, at 3 o'clock on the morning of April 20th, the Germans opened an intense barrage which was concentrated on the wire in No Man's Land. French observers reported that this barrage equalled in accuracy and intensity some of the most severe ever put down by the Germans along the Western Front. After the heavy bombardment of the wire, the barrage was lifted to the lines and later played on the village itself.

When the men came out of their dugouts, during a lull in the shelling, they saw, in the heavy fog that cloaked the valley, a large number of Germans fighting their way through the wire. These men were right on the heels of the barrage, one of the remarkable features of the raid.

The attack centered along the Metz road near the Battery C dugout, where the Boche came through in great numbers so close behind the line of dropping shells that they were able to take the entire one-pounder detail before they had a chance to offer any resistance.

There was a minor attack at the wire on the right of Battery A's position, where a machine-gun nest was set up in an old shell-hole. The gunners manning this point had lived miraculously through the heavy shelling, but to be killed later by the overwhelming force of Germans. After the battle they were found with their throats cut, having received the treatment which the humane Germans always accord to captured enemy machine gunners.

As soon as the barrage had lifted, the American infantry organized for defense, but so heavy was the attack that, after desperate hand-to-hand fighting, the Americans were driven to the extreme rear of the village. A line was formed about the Infantry Battalion Headquarters and the Dressing Station. This line held. Although three-quarters of the village was at one time in the enemy's hands, at no time were the Americans driven completely out of its limits.

Through the entire action the Battery A detail was actively engaged with the Infantry. But, although practically every man had several narrow escapes from destruction, none was wounded. With their much neglected rifles, pistols that they salvaged from dead men about them, or with hand grenades that were to be found anywhere, these men helped to repel the attack.

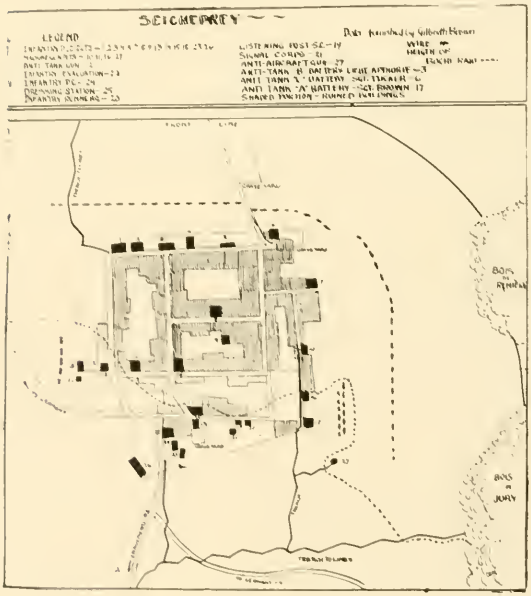
The Germans were in the town only a little over half an hour before they were driven back. They held a line for a few moments in the center of the village, but soon were forced to evacuate entirely. As soon as they had been driven out, the Infantry was posted in a rough line along the walls of the village, awaiting a second attack which never came.

All during the day there was heavy fighting in the Bois de Jury and along the front lines, while a more or less constant stream of shellfire was kept playing on the village. Toward night the fighting became less violent, until it finally died out in the early evening. However, there was a steady exchange of artillery fire for many hours after.

The Battle of Seicheprey, although not a battle in the real sense of the word, but only a heavy raid, was the first real engagement in which American troops had participated. It has been estimated that the Germans sent over 1200 men, picked shock-troops who were to inspire fear in the hearts of the raw Americans. A small number of Turks were in the raiding party, although at that time America was not officially at war with Turkey.

Both sides lost heavily in killed and wounded. The Germans, however, owing to the intensity of the barrage and the brilliant manner in which they followed it, were able to take a large number of prisoners. Out of 200 Americans which it has been estimated were in the village, only 35 came out of the fighting unscathed. The battle was not a great credit to American tacticians, but it was a brilliant example of the fine, dogged spirit of the American troops under the most adverse conditions.

After it was certain that the Germans would not attack the village again, the Anti-Tank detail was ordered to the rear, but the men returned the next day and took up their work again. After the 20th there were no other attacks on Seicheprey, the only menace being from the shelling, which became livelier as the days went on.



About a week before the divisional relief was ordered, the '75 was pulled out. Owing to the nearness of the position to the German lines, the relief was a rather hazardous piece of work. The gun had to be dug out of its emplacement, and the work had to be done under camouflage, being completed just before dark. Although the valley was drenched with gas, there were no mishaps in getting away from the position, and the men soon rejoined the Battery.

While the Anti-Tank detail did no firing with their '75, they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had taken a part in America's first battle of any size in the Great War, and that they had fought side by side with the Infantry in one of its most discouraging fights.

Upper picture — 155 MM. HOWITZER IN ACTION
Lower picture — "BETSY THE SNIPER" FIRING AT NIGHT

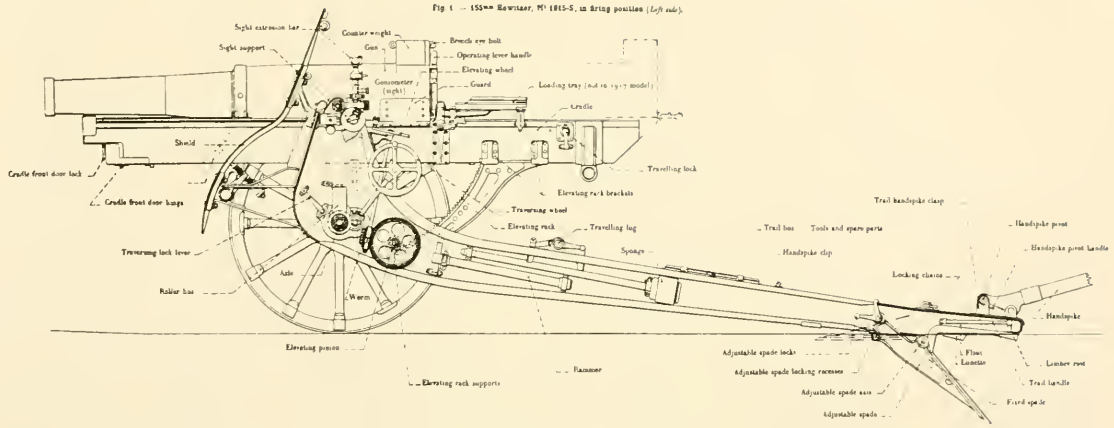


Fig. 1. — 155mm Howitzer, Mle 1915-S, in firing position (*Left side*).

The 155mm. Howitzer

Schneider, Model 1917

We were equipped in November, 1917, while at Coëtquidan, with the Model 1917 Schneider Howitzer of 155 mm. caliber. This placed us in the class of Heavy Field Artillery. Our howitzer was originally designed in 1915 by M. Schneider, one of the famous French firm of Schneider et Cie, with factories in many parts of France, notably at Le Cruesot. The 1915 model was designed for ammunition provided with a brass cartridge case, but was modified in 1917 to permit the use of propelling charges contained in cloth bags. The piece was designed to supply the deficiency of power of the 75 mm. in the destruction of organized enemy works, such as batteries, shelters, and trenches. It is not a barrage weapon. Firing relatively light charges with a high angle of elevation, it may be used for curved fire, and is capable of hitting targets protected by defilade against the relatively flat trajectory of the "75."

The variety of charges for the same shell, seven in number, makes it possible to obtain different angles of fall for the same distance, depending upon the target fired at. This in itself is a decided advantage. For example, the destruction of a dugout requires an angle of fall for the shell as nearly perpendicular as possible. In addition the howitzer may be placed in deep valleys with good sheltering defilade, or in thickets of young growth.

It is essential that such a gun must be able to follow the infantry and cross any kind of ground. As a rule, our guns were drawn by ten horses, with the drivers mounted on the "near" horse in regulation artillery style. The cannoneers were obliged to walk. The packs and baggage were lashed to the "off" horses, the caissons and guns, or carried in the park wagons. American harness, with steel collars, was used.

In operation the howitzers gave little or no trouble. The diagram which accompanies this article indicates the structure of the material. The following figures will give an idea of the dimensions:

Length of Tube,	7 feet 8 inches
Length of Rifling,	5 feet 8 inches
Greatest Width of Carriage,	6 feet 3 inches
Length, Limbered,	33 feet
Weight in Battery,	7300 pounds
Weight, Limbered,	8200 pounds
Weight Caisson Loaded,	6900 pounds
Weight Average Shell,	96 pounds
Weight Maximum Charge,	8.4 pounds
Weight Minimum Charge,	2.5 pounds
Maximum Range,	6.7 miles

After the gun is fired the recoil is absorbed by an apparatus that works on the principle of an hydraulic brake — whereby a liquid is forced through openings or vents of constantly diminishing size — and also by the compression of gas in the recuperator

cylinders. The gun having ceased to recoil, the return to battery is insured by the action of the compressed gas in the recuperator cylinders, which is in turn checked by the recoil cylinders. The length of the recoil varies in accordance with the charge used and the angle to which the gun is elevated. Thus it is evident that the operation does not depend on springs. It is merely necessary to keep the correct amount of liquid in each cylinder and the proper gas pressure in the recuperator. On the road, the tube is habitually carried out of battery, that is, after limbering up, the tube is unlocked, pulled to the limit of recoil, and then locked. This serves to better balance the load.

For ammunition we used forged and semi-steel high explosive as well as gas shells. We never fired shrapnel, canister or star shells on the front. The semi-steel shell, being brittle and giving countless small fragments, was used against unprotected targets. The forged steel shell was depended upon for demolition, as it burst into large fragments which were dangerous for a radius of 400 meters. The shell contained 25 pounds of high explosive, Melinite or Schneiderite.

The propelling charge consisted of smokeless powder with a black powder igniter, fired by means of a primer inserted in the breech-block firing leaf. Seven different charges could be used, a full bag of BG5 being charge 00, the most powerful, and a bag of BSP, containing only bundle number 5, being the weakest. Reduced charges were used whenever possible to save wear on the gun. Five fuses were supplied with varying delay action, from $\frac{1}{200}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of a second.

Firing involved greasing the shell, placing it on the loading tray, screwing in a fuse, ramming the shell home, inserting the powder charge and primer, closing the breech-block, and pulling the lanyard. At the first shot the gun carriage would generally recoil several feet until the trail spade seated in the earth and prevented further motion.

Exceptionally fast crews were able to exceed five shots per minute, provided the charge was light. But sustained fire was only practical at the rate of two shots per piece per minute, with a delay every twenty shots to grease the bore and cool the tube. It is only by such care that the maximum life of the gun (12,000 rounds), may be obtained. In emergencies the howitzer demonstrated its wonderful strength — one French piece firing 220 shots in one hour at Combles.

The larger part of the cannoneer's time was devoted to concealing the position, digging shelter trenches, gun-pits, and dugouts. Each position had to be so organized as to permit efficient firing both by day and night. Night firing predominated. Protecting the powder from hostile fire as well as from sunlight and dampness proved a difficult problem.

The firing was practically always done from the wonderfully accurate French Battle Maps. These maps, on a scale of $\frac{1}{20000}$, were originally enlargements of the $\frac{1}{80000}$ military maps, and were constantly perfected by aerial photographs reduced to proper scale. They indicate the enemy works to the most minute detail, showing even paths and telephone lines.

The guns were usually laid parallel to a given basic direction by means of a compass. This basic direction was used as the reference point for subsequent targets. In figuring the data, it was necessary to take into account the variation in muzzle velocity due to different lots of powder, varying weights and types of shells, charge to be used and the atmospheric conditions of the moment.

"BETSY"

ON arriving in the Toul sector, we traded guns with Battery D of the 5th Field Artillery, and took over the positions just as they were. It was thus that we came to inherit Betsy, but she hadn't been named then, and figured in the transaction merely as howitzer number 1312, the sole occupant of Position 413, or Jones I, as the 5th called their forward position. She was in the third pit of a nearly-ruined battery position on the Beaumont-Flirey road, a hundred yards or so east of where the Seicheprey road branched off to the north. The position was too ambitious for a battery of 155 mm. howitzers, and three guns had been destroyed shortly after being installed, by accurate enemy shell-fire. Number 1312 had, however, borne a charmed life, and escaped with a few nicks and splintered spokes. So she was left all alone to persuade the enemy that his gunnery was poor. When the battery received three new guns to replace the damaged ones, they were located in the rear at Jones II and kept silent in reserve, while to Betsy was assigned the task of firing the targets for the entire four guns, thus simulating a fairly active battery. She was technically a sniping gun, and the idea was, in the event of an attack she would draw the brunt of the enemy fire and no doubt be smothered, while the three guns in reserve would be able to come to the rescue and do effective work, unhampered by hostile fire.

Such was the situation when we arrived. The Boche shelled Position 413 daily to the extent of 100 to 150 rounds of small, high-explosive shells, caliber 77 or 105 mm. We could often hear the reports of the battery firing at us, followed shortly by the warning hiss and final burst of the enemy shells. Our dugouts were sunk in the lee of the friendly road, Betsy being on the enemy side of the road in a deep gun-pit, with a casemate ahead, into which she could be rolled, out of sight and danger. We at once set out to make operations as safe and rapid as possible. Climbing out of the dugouts and going up and over the road to the emplacement, closely resembled going over the top. Most of the 5th Field Artillery men injured at this position had been hit while up on the road where the shell fragments flew thickest. Enemy balloons could detect our every move, and camouflage was useless. Some days the baskets looked so close that we felt sure the Boche could even tell the type of shell that we were using.

We were accordingly confronted with the problem of tunneling under the road — and this was no mean task, for the highway was over one hundred years old, hard and deep. A search revealed a low, strong, stone-vaulted stone culvert, dated 1808, which cut under the road about 50 feet west of the gun-pit and was partially ruined by enemy gunfire, the

northern exit being closed by débris. A detail was set to work cutting a deeper passage through the stone, and clearing the blocked end. At the same time, work was commenced on a deep-covered trench connecting the culvert with the gun-pit and casemate. The weather was favorable, cloudy and dark, but the soil was soggy, tenacious clay which, rain or shine, proved a heart-breaking task to dig away, and with a disposition to cave in and crumble on the slightest provocation. After several cave-ins, it became necessary to use side frames to hold up the walls. The job was finally completed amid glad sighs of relief, and it was possible to enter the gun-pit with a reasonable margin of safety from shell splinters and observation. The gun-pit was then improved, a new platform and splinter-proof shell racks, as well as a trail circle, being installed. During these repairs and improvements we frequently fired 100 shells per day and maintained a stock of 600 to 700 projectiles. Our expenditure of ammunition averaged from 35 to 37% of the total for the battalion, or more plainly, about three times as much as any other one gun in A and B Batteries. We also came to expect daily two or more seances of rapid enemy shell-fire, delivered at unexpected moments. It was well to constantly keep in mind the nearest trench or dugout, and be set for a quick dive to shelter.

The work was hard and nerve-racking. The day was spent in digging or repairing the latest damages to dugouts, telephone lines or the kitchen, while the night was taken up with harassing fire on the Boche lines of communication, towns, cantonments, and batteries. And after dark, our supplies, water and munitions came up, as nearly as possible during hours when we did not expect to be shelled. As each wagon or truck reported to Battalion Headquarters at Mandres, the word was phoned up to Jones I, and we would advise if the coast was clear. Since the Boche were supposed to have a highly efficient microphone service, we were ordered to talk over the phone in code, so the apparently highly personal remark, "Murphy's fleas are bothering him," merely meant that the sergeant had a hitch of chevaux champing on their bits, ready to take a trip around "Dead Man's Curve." *

Owing to the extremely strenuous climate around the position, each section was relieved after a week's service there, and thus each section received its baptism of fire and became welded into veteran gun crews, able to shoot accurately and rapidly under trying circumstances. We also managed to acquire a prodigious amount of property, including a twelve-drop switchboard, seven telephones, two excellent pumps, 20,000 machine-gun cartridges, 200 hand grenades, a great surplus of rifles, pistols and ammunition, and any amount of tools, wheelbarrows, gas equipment, and reserve rations. We had a wonderfully complete telephone system, with twelve lines leading to three observation posts, B Battery's two positions, Battalion Headquarters, and our own position at Jones II, as well as to various points in our own position. But we could not get rid of our ever-growing legacy of rats and mice. One mouse, known as Clarence, was a conspicuous inhabitant of the P. C. He grew friendly and performed marvelous feats of acrobatics on the rafters and bunks, in search of food.

We found many opportunities to adjust our fire, and discovered an excellent observation post in the infantry lines, whence we could obtain a fine view of Mont Sec and other Boche territory. When the rear position desired to adjust, it was our duty to fire simultaneously in order to break up the sound waves and prevent the Boche from discovering

*See George Pattulo's article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, entitled, "*Dirty Work at the Cross Roads.*"

the location of Jones II. We managed to take good care of our ammunition, and Betsy repaid us for our labor in keeping her spotless, by demonstrating phenomenal accuracy as well as high speed. Twice the Fourth Section fired five shots in thirty seconds, but no one, except those present, can ever realize the spirit, energy and enthusiasm required of a section on a dark, cold, and rainy night when the order would suddenly come down from Major Chaffee's P. C. — "40 rounds on battery 9666 as fast as you can get them out." It meant jumping into cold, wet boots, scurrying, scrambling, falling over to the gun-pits, fumbling over the powder, preparing charges, greasing shells, setting off the new elevation and deflection, shifting the trail, and training Betsy on the target. Then, with bubbles level, and data verified, would come the command, "Fire," followed by a blinding flash and a crashing roar, and perhaps the trail spade would smash back through sand bags, crushed rocks, logs and all, and Betsy would nearly skid off the slippery platform. Perhaps the primer wouldn't detonate or the aiming light would flicker out. What a feeling of tense excitement until the first shot was fired, and how much satisfaction it was each time we could phone back "40 rounds on 9666 completed, sir."

Then on many a night, filling in between the tat-tat-tat of some nervous machine gun, would come the muffled scuffle of tired, cautious squads of our Y. D. Doughboys as they slowly filed up to the Jury woods, and a hoarse voice would whisper, "Look out, that's Betsy over there. See, she's going to shoot, for the light's lit." For the doughboys christened her Betsy as night after night they came up or went back, often dropping into the kitchen for a cup of hot coffee which we always tried to have on hand on the nights when "they" were "going in." And many a doughboy has leaned his tired back up against the wall of Betsy's kitchen and gulped down a last big cup of hot, sweet coffee, then shuffled off with the characteristic full-pack gait that we all came to know so well. But they never failed to thank us and tell us how good it felt out in the trenches to hear Betsy banging away at the Boche throughout the night, and reminding them that she was right up there too, trying to do her bit, and we in turn were proud of our friendship with our big, husky infantrymen who were to make the name of the 26th Division mean something.

The kitchen was a popular institution, for the ration was ample, and flappers or oatmeal, thanks to the battery fund, made even our breakfast a success. So our visitors got into the habit of paying visits at mealtime. All the cooks took turns at the position, and many and heated were the arguments as to the relative merits of our cooks. So we finally decided that, while Sherman was right, it wasn't quite so bad if one had good cooks. And Harvey announced that army life would suit him perfectly if General Pershing would only give him a couple of months off to spend at the seashore.

And after Seicheprey, when we knew that we could beat the Boche at his own game, the fields grew knee-deep in grass and poppies. The trees took on their leaves and we could look far in all directions — clear to Metz and Toul and Rangeval. Life wasn't half so bad.

For it seemed that everybody knew Betsy. Passers-by would stop at dusk and chat and tell us what was going on up No Man's Land, bring us trophies, or marvel at the gun and compare it with their own rifles. Enemy propaganda often floated over, attached to tiny balloons. And Lufbery or Eddie Richenbacker would fly over us as we

silenced the Boche anti-aircraft guns for them, repaying us by doing stunts overhead. The sea-going cooks, Paige and Pierce, would explore far and near to discover hoards of duds and other grisly treasures, while Ramage would instruct his class in dismounting hand grenades, and Sergeant Saacke would bemoan the loss of his latest overcoat. But the sergeant at last, through the charity of a fatigued negro doughboy, secured a final overcoat. It grew so warm that fires weren't needed and Harvey no longer jinxed the powder record or risked the life and limbs of all the inhabitants of the P. C. by building fires for the captain out of a mixture of powder and kerosene. Meanwhile, Sergeant Abbott found a swimming-hole out in plain view of the Germans, and Marcil, the barber, and Hank Hill, who was assistant to the supply sergeant then, escaped alive after hazarding a sight-seeing trip to the front. The nights of May and June found the men playing cards or out in the moonlight listening to the bombing machines as they flew over to lay a few eggs in the German back areas; the sky lit up with flares and the speckling flashes of the vainly searching anti-aircraft shells. We even had the battery victrola for a week.

It is interesting to note that on attack days we weren't silenced for long — witness the performance of the Second Section on Seicheprey day, when they fired 353 rounds without a casualty.

After considerable argument it was decided that Betsy was to be the property of the First Section. At the commencement of the Chateau-Thierry drive, the old tube wore out and was condemned, and another tube from a wrecked E Battery gun replaced it, the change being made in twenty-four hours. From this time on, Betsy was never again out of action, and when we hauled her south, down the road towards Verdun, and away from the front, on November 15th, 1918, she had approximately 8,500 rounds to her credit.

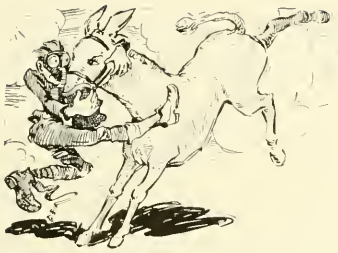
We will never know the extent of the damage inflicted on the Boche by Betsy — we can only judge by the results of observations carried on while firing and by the aspect of targets which we were able to inspect in the wake of the Boche retreats. We always considered the large amount of ammunition fired at Betsy in the nature of a compliment to her "accuracy and speed," for example, 2500 rounds in one day on Jones 1. Red-letter days record the scoring of a target on a fallen enemy aeroplane — with the fifth shot — at a range of six miles, while the machine was being towed to safety by a squad of Germans. Also, the blowing up of Battery 9666, showing our enthusiastic balloon observer, logs and dugout construction hurled high in the air. Another exciting event took place when a light German battery pulled into position near St. Baussant. Twenty shots from Betsy caused the enemy to abandon the position, and as the personnel fled across country, we tried to pot them on the wing. An inspection of Battery 1546, an old target of ours, showed evidences of remarkably accurate and effective fire on the part of Betsy. An observer at Chateau-Thierry reported a battery in action. Twenty-five shots from Betsy sufficed to silence it and cause three munitions explosions, besides setting the position on fire. Thirty shots fired into Lahayville on the day of the Seicheprey battle caused a German prisoner to admit that his regiment, while forming for an attack, was suddenly fired on by two batteries of 155's, and lost 60% of their men. Much of the credit for Betsy's performance that memorable day was due to the work of Corporal McGowan, Plympton, and Robinson, the machine-gun crew. The enemy could not see us, for their balloons were down. Therefore, to secure an accurate adjustment and to

demolish our gun, they sent out an aeroplane to observe and report the landing of each shot. The corporal, with his crew, repelled the avion each time it tried to approach, with a hot fusilade, and caused the aviator so much worry that he finally gave it up as a bad job. As shells were continually bursting near the machine gun, the plucky trio had to hit the dirt frequently and wait for the smoke to blow away before resuming activities. It was the nerviest exploit performed by any of the battery at the time, and their names were turned in for a divisional citation.

Before we started into the Chateau-Thierry drive, General Aultman ordered us to paint Betsy's name on the shield of the gun in large, clear letters, and, although parts wore out or were wrecked by shell-fire, she was still the same old Betsy. While in our possession she received two new wheels, a sight, a new tube, and a spade, the only parts of the gun remaining intact throughout the war being the recoil system and cradle, the shield, and the chassis.

Needless to say, it was with no little regret that we loaded her onto a flat-car at Vitry, Haute Marne, and turned our backs to her as she left for the Happy Hunting Grounds of all good guns that made life one big question-mark for the Huns on the receiving end of her attentions. Negotiations are under way to secure this gun for Rhode Island's trophy, and A Battery men would ask nothing better.

Toward the End of the Chateau-Thierry Drive



GAS

FROM the first German gas attack on April 22nd, 1915, until the armistice was signed, gas played an ever-increasing part in the war. Naturally the initial gas attack made in the Ypres salient, during which both cloud and shell gas were used, surprised the British Army and, lacking protective appliances, its casualties were heavy. However, the cloud gas was promptly recognized by its color and odor as chlorine, and the shell gas, owing to its effect on the eyes, was found to be lachrymatory or tear gas, and every possible endeavor was made to devise some means of protection.

The first respirator consisted of two layers of flannel with tapes attached to either end. This device was soaked in soda solution each time before it was tied over the mouth, but it afforded protection only against a moderate concentration of chlorine.

The next type was a respirator of cotton wool in a gauze envelope. These were made in England by a voluntary effort, and the record number turned out in one day exceeded one million. Though this appliance was chemically treated in hypo, 10 lbs.; soda carbonate, 2½ lbs.; glycerine, 2 lbs., per gallon of water, before it was issued, it was dipped in a soda solution again before use. This respirator proved to be protection against chlorine, but was exceedingly difficult to adjust.

Consequently, further experiments were made which resulted in the introduction of the hypo or smoke helmet. This helmet was simply a bag of flannel treated with hypo carbonate and glycerine solution and was provided with one large eyepiece made of tale. During several gas attacks made in May, 1915, this helmet was used and was found to be fairly satisfactory.

As the prevailing winds from June to September were towards the German lines, there was ample time for the further improvement of the respirator, and for the preparation of retaliatory gas attacks. The first British cloud gas attack was made at Loos, September 25, 1915, and from that day, owing to the fact that the wind direction 75 per cent. of the year was in favor of the Allies, the Germans were frequently and severely gassed.

As a result of information received in July by the British that the Germans were preparing large quantities of phosgene gas, still another type of helmet had to be devised, and on September 1st a new respirator called the "P" helmet was issued. This helmet, though similar to the hypo helmet, was made of flannelette, and, having a longer skirt, could be more safely tucked under the uniform. It was treated with a new solution which gave protection against chlorine, phosgene and prussic acid gas, and it was provided with an expiratory tube which not only rendered it more comfortable but also eliminated

the gases exhaled by the wearer. Phosgene was first used by the Germans in a big gas attack on December 19th, and though there were many casualties, the helmet, when adjusted in time, afforded perfect protection.

In order to secure increased protection, two other modifications were later made to the "P" helmet. A small percentage of Hexamine was added to increase the protection against phosgene and prussic acid gas, and the respirator was then called the "P. H." helmet. When this latter helmet was again improved by the addition of a rubber-faced eyepiece for the protection of the eyes against lachrymators, it became known as the "P. H. G." helmet.

The gas attack against the British at Messines on April 30th, and five or six subsequent attacks, emphasized the fact that the Germans were always shortening their assaulting front with the purpose of attaining a higher concentration of gas. Obviously a respirator was required that would give a greater margin of safety than the various helmets. Finally, in the Summer of 1916, the small box respirator, patterned after a large and cumbersome one which had previously been in use by machine gunners and artillerymen only, was introduced. This small box respirator was built on the principle of absorption, and was composed of three parts—a canister, a corrugated rubber tube, and a facepiece. The canister or box contained charcoal, permanganate of potash, soda lime, and also two layers of cotton wool and one layer of Turkish toweling. In order that the granules of charcoal might be held firmly together, the contents of the box were separated by three layers of wire mesh screen. At the base of the tin canister there was a rubber valve lying on a flat, perforated metal disc. When one, wearing the respirator in the presence of gas, inhaled, the rubber valve lifted up and both gas and air were drawn into the canister, where the gases were absorbed so that air only continued up through the corrugated rubber tube, through the metal elbow, and into the mouthpiece. When one exhaled, the rubber valve lay flat on the metal disc, thus preventing the air from passing through and thus wasting the absorbent chemicals in the box. This exhaled air passed through an outlet valve which was a hollow piece of rubber with two slits. The facepiece was made of perfectly air-tight material and contained a nose clip which could be worked from the outside by means of a wire ring, also two eyepieces made of a special preparation which was not easily broken. To the facepiece were attached two elastics and a khaki tape, known as a retaining tape. The respirator was carried in a canvas satchel which was divided into two compartments, one for the box and the other for the facepiece. From the Summer of 1916 until the conclusion of the war, the British army used this respirator exclusively. Also, when the first American troops entered the lines, they were equipped with these English respirators. Later, a respirator was manufactured in the United States which, except for a few minor improvements, was practically a duplicate of the British.

Another stage in the development of gas warfare was reached in July, 1917, when, for the first time, the British used projectors and the Germans used mustard gas. However, no improvements were necessary to the British box respirator, as it afforded complete protection against this new gas. Finally, after a period of five months, the Germans, on December 10, 1917, also made use of projectors, and on February 26, 1918, the Germans, using projectors, made their first gas attack against the Americans. Meanwhile, gas shells were fired by both sides in progressively increasing amounts until at the

conclusion of the war, twenty-five per cent. of the shells used by the British and over fifty per cent. used by the Germans were gas.

The German gas mask was very unique and interesting. Owing to the British blockade and the consequent scarcity of rubber in Germany, the Germans were compelled to use leather as the material for the facepiece of their mask. In order to make it flexible and to close its pores, this leather was treated with various oils and fats. Unlike the British, this facepiece had neither nose clip nor a mouthpiece. The mask was held firmly over the face by the means of retaining tapes which were elastic because they were made of cloth-covered crimped wire. At the base of the facepiece was a metal projection into which was screwed a small, metal canister, containing absorbent chemicals. Thus, when ruined or unserviceable, the canister could be replaced by screwing on another. When one, wearing the mask in the presence of gas, inhaled, both air and gas were drawn into the canister, the gas being absorbed by the chemicals and the air passing up into the facepiece. Obviously, protection with such a mask depended entirely on the fit of the facepiece, as the air in it was the air breathed. If there was any leakage around the facepiece, free gas would penetrate and pass directly to the lungs. In the case of the British respirator, the inhaled air was not the air in the facepiece, but air that had been filtered and purified in the canister and then passed up through the mouthpiece. However, the German gas mask, in one respect, was far superior to any; namely, it possessed eyepieces that after 10 or 12 hours of use would not grow dim and foggy. These eyepieces were treated by a secret formula so that they would absorb moisture, grow soft, swell up, and yet never grow opaque. In order to see with the English eyepieces, it was necessary to wipe them off at least once every five minutes. When not in use the German mask was carried in a cylindrical tin box.

There were three distinct types of gas attacks—the cloud or wave gas attack, the projector gas attack, and the shell gas attack. The cloud gas attack was entirely dependent on the direction and velocity of the wind. The gas was carried to the trenches as a liquid in steel cylinders. These cylinders, containing 65 pounds of gas and weighing, when loaded, about 140 pounds, were installed in the trenches every two or three feet, were protected by sandbags, and were connected with pipes leading out over the parapet. When the valves of the cylinders were opened the gas escaped with a hissing sound, mixed with the air, producing a bank or cloud which was carried by the wind towards the opposing trenches, spreading out as it went forward. Cloud gas was usually, if not invariably, phosgene, or phosgene mixed with chlorine. In very dry air it might be almost transparent and slightly greenish in color, while in damp weather it formed a white cloud. However, by the addition of smoke and chemicals, a cloud might be produced of most any color. Cloud gas attacks were usually made at night or in the early morning, during wind velocities varying from 3 to 20 miles per hour, i. e., from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 yards per second. Thus, in a nine-mile wind the gas would reach trenches 100 yards distant in 20 seconds. Without doubt the cylinder gas attack was far more searching in its effects than the other types, for the gas, frequently discharged on a front of five miles, swept over whole areas, penetrated into every nook and cranny, and was known to reach points twelve miles behind the front trenches.

The projector gas attack depended very little on the direction of the wind, as the gas contained in bombs was discharged from 8-inch Levin's projectors and from Stokes' mortars. In gas projectiles, such as shells or trench mortar bombs, a part of the ex-

plosive charge was replaced by a liquid which was converted into gas by the explosion, and consequently the explosive force of these projectiles was considerably less than that of high explosive shells. The gas bombs, containing 30 pounds of liquid gas, were fired from Levin's projectors, which weighed 86 pounds and were two feet, nine inches in length. These projectors were fired electrically by blasting machines, being connected electrically in series of 25 to 50 for that purpose. By carefully synchronizing watches shortly before firing, from 1,000 to 2,000 projectors were fired by the British within three seconds. When at the zero hour, 1,000 to 2,000 projectors were simultaneously fired, the skies were illuminated as if by a flash of lightning. Rifle or howitzer shells flew through the air, nose always to the front, but Levin's bombs toppled end over end like a football, the projector having no rifling in the bore. As, at the moment of discharge the flash was bright, it was possible to see these bombs in mid-air. However, a bomb toppling over very fast appeared to be stationary, just as, on a black night during a downpour of rain, when a streak of lightning illuminated a road, the wheel of a buggy passing rapidly by would be seen, not as a wheel rotating, but as one wheel with each spoke clearly outlined. Projectors were always set at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the various ranges were attained by varying the powder charge, the extreme range being 1,400 yards. By means of compasses with illuminated dials, they were set at night, and a large number of them were usually discharged into a comparatively small space, thus producing a deadly concentration of gas. Frequently, instead of gas, the bombs were filled with thirty pounds of oil, 75 per cent. being ordinary crude oil and 25 per cent. light oil. These bombs burst into a mass of smoke and flame upon striking.

Differing considerably from the Levin's projector, was the four-inch Stokes' mortar. These mortars fired bombs which were self-contained, that is, which contained the primer, explosive charge, and seven pounds of gas. The bombs were simply thrown by hand into the mortar, which was set at an angle of forty-five degrees, the charges being ignited when the bombs struck the bottom. These mortars, being readily portable, were pushed up to the front with attacking troops. The gas was used as a surprise, by firing for two minutes only, at a rate of twenty-five bombs or a hundred and seventy-five pounds of gas per mortar, per minute. These same mortars also fired phosphorus and thermit bombs. Phosphorus bombs were used to shower globules of burning phosphorus on personnel sheltering in shell-holes or ruined trenches. Thermit bombs were burst in the air like shrapnel, and globules of molten iron at white heat were thrown to the ground.

Shell gas attacks depended little on the direction of the wind, but the best results were obtained on muggy days, with the lowest wind velocities, or in dead calm. Shell gas bombardments were usually very heavy at first in order to develop a strong concentration of gas. The advantages of these bombardments were that especially chosen targets at the longest ranges could be surprised and in a short time smothered in a high concentration of various different gases.

The various poisonous gases used during the war might be classified into three general groups — asphyxiants, paralysants and irritants. The more common of the gases classed as asphyxiants were balite (carbon trichlorine), surpalite (carbon tetrachlorine), chlorine, nitrous fumes (nitro-oxide) and phosgene (carbonic chlorine, $COCl_2$). These gases, of which chlorine and phosgene were most frequently used, caused very irritating and damaging effects upon the respiratory organs. Chlorine was easily de-

tected by its strongly irritating odor, somewhat similar to the odor of chloride of lime, widely used as a disinfectant. If this gas was breathed in moderate concentrations for an hour or more, edema of the lungs was produced, which was followed frequently by bronchitis and pneumonia. A man exposed to a very high concentration of chlorine might be affected with such a strong spasm of the glottis and air tubes that he could not draw air into the lungs, became cyanosed, fell down unconscious, and died of asphyxia within a few minutes.

Phosgene was quickly recognized by its pungent odor, somewhat similar to the odor of old, moldy hay. The effect of this gas differed in many respects from that of chlorine, and on the whole, it was far more efficient and deadly. If breathed in high concentrations, it killed immediately. In small concentrations, its effect was almost limited to the little terminal air cells in the lungs. Its action so hindered the lining of these little air cells and of the small blood vessels in the cell walls that the fluid part of the blood leaked out of the blood vessels into the air cells. In addition to the blood vessels there was another system of vessels known as the lymphatics, which, from our point of view, may be looked upon as sewers to remove secretion. The symptoms of phosgene poisoning might be delayed for a considerable time, because the sewers at first were able to carry off the greater part of the secretion; a time came, however, when it was impossible for these sewers to remove the secretion as fast as it was excreted from the blood vessels. Consequently, the air cells began to fill up with fluid, which was at first thin and which later became thicker, almost like pus. The result was that death from phosgene poisoning was a slow and prolonged drowning in the subject's own body fluid, a drowning infinitely worse than in water, because instead of eight to ten minutes, it required eight to ten days. The symptoms were those of drowning; the subject was blue, and struggled for breath. The fluid ran out of his mouth and nose. A pool of fluid was often on the floor beside his bed, where he had hung over his head to let it be drained or coughed out. As in the case of the resuscitation of a nearly drowned man, a very helpful means of treatment was to aid nature and stand the patient on his head for one or two minutes to facilitate the outflow. As the case progressed, the patient became bluer, colder, unconscious, and finally, after eight or nine days of suffering, died from inability to get sufficient air to maintain life. Oxygen was administered at the earliest possible moment. However, patients were often more restless after oxygen was administered than before, and they frequently attempted to remove the oxygen apparatus. The explanation was, that before receiving oxygen the patient was so far gone and unconscious that, though he suffered, he did not know it. The oxygen brought him to life again and to the realization of his tremendous suffering and pain. Obviously, phosgene, always a favorite with the Germans, was an excellent gas; if strong it killed immediately, if moderately strong it made a most distressing casualty.

The more common of the gases classed as paralysants, because they killed by paralyzing the respiratory system, were prussic acid (hydro-cyanic acid) and cyanogen (CN). These gases either killed instantly or produced practically no ill effects.

The gases classified as irritants consisted chiefly of liquids, the vapors of which, even in very great dilution, had an irritant effect upon the delicate tissues, especially those of the eye. They were frequently called, therefore, lachrymators or tear producers. In stronger concentrations they approached the effects produced by the gases classified as asphyxiants. The most commonly used gases of this class were benzyl bromide,

ethyliodoacetate, diphenylchloroarsine, chloropicrin, and dichlorethyl sulphide (mustard gas). Benzyl bromide and ethyliodoacetate were gases strongly irritant to the eyes, causing them to water and to pain. Diphenylchloroarsine, because of its sternutatory effect, was called the "sneezing gas." This gas was in reality not a gas, but a fine dust. The irritating powder was packed in a glass bottle, placed in an ordinary high explosive shell, and was scattered in the air by the explosion of the shell. Chloropicrin (CCl_3NO_2) was used continually by the British because it was particularly effective in penetrating the leather gas mask used by the Germans. Once it penetrated the mask it caused irritation of the eyes and nausea, necessitating the removal of the mask by the wearer. Therefore, more highly poisonous gases were habitually used in conjunction with chloropicrin in order to kill after the chloropicrin had forced the wearer to remove his mask.

Mustard gas was distinguished by its mustard or garlic-like smell, which, however, was sometimes disguised by the use of chemicals. Its immediate effects were but trifling, and the great danger lay in its insidious nature, because, unlike chlorine, it could be breathed without appreciable irritation to the air-passages and without discomfort or oppression in the chest. As it did not cause coughing and a choking sensation or immediate irritation of the eyes, men were deceived into believing that it was harmless and impotent. However, the delayed effects, which appeared from 4 to 12 hours after exposure, were most extreme. Pains in the eyes resulted, which rapidly became intolerable, often feeling as though there were sand or grit under the lids. Then there developed a severe conjunctivitis, rendering those affected blind for periods varying between three days and four weeks. In addition to this effect, it was very irritant to the skin, blistering it wherever there was moisture and thus producing severe burns which were slow in healing. Consequently, when it became necessary to carry on in the presence of mustard gas, the body was covered with pants, a slicker and gloves made of an oil-cloth material; and especially important was it that all buttons be securely fastened. Those parts of the skin which had been exposed were promptly and thoroughly washed with soap suds or bicarbonate of soda. Clothing, metal, anything in fact which had been exposed to this gas, was not used until washed in a solution of chloride of lime, and later in pure water. Food which had or was suspected to have become contaminated was destroyed, and drinking and washing water was condemned. Mustard gas had the peculiarity of clinging for a long time to cloth, especially woolen clothes. If a man was close to the burst of a mustard gas shell and his clothes became contaminated with liquid, he must undress before entering a dugout, as men in inclosed spaces could be gassed by even small quantities brought in on clothing and equipment. Doctors have been gassed while attending patients, which exemplified how imperative it was to remove entirely all wearing apparel. Contaminated cloth was first much weakened, and after twenty-four hours thoroughly rotted. When a mustard gas shell exploded, the gas formed a small cloud, though some of the oily liquid sunk into the ground and remained dangerous for twelve to forty-eight hours or even longer in cool weather. The persistency of this gas was another of its many striking features. For example, it often remained strong and dangerous in valleys or near sunken roads after two days of rain. Ground apparently free from mustard gas at night, gave it off in dangerous concentrations when warmed by the morning sun. Consequently, the shell holes were covered over with a quarter of an inch of chloride of lime and at least a foot of fresh earth. This precaution did away with the annoyance of the gas, but the earth must not be disturbed, as the chemical was not destroyed by burial

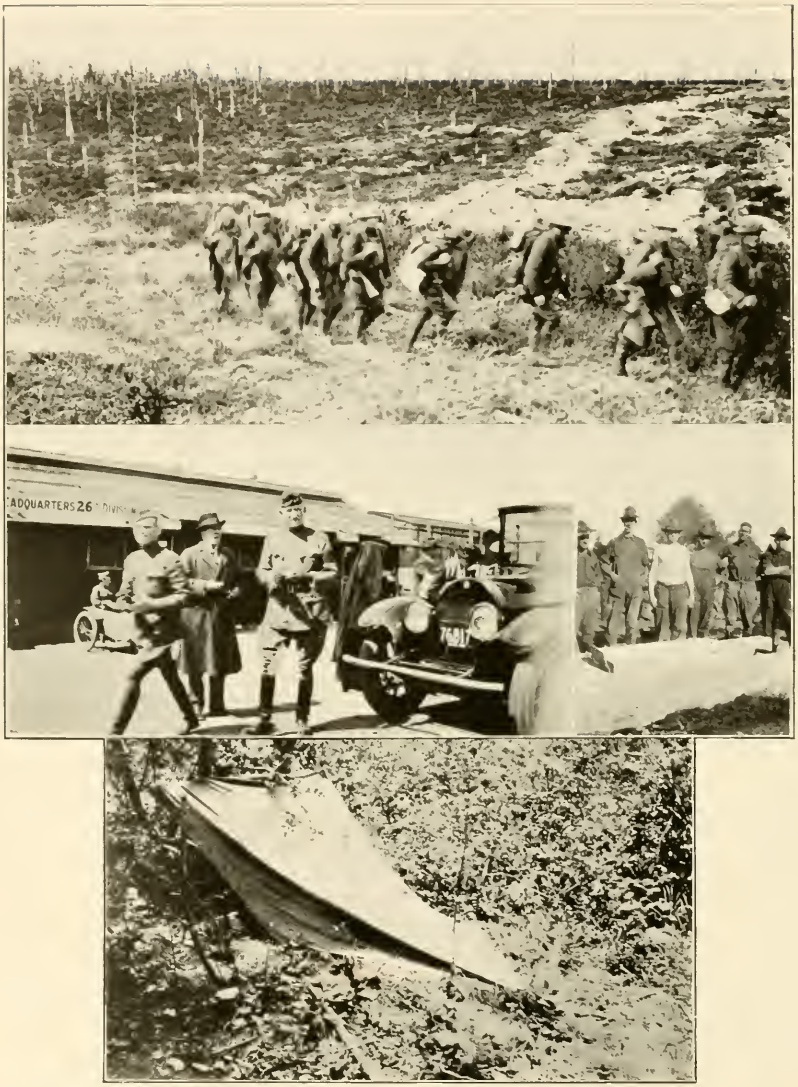
and only disappeared slowly. And lastly, mustard gas attacked the lungs, and by its action caused pulmonary complications which usually resulted in pneumonia and death.

Horses and mules being susceptible to the dangerous effects of the various gases, an anti-gas horse respirator was devised by the British, which consisted simply of a flannelette bag with a canvas mouthpiece, which was placed in the horse's mouth and saved the flannelette from being bitten through. In the presence of tear gases it was customary to tie bandages around the animal's eyes. Horses and mules, however, were capable of standing a higher concentration of gas than human beings, without material damage.

A multiplicity of defensive measures against gas were taken. The individual was protected mainly by his box respirator, which was daily inspected. He was also furnished with protective clothing for use during mustard gas attacks. Groups of men were protected by dugouts which were made, as nearly as was possible, gas-proof chambers. All dugout entrances were provided with double doors, with an air space between. The greatest care was taken in the fit of the doorframes, in order that there would be no cracks between the frame and the earth or the sandbags forming the sides or roof of the entrance. A gas blanket cut to the proper size was nailed to the top of the frame with a lath to prevent tearing, and the blanket overlapped the face of the frame by at least three inches. The frames of the inner and outer doors were not less than three feet apart, in order to allow a man to enter the air space and adjust the first blanket before passing through the second. When not in use these blankets were kept rolled up, and so held that they could be instantly released. To render the blankets completely air-tight, they were sprayed every evening with water, using Vermorel sprayers. All windows and chimneys were provided with tight-fitting gas screens, and provisions were made for blocking up the ventilating flues. At the first sign of gas, the gas guard promptly spread the alarm to all men awake or asleep in the position, by means of a klaxon horn and by shouting "gas." Immediately, gas masks were adjusted, all gas-proof dugouts closed, and fires in the dugouts, because they vitiate the oxygen in the air, were extinguished. Following a gas attack, the "All Clear" signal was given only by a commissioned officer. Shelters and dugouts into which gas had penetrated or had been carried by clothing after a severe shelling with mustard gas, were evacuated and were cleared, by means of a brisk fire and Aryton gas shovels. As gas, especially mustard gas, may remain in liquid form on the ground for several days, all new gas shell-holes were as soon as possible sprinkled with chloride of lime and covered with fresh earth. Gas has a corrosive effect on metals, consequently all bright parts of guns, also ammunition, were cleaned and wiped dry after an attack.

It is beyond doubt that as a medium for inflicting casualties on the enemy's personnel in trenches and dugouts, gas was a most deadly and effective weapon, and gave the maximum return for time and labor expended. A study of the statements of gas casualties inflicted either by or upon the enemy showed that hundreds and even thousands of casualties could be caused by gas within the space of a few minutes.

(Ed. This article was compiled from the pamphlets on Gas which were in possession of the Battery A Gas Non-Commissioned Officer.)


ADQUARTERS 26

CAMOUFLAGE

IF only for the prominence to which camouflage has risen in the war, it deserves a full description. But it also is an intensely interesting art, of which the public at large has been kept in ignorance or of which it has been grossly misinformed by over-imaginative newspaper men. Camouflage is not, as they would have you believe, the conversion of the howitzer into a perfectly innocent cow, grazing on the hillside, all done by the clever strokes of the brush. If the difficulties of camouflage in the A. E. F. were no more that that, the Americans would have painted their way to Berlin long before the November of 1918.

Camouflage is the defense against hostile observation by the creation of an optical illusion which seeks not only to fool the human eye, but also the far more penetrating eye of the aerial camera. Camouflage, under other titles, has existed and been used with success as far back in history as anyone has cared to search. Xenophon, Caesar, and Napoleon used camouflage in their campaigns. Nature has always used it in the form of protective coloration in certain animals. In fact, camouflage, concealment, what you will, has been so much a part of our daily life that no particular thought has been given it, nor have any attempts to improve it been made until the development of trench warfare necessitated quick and permanent concealment against Mars' latest eye, the avion. Then camouflage emerged from its chrysalis and took on hues and perfections never before dreamed of.

Camouflage has three purposes: to create invisibility by special devices — the artillery type; to reduce visibility by means of painting — the dazzle type; and to obstruct vision — the road-screen type.

Artillery camouflage is perhaps the most extensive, and is certainly the most interesting, involving as it does, the solving of new problems and the combating with a new means of hostile observation. Time was when the artilleryman threw a few bushes in front of his gun and rendered it reasonably safe against detection. He did not have to worry over the fact that an extra tree out of place might give rise to suspicion, or that sometime during the day a flying man would sneak overhead and discover his retreat. But let our modern artilleryman resort to such ancient methods of concealment, and he would shortly be mingled with the fragments of his own cannon. The modern artilleryman, therefore, has many worries, extra work, and constant vigilance as the price of his comparative security.

After many modifications, there was developed the so-called "flat top" that is used extensively by the Allied armies. The British relied mainly on a plain flat top, while the French developed a flat top with gradually sloping sides. Neither was perfect, and the

American Experimental Station, after several months' work on the Plateau de Malzeville, succeeded in producing what is known as the "stage," or "step" flat top, combining the advantages of the British and French methods, at the same time eliminating their faults. Inasmuch as the true examples of camouflage art are to be found only under the conditions of stable warfare, the greater part of the article from now on will be concerned with the construction and methods of camouflage as found in the trench warfare period. The camouflage of open warfare is but little more than the proper use of natural cover and defilade.

The principal materials used in the formation of artillery cover are burlap, raffia, and canvas, attached to either chicken-wire rolls or cord nets. Raffia and burlap can be used interchangeably. The former is better adapted to the open field, while the latter finds its best location in woods. The nets are usually erected for temporary use and carried on the gun trail. The permanent work is done with chicken-wire rolls, placed over framework, erected to follow the contours of the terrain, and pieced together so as to form a continuous design.

The practical erection work is the least interesting in camouflage, and involves much hard labor. A site is first picked by an artillery officer who more often chooses his position for flash defilade than for the overhead defilade or camouflage. The site is then plotted, and a position designed. With the plotted design, the camouflage officer views the chosen site, with a particular eye to field lines and contour. Field lines are made by the plowing and consequent mounding of the soil for drainage. On aerial photographs, such fields appear as grey rectangles outlined in black. He also views closely the surrounding foliage and herbage, sometimes sketching them in water color. The drawing is then turned over to the men in the rear who run the camouflage factory. With the drawing is a complete description of the country, contours, location of surrounding woods, colors of the grass, earth, and rock, relation of the position to East and West, and even such details as the height of grass and nature of the weather. All these play an important part in the production of the final, finished design. The camouflage factory is then responsible for the selection of the best material to conform with furnished information; for example, the selection of raffia for a position to be located in tall, brownish grasses. Tall grass throws a deep shadow and photographs an absolute black. Thinly-strung raffia produces the same result, at the same time satisfying the eye.

Meanwhile, the field men, as the camouflage men who work on the front are called, commence work on the foundation. Posts, usually six feet in height, are staked around the position and at intervals within. Heavy, malleable wire is then run across the top of the stakes and stretched tight enough to hum when touched. The tight wiring is necessary in order to prevent sagging, which destroys the entire value of a flat top, giving the appearance of a depression where in reality exists a mound or level ground. This work completed, the position is covered by the Battery, usually at night under the direction of a camouflage man. Each roll is numbered consecutively and put on separately, forming a complete design. The rolls are for the moment joined loosely, and later tied at one-foot intervals, the work of tying and stretching being completed beneath the camouflage. The construction of the position proper, gun-pits and dugouts is then carried on, care being taken to conceal all débris. As a rule, the cover is made sufficiently large to hide all the débris and dirt resulting from the construction work. For every position thus made there is another made in reserve near by. These are but a foot or

two above ground, and when it becomes necessary to use the reserve position, it is only the matter of a few hours to raise it to the required height. For some obscure reason, these are called "gas positions." The position covered and completed, doors or embrasures are installed, which are kept closed except when the guns are firing. The majority of embrasures are swinging, sliding, or counterbalanced. In some cases, as in guns with a high angle of fire, the embrasure forms a part of the roof work.

Camouflage is chiefly a defense against indirect observation or the photographic check by aeroplane. Consequently, it is necessary to know just what the camera detects and how it may be deceived into making a false record. A complete camera record is kept of the entire front, each sector being continually rephotographed day by day, and the resulting negatives being closely studied for the most minute changes. There are but two shades in a photograph, black and white, all other tones being graduations. This considerably simplifies the problem of deceiving the camera. It remains only to produce the proper tones of black and white by the proper use of camouflage and to conform to the contours and field lines. This being done, a position is safe from detection.

It will render the understanding clearer if the photographic tone values of the following things are remembered: Roads, paths, and flash marks appear light grey, the more worn, the nearer white. Roads and wagon tracks made in soft earth appear as a series of black lines outlined in white. Water in shell-holes and the tops of extremely high objects are white. Water in large bodies, ponds, lakes, are deep black, there being no reflection. Tall grasses, wheatfields, etc., are nearer black. Woods appear dappled, white, grey, and black, and are further determined by an outline shadow. Trenches, ditches, and holes are black. Houses, barracks, and piles of material appear outlined by their shadow. Hills, contours, etc., are plainly shown by graduated lights and shadows. The method by which camouflage is made to reproduce exactly the tone of the ground it covers is known as "thinning out." Solid burlap or canvas would reflect white.

The remedy is found in slashing or cutting out pieces of the stock, thus allowing the sun's rays to pass through to the ground at these points. In this way, the number of rays that would reflect in such a way as to affect the sensitized plate of the camera are reduced. It follows that the more the camouflage is thinned out, the darker the shade reproduced on the plate. For nearly bare ground, camouflage is thinned but little; for tall, grassy locations, it is thinned considerably. Experience teaches the necessary amount of thinning out, but always the work is checked by "before and after" photographs taken by Allied aviators at varying altitudes. Often one must thin a bit more here and add a little there. The East and West edges of the flat top are always thinned almost to bareness to obliterate the shadows cast by the sun in these directions. If this were neglected, the position would be outlined by a telltale shadow.

The French take care of the edges by making a gradual slope to the ground, thinning increasingly with the descent. The Americans combined the British and French systems, descent at the edge being treated by building successive steps, each thinner than the preceding. This method has the advantage of maintaining the same plane thoughout, reducing the possibility of detection by any shadow thrown by the slope. Ditches and creeks running though the position are imitated by cutting away all burlap from the wire, following the course of the ditch. A path may be continued over the position by running a solid canvas strip across the top.

Once a position is finished and turned over to a Battery, its value will be soon lost if the strictest care is not exercised by the men around the position. Camouflage discipline now comes into play, and it is this that destroys whatever traces of affection the cannoneer may have for camouflage. The cannoneer must watch not only his own proper work, but also guard against the carelessness of the drivers, who seldom regard the simplest rules necessary for the preservation of the position. There are five vulnerable points in the camouflage defense — the formation of new paths, flash marks, the starring of a position, the misuse of established paths and roads, and the outlining of a position by wheel marks and paths. A number of new paths, all leading to a point detected in photographs, quickly give rise to suspicion, the area around that point being more carefully observed than it would be otherwise. Flash marks are caused by the flash of the guns burning away the foliage and grass, leaving a bare spot. This may be corrected by a very low flat top or the application of twigs and brush. Should this be neglected, the photo will show four white spots, their regularity taken in conjunction with the converging paths, establishing beyond possibility of doubt, the existence of a position. Starring a position is the forming of a target, with the position as a bull's-eye. This fault is committed mostly by inexperienced artillery units. It consists in forming paths from several different outlying points of the compass to a center, the position. The outlying points are, for example, a well, a canteen, a house, a village or some place of attraction for the bored cannoneers, who soon form well-defined paths from these points to the position. The German Intelligence Service, of course, possessed a sufficient amount of grey matter to figure that paths do not run into the center of an apparently harmless field. Often when the entrance to a position is not readily accessible from the road, the incoming caissons and ration wagon skirt the outer edges of the camouflage, thus outlining the position — another target. Roads joining two main branches may be made, even across lots, without showing the exact location of the artillery positions on that road, unless the drivers, instead of continuing on by the position to the other main road for their return trip to the echelon, turn around at the position. Then portions of the road are used and worn down, while other parts are left to grow weeds. This misuse of cross-lot roads shows up distinctly in an aerial photograph.

Camouflage will endure the weather for approximately seven months, when it becomes necessary to either re-cover the position or spray the camouflage and patch, neither of which tasks is large.

In open warfare, nature furnishes the best camouflage in the form of woods and bushes. Photographic work is largely dispensed with, and observation is made for circulation only. The main duties of camouflage then consist in keeping circulation and formation of crowds to the minimum.

There is a special branch of camouflage which seeks to reduce the visibility of objects by painting. In artillery, an attempt is made to render the guns, caissons, and other vehicles indistinct by glorious daubs of multi-colored paints. While this futurist work will deceive the eye slightly, it will not fool the camera. Its value in artillery is very much open to question according to the heads of the camouflage section of the American Forces in France. Green and brown tones on avions have been of some value, but it was conceded to be of more value to paint the avions a brilliant white, a difficult target because blurred. Paint found its greatest use in dazzle painting applied to ships, the object being to deceive observers as to the vessel's true speed.

The camouflage of roads was chiefly the work of divisional engineers, and consisted merely in the erection of screens to conceal the movement of traffic wherever there was direct or lateral enemy observation of a road. It was of no value against aeroplane observation. When it became necessary to hide all traffic in preparation for an offensive, the darkness of night provided perfect camouflage.

While, as an art of war, camouflage has been improved vastly, it is still in its infancy. There are many perfections to be made, and new methods to be discovered. There is no doubt that the next war, if there be such a possibility, will find America well in the foreground in this branch.

O·P's

AN observation post is a place of incarceration, situated as close to No-Man's Land as the engineers could build it, and manned by artillery men, chosen for the work principally because if they should get bumped off, their organization would suffer little if any loss. This fact, needless to say, makes the position of observer or telephone-operator in an observation post a very desirable one, and when the news gets out that you have been elected to the position, your friends all advance, look you in the eye, and, shaking you by the hand, turn mournfully away. After experiencing these touching farewells a few times, you begin to reflect on your past life and wonder how your folks are going to take it. You begin to wish you hadn't so hastily sacrificed yourself on the altar of freedom, and had remained at your old job of carrying ninety-five-pound Hun-erasers up to Betsy the Sniper.

So, all in all, you are in a merry frame of mind as you report to the officer in charge of the O. P. and are instructed in your duties, which are, chiefly, to stand gazing through binoculars at the enemy scenery, to note any signals, rockets, or movements which you may observe, to plot on the map new emplacements or positions of the enemy, and to report to Headquarters all such information immediately by telephone. Also the O. P. must conduct reglages on request.

Our first O. P. in the Toul sector was called O. P. 12 and, like the overseas hat, was built not for beauty, but for utility. It was about six feet under ground, thirty feet long by five feet wide, and consisted of two rooms, the first, which was the kitchen and sleeping apartments combined; and the second, which was the Observation Platform. The bunks were ranged two deep along the wall, and since there were four bunks in all and a staff of five men and an officer, some of the bunks were occupied most of the time.

The Observation Room was handsomely outfitted with a map, a chair and aperture (at the height of the eyes) through which a binocular and a long, light stick were thrust. The binocular, as is obvious, was to increase the range of vision, and the stick was used to disperse the rats from in front of the aperture when the observer desired to cast his gaze on the enemy. It was a constant struggle whether we, the rats, the cooties, or the water would occupy the quarters, but, due to our rugged determination and vigorous use of the pump, the other animals and water were ousted, and we remained not wholly victors, but masters of the situation to a certain degree. The roof, a very essential feature of an O. P., was not a very rugged affair, as it hardly kept out the rain, and every evening when Fritz would send over his compliments, the crew would glance dubiously at said roof and wonder how it felt to be buried alive.

Although the Boche had O. P. 12 plotted on their maps and knew when each man was on shift, yet it was in the regulations that our position should always be concealed.

Therefore, no fires could be started in the daytime, and this forced us to eat but one meal a day, which usually took place at midnight. And how we all did curse when, just at the point of taking the browned steak from its bed of onions, the infantry's green rocket would ascend, the Klaxons whirred, and the foul odor of gas began to be recognized, for then at once, the fire had to be extinguished, gas-masks donned, and the food thrown away. If for nothing else than that, we hated the Germans.

Being a new man, you were of course presented with the graveyard shift at the telescope, and you also rated the delectable job of carrying a five-gallon bidon of water and the day's supply of champagne from Beaumont, two kilometers away, through a winding trench, ankle-deep in mud and water. We could have drawn the water in Seicheprey, a short distance towards the front line, but as that little village was a favorite target for the Kaiser's rollicking crew, we preferred to travel to Beaumont, even though it was a longer walk.

"Baldy" Damon and Jerry Walker, the two sandpile experts, handled the telephone, sending in the reports, and information picked up by the observers. The other three men of the detail were observers, and they stood four hours on duty, with eight off. You can instantly recognize any of these men now by the puckered expression of the right eye, caused by lengthy gazing through the small end of a telescope. It is a blissful experience to sit on that chair on the graveyard shift, from midnight to four A. M., peering into No-Man's land, wondering when the Boche were coming over and when your relief was coming out.

Things went along very well, and we rather enjoyed the daily shelling, especially the ones that scraped the roof in passing and landed about thirty yards to windward, but we didn't really realize what war was like until that Seicheprey battle. That memorable morning, the Huns surged over No-Man's Land, and by the force of numbers overwhelmed at first our doughboys, but then we witnessed the old Yankee fighting spirit come to the fore, and the thin line of Infantry, machine gunners and anti-tank men form for a last stand; we heard the retreat call sounded on the Boche bugle; saw the first counter-attack of our boys and the ensuing rout of the enemy back to their trenches, followed by the terrific fire of our own 155's, which took heavy toll of dead and wounded from the ranks of the baffled raiders.

It was the first indication of the fighting worth of our troops, and from that day we never for a moment doubted the final outcome of the war.

The last shell of the enemy barrage was, unfortunately, aimed at us, and completely demolished our Observation Room, killing four men, but all of the detail survived. Pritz Palmer had left the O. P. and run the barrage on a very necessary errand, and was wounded in a very delicate position. He was our only casualty, but the rest lost most of their possessions and any love for war during the excitement. This episode closed the career of O. P. 12.

The next O. P. was established by Captain Barker and the detail, in a shell-hole overlooking the support trenches, and it was named "Double Zero" in honor of the powder charges the Huns directed at the skipper when he went out there to conduct reglages. The Boche had a clever observer on the skipper's movements, so "Double Zero" had to be abandoned.

Our next O. P. was "Seventeen," and was a modern, up-to-date, concrete affair. Joe Finker, Estabrooks, and Curry made a very congenial crew until an officer, who shall be nameless, was sent up to take charge, and then things took on the appearance of a musical comedy. "Puss in Boots" had not been in the service as long as most of us had spent in a gas-mask, and had never seen an O.P. except in pictures, but nevertheless, we were forthwith gathered together and given instructions on how to observe. We were then at the end of our second month of confinement in O. P.'s, but we gracefully assumed the position of "at ease" and allowed him to finish the oration. First of all, he wished the existence of the O. P. kept secret, so that when a man left the O. P. for reasons best known to himself, he was ordered to secrete himself under a piece of camouflage and proceed by circuitous routes to his destination. Our Lute reported: "The 104th Infantry are going into the trenches by an open path," over the 'phone, while the personnel in ordering a bottle of ink would have to camouflage his conversation so that the Huns listening in, wouldn't know the O. P. was out of ink. Then we camouflaged the whole O. P. with bright, new screens which made it stick out more prominently than ever on the landscape. Then how horrified he was to learn we had cooties, and in a few days he himself had hundreds.

One day, a gas shell whistled over and exploded in the road near us. The Little General sniffed, and at once said there was phosgene in the air. The rest of us sniffed and agreed that we smelt something, but thought it was the usual odor of the O. P. "Well, the hole must be guarded" — so they hung the job on Estabrooks, who for two hours pushed all traffic around that hole. One fellow approached the Dignified Icicle and told him of a well-known but not very polite method of killing the gas. "Go out and do it," he said, and soon Esty had something else besides the hole to guard. Meanwhile, in response to frantic calls over the 'phone, the engineers came rushing up. They heard the story, threw a little dirt into the hole, and, looking sadly at our dashing leader, moved silently away.

Many were the comical incidents, too numerous to mention here — the time our C. O. was caught sleeping on post, and how he disapproved of us drinking champagne. Also the arguments about life, and whether it was anything else but what we thought it was. All these can be only indicated, but the day of the Grand Review demands a more lengthy description.

One Saturday we were informed that the next morning there would be an inspection. Thinking our C. O. was joking, one fellow inquired if it was to be of the S. A. variety, and was instantly squelched. So, at 9 A. M. Sunday, the Lute instructed Sergeant Scammon "to have the men fall in outside the O. P., facing the West." We fell in, facing the designated direction according to ages.

Scammon faced the troops. "Fall in," he ordered — "Right dress" — then sighted along the line, gave "Front." The roll was called. Scammon about faced, saluted the Inspector General (who had meanwhile issued out of the back door all shined up like a nigger's eyeball), and reported: "All present, sir, but Curry, who is on duty." "Curry will be inspected when he is relieved. Take your post, Sergeant." Scammon took his post at the right of the rigid line. "Prepare for inspection" was the hoarse command, and then followed a rigid examination. One man had his pistol pointed to the rear over his right shoulder, but our kind-hearted Lute overlooked that trifle. "Haven't

you any better breeches?" he demanded of the second man in line. "No sir, I've worn these since Coetquidan, and can't get any more." "Make note of that, Sergeant." "Sew up that button." "Sew up that shirt." Then came the sharp command "At Ease." The long line of three relaxed and the C. O. in a few snappy words reminded us that we were soldiers, that he was an officer and a few other things which had been a bit obscure to us up to then. "Dismiss your detail, Sergeant," and Scammon, taking his position in front of the serried ranks, said, "Well, I'll be [illegible], I've missed." At that point our endurance ended and the whole army sat down and exploded with laughter.

And so the O. P. life went on, with periods of calm and times of raging battle, with periods of lonesomeness interspersed with times of pleasure, not a very large sphere of activity, it is true, but interesting, every minute of it. Every time we spotted a new enemy gun position, informed the battery of it and then watched the shells from our guns pound it to pieces, our hearts were glad with the consciousness of good work done. When we caught the S. O. S. signal from the infantry, watched the hordes advancing over to fall on the Hun ranks and send them reeling back to their trenches, then it was that a pleasing content stole into our souls. Such were our recompenses for long stretches spent at the window with nothing but an occasional star shell to break the monotony.

Many strange things were seen through that window, but the strangest of all were the birds that came out every morning at dawn and whistled and sang almost close enough for us to reach out and touch them. Then, everything was as calm and peaceful as a Sunday at home, when suddenly a gun would boom out, another would answer it, until the air was filled with the sound of the flying metal and the explosions. It seemed as if Hell itself had burst on earth. But after a while the roar would subside bit by bit until there was nothing but the morning quietness again. And then, back would come our birds to take up their refrain where they had been interrupted. They seemed to us to foretell the peace that would soon reign in spite of the universal struggle, and that on the world would settle that same peace and quietness and the sweet realities that had only been dreams to us since that day we saw the old home shores growing misty and indistinct, until we could see them no more.

"Dis-donc, Mon Coco!"

"SON," said Mrs. Shell to her newly-returned soldier boy, Corporal O. A. Shell of Battery A, "tell me something about the French people you met over there. Did you like them, or not?"

* * * *

"Dearie," asked the trustful little New England girl who had waited so long for Private Rationdump, the heroic K. P., who had been decorated after the battle of Loisy, "how did the French fight at Loisy, where you won that A. W. O. L. Bar-le-Duc medal you told me about? Do tell me about the Poilus. Are they very brave?"

* * * *

"Oh, the frogs?" was the answer both times. "Well, they're queer ones. I don't know what to tell you. The best of them are fine. But, Gee, they don't know how to live."

It's a puzzler. After eighteen months in France, what do we think of the French? We ought to know them pretty well, yet how many of us dare say we understand them thoroughly?

In the first place, we Americans are an intensely practical people. "Get results! Invent your own method, but get results! Anything goes, provided it's honest and it succeeds!" That is the spirit of America.

Now the Frenchman isn't built that way. He cares more for ideas than for advantage, more for theories than for practical results. All through French history, one great idea after another has called forth the splendid energy of France, and it has never made any difference whether or not the idea was practical or advantageous to the French people. A glorious idea could always start a wave of enthusiasm which swept all practical considerations before it.

First, it was the Crusades. The French were the most enthusiastic Crusaders of all, for the idea of freeing the Holy Sepulchre was a very beautiful one. It wasn't practical. France couldn't possibly gain by it. Yet for it she gave the best of her sons to fall uselessly on foreign shores.

Next, came Joan of Arc. The idea of the pure young girl leading the armies of France, transformed badly beaten troops into victorious ones. The plan to have the king crowned in Rheims cathedral was risky, with no practical advantage, since the king was the rightful monarch, no matter where the crown were handed to him, but the idea was glorious and the recently cowed French made it a reality. Later the idea that the English had martyred their girl saint gave them such strength that they threw off the British yoke forever.

A few centuries later came the conflict of religious ideas, and for many years France bled herself white in one long war after another, with no practical gain in view. In other countries the religious wars were fought to win freedom, as in the Netherlands, or to determine the relative power of princes, as in Germany. In France there was never

a real question of dynastic succession nor of the maintenance or improvement of civil institutions. The long struggle was a conflict of ideas, pure and simple.

Later still, the French Revolution blazed forth and the great idea of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity lighted up France for the first time. The disorganized French Armies, thus inspired, beat the veterans of Europe. Their object was practical this time, for they were fighting for the newly-established free institutions. But when the Revolution became the democratic empire of Napoleon, and when the battle for freedom became the battle for the mastery of the world, an impractical project without possibility of permanent gain to France, the glory of the conception still made French arms invincible.

We have all seen for ourselves what France can do in a life-and-death struggle. Every Frenchman has known for years that when war came, France would have to beat, by sheer courage, fighting ability, and strategic genius, armies bigger and better-armed than her own. At the Marne, in 1914, she did exactly that, won out where eight of the enemy were opposed to every five of her own soldiers, gained one of the decisive victories of the world, on her nerve and on the strength of a glorious idea.

This great French characteristic is romantic, sentimental, very different from our Anglo-Saxon practicality or the machine-like German efficiency. It explains why the French are so great in the arts, in everything pertaining to the inspirational and the beautiful. They have a different set of values for life; to them the word "accomplishment" means an idea perfected, to us it means a result obtained.

In the arts of expression they far surpass us, for they are "playing on their home grounds." They are working with ideas. In the art of living, the advantage is with us. The best of them live generously and well, but their grand average is far below ours. The French moral and social standards are sentimental, impulsive, irregular, the worst product of the national character. In the most intensely practical side of life, that of the home and the family, far too much of young French manhood has chosen to follow wild, sensual ideas worthier of Turkish civilization than that of Western Europe.

It is this dealing with ideas rather than practical conditions that makes French standards so hard to judge from our standpoint. Are the people real wonders of generosity, or are they grasping, mean and miserly beyond belief? When we think of the kindly families of Leuglay or Vicq, of the unending hospitality with which those villages received us, of the affections they showed us, we must realize that in no other foreign country would we have been received with such unscheming generosity. There is a hotel-keeper in the Loire Valley for whom I did a small favor early in 1918, and I could not, to the end of my stay in France, dine at his hotel without receiving, as a gift from him, a ten-franc bottle of wine to wash down my dinner. No matter how I tried, I could not pay for that wine; and finally his generosity embarrassed me so much that I had to stop dining at his hotel. It wasn't a practical generosity; it far exceeded the value of the service rendered, and it grew to burden its recipient. But it was very French.

On the other hand, we all know how the French have deliberately raised prices for us. That wasn't practical either. We Americans have learned at home that a "two-price house" seldom succeeds in the long run. The French have terribly antagonized their rescuers and helpers and have lost much friendship and good feeling to gain a few "frankers."

The peasantry squeeze a sou until Louis Napoleon hollers. They are thrifty and save money, but they don't know how to live. We will never forget how uncomfortable farm life and village life in France was. No baths for the village people, no heat, a manure pile right over the well, primitive agricultural implements, lots of work and little comfort, bad cognac and cheap vin rouge. Thrift is a beautiful idea, and the accumulation of great wealth in the land has kept France on a level of influence with her larger neighbors. But the people don't progress and don't breed, so their thrift isn't practical.

We must admire their brilliant gallantry in war, for they saved the world from the Hun. We must admire their artistic gifts. We can never forget the generosity of the good people in districts which had not been worn out by constant billeting before our arrival. As for the rest of their complicated make-up, let us remember that they belong to a different race and blood from ourselves, that they lay the emphasis of life on less practical things than we do, and that it takes all sorts of people to make up the world. The French contribution to civilization is magnificent, but thank God we are Americans!

Athletics

NO account of Battery A could be complete without some mention of athletics — for we are some athletes; we even admit it ourselves. Our life as a battery and our athletics began almost simultaneously. We had hardly become settled at Quonset and recovered from the sore muscles caused by our new mode of life, when a grand field meet, with baseball games on the side, was staged, batteries A, B, and C, Troops A, B, C, and M and the ambulance company all taking part. With Downey as our mainstay, ably seconded by the rest of the team, we had no trouble in romping away with the field meet, the scores being as follows: Battery A, 31; Battery B, 13; Battery C, 5; Troop M, 3. We were not so fortunate in the baseball game, as we lost to Battery C by a 3 to 0 score, its Bagley-Bullock battery being too tough a proposition for MacLaughlin and Mason.

Shortly after this the battery was moved to Boxford, where the fast-cooling weather and the lack of adequate grounds soon made baseball only a memory. So we turned our attentions to football. Everybody pitched in and subscribed enough money to purchase suits, for the team missed a good deal of afternoon drills. We had a large number of enthusiastic candidates, until our coaches got busy and thinned them out. In its final shape, the squad was composed of the following men: Wade, MacMillan, Batcheller, Sheldon, T. Crawford, F. Robertson, Burton, Tarbell, S. Brown, L. S. Kelley, Downey, W. Murphy, Mellor, Mulcahey.

After about a week of practice, we played the strong Headquarters Company one Saturday afternoon, with the very gratifying result of a six to nothing victory. It was a close and exciting game, and was saved to us only at the last minute when Corporal Kelley made a wild dash which resulted in a touchdown. It was there that we suffered one of our first casualties when Monty Wade was sent to the hospital with a broken collar-bone. Owing to interruption by orders from Washington, this was the only game played on a large schedule.

During the months that followed, we were busy — and too cold to do anything in our leisure moments except hug the fire, though they say that certain ill-advised Sergeant Instructors, who visited at our barracks during the long winter evenings, were observed to go away talking to themselves after a session at "African Golf."

It was not until late in the spring, when we were finally well established on the Toul Sector, that our athletic paraphernalia was brought out again. We had waited a long

time for a chance to get back at Battery C, and late in May, at the echelon in Rangeval, we got it. The rivalry was intense, and when we finally did carry away the victory to the tune of 7 to 3, more than 2000 francs went with it. MacLaughlin and Francis made a great battery, and the rest of the team was in top form.

Other minor games were played at Rangeval, but it was not until the 4th of July that any large events took place. The First Battalion was then at Jouarre, and Battery C not being around, we swamped Battery B in a very rough field with a 16 to 2 score. In the afternoon we had a little field meet all to ourselves, to settle several arguments that had arisen between the various sections. Captain Barker added interest to the occasion by putting up a prize of 100 francs for the winners of the greatest number of individual points. In addition to the dashes and short relay races, which were all that the size of the course permitted, we held a grand "Puttee" race in which the puttees of the contestants were taken off and rolled on again. Corporal Usher finished this with lots of time to spare, as most of the other competitors were hopelessly tangled up. Joe Laffey succeeded in winning Captain Barker's 100 francs.

July 14th, Bastille day, was a holiday for such of us as were able to take advantage of it, and the large field in back of the echelon at Meurette offered a very convenient place for a regimental meet. As it turned out, the meet was quite an imposing affair as it was attended by large crowds of the French inhabitants and enlivened by the band. In the baseball game Gurry and McCarthy did great work as a battery, and, as usual, were well supported, so that we won a close game with our old enemy, Battery C, by a score of 3 to 2. Meanwhile our track team piled up a score of 24 points to our nearest competitors. Joe Laffey again starred. The K. of C. crowned the occasion by coming forward with prizes.

On the 18th of July the big offensive started, and from then until the latter part of August we got enough exercise, without having to play games, to work off the surplus energy. It was not until the battery was relieved and had reached the rest area, so called, at Leuglay, that we had a chance for any organized athletics.

Perhaps our best, and certainly our most exciting, game was played with Battery C on the roadside above Heippes just before the opening of the St. Mihiel drive. C took the lead early in the game, and by the ninth inning was leading 3 0. But were we downhearted? No. Our trusty clouters came back and evened up the tally. The tenth and eleventh innings went by without score, but in the twelfth, C broke loose and put across three more. Things looked pretty dark, but, urged on by the frenzied yells of its supporters, the team came back with 4 large runs and the game. Incidentally, Joe MacLaughlin says this is the most satisfactory game he ever pitched for the battery, for in addition to largely contributing to winning the game, he managed to strike his brother out three times and hit him in the head once.

But Joe wasn't the only man who came through that day. In the track events, Bud Harrington, a dark horse, romped home an easy, unexpected winner in the 880-yd. run. Bud had to close one eye to make the last few corners, and was all in at the finish, but he revived enough to take the 20 francs which the Colonel put up as a prize. Thus our baseball season in France came to a triumphant close, as this was the last athletic event indulged in by the battery until after the armistice.

Shortly after that eventful day the battery was withdrawn from the lines and billeted. On Thanksgiving Day a new game made its first and only appearance. Given a barrel of beer for a prize and a general determination to have a good time, the result was as follows: At the whistle two batteries lined up en masse, with one football apiece and no rules except to drive a ball through the opponent's goal. It was an exciting game, but disastrous to clothes, skin, and temper. After a long struggle, Battery F finally bore away the prize in triumph.

Shortly after this, soccer became our official game, and teams were organized from each section to form a battery soccer league. From these teams, Kennedy and Moffitt were picked to represent Battery A on the regimental team. Incidentally, our regimental team defeated the 102nd F. A. soccer team by a score of 1 to 0 on their own field. As they claimed the A. E. F. championship in soccer and had defeated the champions of the French Army, we of the 103rd considered it a good day's work.

From this time on soccer games, track meets, and football games followed one another in rapid succession. After a two weeks' schedule, places in the inter-section soccer league stood as follows: 1st, 2nd Section; 2nd, 5th Section; 3rd, 4th Section.

As the division moved toward the back areas, the competitions began to be of a more general character and the battery as a battery took little more part in them, although it had men on nearly every regimental and brigade team.

Our official athletic career ended with the divisional meet at Ecomoy, and shortly afterwards we turned our faces toward America and civilian life.

Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, Commanding the 26th Division

Colonel Everitte St. John Chaffee

Major
Norman D. MacLeod

Captain
C. Gordon MacLeod

Colonel J. Alden Twachtman

Second Lieutenant
Stanley B. Wright

First Lieutenant
Hugh B. Scott

First Lieutenant E. J. Cunningham

Captain
Theo. C. Hascall, M. C.

Chaplain
William J. Farrell

Second Lieutenant R. Timothy Gibson

THEORETICALLY, in the hierarchy of things military, officers should be to enlisted men as were the purple-togated patricians of ancient Rome to their Ethiopian galley-slaves. However, save for rare exceptions, this theory remained obsolete. Our officers were men whose insight into human character, whose education and good manners, whose kindliness and qualities of leadership entitled them to their higher, but not, therefore, more worthy position in the army.

"Comparisons are odorous," said the brilliant Mrs. Malaprop. And correct she was. Yet, odorous or not, the fact was that enlisted men invariably favored those officers who had been promoted from the ranks. They were as a rule more considerate and better qualified to lead men. Their experiences as privates and non-commissioned officers had acquainted them with the many difficulties of these ranks. They were with, not against, the men. They constantly entertained an eager, fatherly interest for each individual. Never did they assume an aloof, high-horse attitude.

However, not difficult was it to observe on the part of a few mushroom officers of Plattsburg a tendency to lord it over all, to behave as though the heavens were beneath their feet, and to act as if rule by divine right was their preternatural prerogative. Nor did it require a penetrating mind to perceive that these few yearned to be the chiefest frogs in the pond, and to realize that it annoyed them because privates were often men of larger purse, higher social connections, and wealthier mental resources than they. Like white elephants, they were more a hindrance than a help. And like the hydra-headed water-serpent, no sooner was one sent away as unfit, than — whence or how, no one knew or cared to know — another was wished on the Battery. How found these tyros their way to be officers? How found the blind sow among the leaves an acorn? Luck. Sheer, downright, unalloyed luck.

In regard to officers, Battery A was most fortunate. Indeed, it would have been well-nigh impossible to find anywhere in the American Expeditionary Forces more popular, more brave, and more efficient officers than those with whom A Battery men had the distinct honor to be associated for so long a period — Major-General Edwards, Brigadier-General Glassford, Colonel Chaffee, Colonel Twachtman, Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer, Major Barker, Major Hanley, Major MacLeod, the late Captain Davis, Captain MacLeod, Captain Hartwell, Captain Hascall, Chaplain Farrell, and Lieutenants

Babcock, Andrews, Scott, Gibson, and Wright. Whenever A Battery men spoke about these officers, complimentary adjectives and superlatives were never scarce.

Fortunate, also, were the men of A Battery to be associated with such splendid officers as Captain Houghteling, Captain Cox, Captain Ruffner, Lieutenants Cunningham, Van Ostrand, Hutchins, Shriver, Richmond, Rundell, Stone, Taylor, Apthorp, and Deuell.

At different times, for varying periods, a few other officers—15 in number according to battery records — were brooked stoically by the men. However, these pouter-pigeons have ceased to strut by now, for strutting in fish markets, behind ribbon counters, and 5 and 10 cent stores always was an act of colossal asininity. Yes, "comparisons are odorous." These men, compared to our excellent officers, were like turnips compared to roses.

First Lieutenant William Andrews

Headquarters 91st Division

Judge Advocate's Office

A. P. O. 776 · A. E. F. *March 4th, 1919.*

To the Editor of Battery A Book:

From the "Phantom Roll" of Battery A, may I emerge to write a word for your volume, if for no other reason than abiding faith in, and affection for the "Outfit." For a year and a half I have been serving with a far Western Division, in fact two of them. Separated from you, I have but little idea of the assignment to duty of the various men — and officers. My mind pictures Battery A as I knew it. May I speak just a word from that standpoint? My first news of the Battery filtered through when "Pole-prop" Bowen, dignified as a First Lieutenant, rejoined his orderly and seven pieces of baggage at St. Aignan, and began a fortnight of complete rest while, with the assistance of Chet Files and Stanley Ainsworth, a dozen of the lost legion of the R. I. Battalion were gathered together and tagged "103rd F. A.," put upon a "40 Hommes" and shipped to the "26th." The bathless Bill Blodgett, closely followed by Jack Lewis, next crossed the path. Their woe was that of Pas du pay day, which having been adjusted, they "parteed." Then there was an event. *Corporal* George Crum was announced and his transfer arranged to the 116th Engineers. "He fell among strangers," became purchasing clerk of the small wares not disgorged by the Supply Depots, ranked a private out of a sidecar — "Fini." Ray Palmer came from the Hospital, earned his way to a "Top Sergeant" job, and thereafter, upon recovering from double pneumonia, sailed, with stateroom and trunk, to the U. S. A., marked "D." Sergeant Tucker, with an enlarged German vocabulary and "Due the Soldier" account, appeared, closed the last-mentioned account and permitted a three-day leave in Paris to engross him prior to his arrival in your midst.

I have seen several officers in various parts of France, Candidates at Saumur, and others of the "Old Battery." I saw Archie Coats just before the end, Pearce Drummond in the hospital in Dijon, the irrepressible Adams Brothers, Major Hamilton and "Splitz" among the white lights of Paris, Rush Sturges at Angers, and Runx in the officers' coach of an "Express," and again *almost immediately* in a café. The privilege of serving with you was not mine, but the interest in you was, as with all Rhode Islanders, keen and sustained. It is with a sense of deep gratitude that the former service with the Battery is recalled, and therewith is the hope that this may find place in some obscure corner of your volume in memory of other days, when we awaited the "Troop-train."

Sincerely,

Henry W. Stiness.

WELFARE LEAGUE

THE "Battery A of Rhode Island" Welfare League was originated in July, 1917, through the initiative of Mrs. Mary Downey, whose son was a member of Battery A. By courtesy of the Shepard Co., the first meeting as an organization was held in the recreation room of that store on July 24, 1917. Here, once a week, meetings continued to be held until the increasing membership of the organization made necessary new and larger quarters. Consequently, since January, 1918, all meetings, as well as most of the varied activities to raise funds, were held at the Marine Artillery Armory on Benefit Street.

The original object of this organization, which was composed of those who were interested in the "Boys" of Batteries A, B, and C of the 103rd Field Artillery, and of the 104th Ambulance Company, was to formulate plans to add to the comfort and welfare of the "Boys" for the duration of the war, and to do everything possible to cheer and comfort those left behind.

The organization was originally known as the "Battalion and Ambulance Aids of Rhode Island." Later, it was decided to include the Headquarters Company, and the name was changed to "Battalion, Headquarters and Ambulance Aid." In February, 1918, it was voted to adopt the name by which the organization is now known — "Battery A of Rhode Island" Welfare League. This seemed a very appropriate and inclusive name, since the units represented by the League were all National Guard units developed, for the most part, from the famous Rhode Island National Guard outfit, Battery A — an outfit known to all patriotic Rhode Islanders.

The first president was Mrs. J. E. Osgood, under whose careful and devoted leadership the society steadily grew in numbers and the object for its existence began to materialize.

Among the first things done was the purchase and sterilization of hospital supplies, which were sent to the camp at Quonset Point. Also a quantity of yarn was bought, which was distributed to volunteer knitters; and later, when their needs became known, knitted articles were sent to the "Boys."

Soon after the batteries reached Boxford, tobacco, chewing gum and various sweets were sent to the "Boys;" and when, at a later date, some of the "Boys" were ordered to Newport News, edibles and knitted articles were sent to them also.

As soon as it was learned that the "Boys" had sailed for France, plans were promptly made for sending Christmas boxes overseas, and on the first of November, 1917, ten packing-cases filled with 1200 bags (containing all sorts of Christmas remembrances), were shipped to the five units.

According to Article IV of the original constitution, the term of Mrs. Osgood as president expired in October, 1917. She was succeeded by Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, through whose loyal support and untiring efforts the League continued to grow rapidly and branch out in many lines of patriotic and philanthropic service. Of these various branches of endeavor, the most active was that of Surgical Dressing, which has sent several cases of surgical dressings and clothing to the Garibaldi Relief Committee and to the American Fund for French Wounded. Meanwhile, a considerable amount of sewing was done for the Red Cross.

Various comforts and necessaries were sent to the "Boys," until the ban was put upon sending packages overseas. The organization then immediately planned ways and means to raise money for the mess-funds of the five units. By co-operation and faithful work of members and their friends, all sorts of entertainments and suppers were given, ranging from card parties on a small scale to bazaars on a large scale. The success of these efforts speaks for itself, for from the proceeds the organization has been enabled to send, from June, 1918, to March, 1919, the sum of $3650.00 to the mess funds of the five units, besides donating generously to all War Drives. In addition, $25.00 monthly has been contributed to the "Journal Tobacco Fund."

Since the return of the "Boys" to the United States, the League has tried to learn the names of the Rhode Island Boys in the various hospitals, and whenever the name of any such "Boy" has become known, fruit, candy or other comforts have been sent; and as an expression of Welcome from the League, fruit and chocolate were sent to the five units upon their arrival at Camp Devens.

The League kept abreast of the times by inviting speakers, in various spheres of life, to the meetings, all of whom gave instructive and impressive addresses.

It was the good fortune of the League to hear an address from time to time by a member of the 26th Division, direct from France, bringing personal news from the "Boys' overseas, and the encouraging message thus brought by each in turn was a great source of comfort and cheer to the hearers. These speakers in the order of their coming to the League, were:

Sergeant Grimes	Sergeant San Souci
Sergeant Andrews	Private Darling
Lieutenant Siteman	Private Gaboriault
Captain H. G. Nelson	Private Emidy
Lieutenant-Colonel Chaffee	Private Siegal
Lieutenant Hartwell	Corporal Boswell
Corporal Cairns	Private Pitochelli
Corporal Jackson	Sergeant Heaton
Sergeant Jeffers	Major Barker

In February, the League was honored by a visit from Major-General Edwards, accompanied by Governor R. Livingston Beeckman. General Edwards, in a most interesting address, paid a glowing tribute to the "Boys" of the 26th Division, and was a great inspiration to all who had the good fortune to hear him. After his address, General Edwards dedicated a Y. D. flag that had been presented to the League through the initiative of Mrs. E. R. Barker, and both the distinguished guests were made honorary members of "Battery A of Rhode Island" Welfare League.

(Signed) Suzanne G. Mackie, *Secretary.*

Daisy B. Keech, *Historian.*

Word of Thanks

The men of Battery A have not forgotten, nor ever can forget, the generosity of the "Battery A of Rhode Island" Welfare League, and of the Junior Welfare League. Whenever a mess was better than ordinary army rations permitted it to be, we knew to whom thanks were due. When we had flapjacks for breakfast, the gray morning hours — so frequently accompanied by chilling rains — were robbed entirely of their depressing gloom. Whenever we had fresh vegetables, often when we had sugar and milk in our coffee, we knew why — and your efforts in our behalf were fully appreciated. Because, and only because, of your liberal contributions to our mess fund, were our two Thanksgiving and two Christmas dinners in France brilliant successes. Thus, the men of Battery A gladly take this opportunity to express once more their sincere thanks for the loyal support given them by the "Battery A of Rhode Island" Welfare League and by the Junior Welfare League.


HIGH EXPLOSIVE

Top picture — U. S. S. Mongolia, Boston Harbor
Middle picture — Battery A. in Y. D. Parade, Boston, April, 25, 1919
Lower Picture — Main Street, Pontvallain, Sarthe, France

Tune of "*I Don't Want to Get Well*"

Let's give three cheers today
For old Battery A,
  Fighting men of the Hundred and Third.
They work us all the day time,
  Night as well;
But when we pull the lanyard
  Some Boches go to Hell!
When the rain comes along,
We just start up a song
  To keep the gang a-smiling
All the time — fine
  Some fair day the war will soon be over.
We'll all get drunk — go home
  And live in clover
But we'll fight till the day
When the Kaiser will say,
"I've got to hand it to Battery A."

F. M. TRAINER

Tune of "*Mother*"

M is for the mushey grub they gave us;
O is for the oatmeal that was cold;
T is for the tea that tastes like water;
H is for the hardtack, tough and old;
E is for the eggs that came in tin cans;
R is Rotten, That 'twill always be.

Put them all together on the Baltic;
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

Tune of "*Goodbye Broadway, Hello France*"

On Boston Common, only just the other day,
A man was speaking for the great Y. M. C. A.
"Dig down in your pockets, give money," said he,
To benefit our soldier boys way over the sea.
The soldiers he meant, I guess,
Were those in the S. O. S.
If you're a soldier in the rear,
There'll be Y. M. huts for you
Where you can buy sweet chocolate,
Cookies, jam, and cigarettes beaucoup.
But if you're a soldier in the line,
You're S. O. L., you see.
If there's ever another war
They won't get a single cent from me.

FOSTER M. TRAINER

Tune of "*Hit the Line for Harvard*"

We're on the trail of the Kaiser;
We're Yankees through and through
And we'll show the sons of Germany
What the 26th can do!
We come from old New England,
Victory or die!
And we'll give the grand old cheer, boys,
When the Hundred and Third goes by.

F. M. TRAINER

Tune of "*Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You*"

Last night while I lay a-sleeping,
A wonderful dream came to me.
I dreamt that the war was all over
And we all gone back home, you and me.
We were marched through a beautiful city
By a band that could certainly play.
And a sign over every bar-room
Read — Free drinks, Men of Battery A.
Just to think — no more army coffee,
And no more corned willie at all.
In a nice warm bed to lie
Eating doughnuts, cake and pie.
Perhaps have a big Scotch highball
And to get rid of all the cooties;
See the movies or take in a show.
But I woke up, I'd only been dreaming;
I heard someone yell "Chow — Let's go."

F. M. TRAINER

Tune of "*I Met a Doughboy*"

Oh, Captain Barker,
Why did you go away?
Oh, Captain Barker
Why didn't you stay?
You made the outfit
What it is to-day;
You made the Boches
Fear Battery A.
One thing worries me.
I'll put it plain:
'Tain't the same
Since you're gone.
We would follow you
Right into Hell — just say "Come on."
Throw up that Major's job to-day
And come back to your old Battery A.
One thing troubles me,
And this is true,
We're all blue
Since you're gone.

F. M. Trainer

Tune of "*Madelon*"

When once a Yank gets a glimpse of sunny France,
At speaking French he will often take a chance.
Bon Jour and Oui, and perhaps "Comment ca va,"
Then too, he uses the famous "Ooh La La."
But when he speaks a little better,
And wears a golden chevron on his sleeve,
He sails into a restaurant with his comrade.
"Can I speak French?" says he, "Just get me, Steve."
"Avez vous des oeufs? Voulez vous faire cuir."
"Toute Suite," grunts the comrade, "and bring beaucoup beer."

Oh, it's a cinch to learn to parlez vous.
Take it from me — just see if it ain't true.
Buy a drink for some old French poilu,
Use your bean, 'twill come to you (to parlez vous).
"Mademoiselle," some time you'll hear me say,
"Je vous adore, je veux vous embrasser."
"Ah, Oui," she'll answer right away.
So start today, to parlez, le Francais.

F. M. Trainer

Yankee Division Song to the Tune of "*Quand Madelone*"

Words by Wilmer H. Eicke
Battery C, 103rd Field Artillery, 26th Division
Killed in action at
Samogneux, North of Verdun
October 24, 1918.

I

When Uncle Sam put his finger in the World War,
Boys from the States answered quickly to his call.
North, South, and West sent enthusiastic troops, but
New England was first of them all.
Back there in Yankee Land they trained us,
Put *General Edwards* in command.
Then sent us sailing o'er the ocean,
Brought us at last to France's strand.
And now we're here to stay,
We're here to clear the way,
We're here to make the people shout and say "Hooray!"

Chorus

Ooh, la, la, la, here come the Fighting Yankees;
Here are the boys from whom the Kaiser runs,
See the doughboys marching into battle,
Hear the crack and crash of the guns, *(Boom, boom!)*
Onward they go — the Boches cannot hold them,
Everyone knows they're sure to win the day,
Clear the way — the *Yankee Boys* are coming,
It's the old 26th on its way!

II

Since we've been here, we have fought in many a battle,
Trenches or field-work to us is all the same.
Starve, thirst, or fight, if it only wins the day, boys.
That's only playing the game,
Come, keep it up — we've got 'em going,
Show them what Yankee men can do —
Drive all the Boches o'er the Border
Edwards will tell us when we're through.
That's where the Kaiser fell,
There we were marching well;
And the gang will lose the step and yell like "*Hell*"!

(Chorus repeated)

Tune of "*Mammy's Little Coal-Black Rose*"

There was a man in Civil War time,
General Sherman was his name.
He said that war was Hell; believe me,
In those good old days, it was tame.
In the first place, they were fighting
In the good old U. S. A.
And not at Chateau-Thierry
Or that God-forsaken place, Mandres.
General Sherman never wore a big tin hat;
(a big tin hat)
He never even lugged a gas mask — think of that;
(just think of that!)
Of course, a bullet might have hit him,
But not a single cootie bit him.
No trenches were around;
Not a dugout could be found.
He could sleep so safe and sound
And not even underground,
And when he wrote a letter to his family,
(His family)
It didn't take two months for an answer oversea — Gee!
The reason he said war was Hell
Was 'cause it nearly drove him silly
To live on canned corned Willy.
What he did say,
Sounds like baby play.
War is more than Hell in France to-day.

F. M. TRAINER

A BILLET is a damp darkness, overinhabited by soldiers, bounded on three sides by cobwebbed walls and on the fourth by the north wind. It is not, as our girl imagines it, a grand chateau, where we corked until noon in six meters of eiderdown and goose feathers; where they awakened us when the sun was high and brought us our toast and eggs; where we whiled away the long evening before the fireplace, alone except for the two beautiful daughters, aged seventeen and eighteen.

No, Little Girl, the pictures you saw of the American private and his French mademoiselle picking magnolias in the garden behind his billet de luxe, were taken by the same gentleman who snapped those pictures of the "Y" man passing out chocolate at the listening post and, like them, should be treated accordingly.

During most of our sleeping time away from the front, we had to hit the hay either in barracks, puptents or billets. Our best accommodations were the barracks, although there was one Lieutenant who found them a bit too noisy for his own pleasure.

Our next best were puptents, made of two small squares of thin muslin or cheesecloth buttoned in the middle and anchored to the mud by means of bayonets, trench knives, stones, anything, in fact, except the pins issued for the purpose. And yet, a puptent was found to be more comfortable, drier and roomier than the space we had assigned to us in billets.

The billets were the worst. Therefore, most of our time outside the lines was put in around billets. A billet is not a chateau or a house or anything that implies comfort. It is a barn; and the wild cries by night, and the heavy odors which creep up from below by day and night, more than imply the presence of animals; they proclaim it. We slept in billets because we had to.

A few hours before we arrived in a town, a billeting detail of one officer (U. S. R.) from Battery B, and an orderly, arrived to arrange things. It was the duty of this detail to look for quarters for the men and officers, to find kitchen space, picket lines, watering places and drill fields.

The work proceeded as follows: The billeting officer arrived in town, turned his horse over to his orderly with instructions to arrange for a dinner at the hotel. He then plunged into his work. He first visited the Town Major. They split a bottle of champagne, which the government paid for on the officer's next pay voucher. Then the situation was talked over.

In the first place, a matter of prime importance must be settled, that of the officers' quarters. The Town Major ordered his car, and with the officer, scoured the terrain in search of well-appointed rooms where the belted intellects might rest during the particularly strenuous first day when the men were cleaning harness. The officers' mess, with its clean linen and faultlessly matched china, could not be neglected.

These details finally settled, the officer dismissed the Town Major and went to the Hotel de France where his orderly had arranged the petite dejeuner. He gave the orderly final instructions to stay around where he could be reached, issued him his reserve rations and then went to his meal. And after the meal, of course, a nap.

The sun set, night came, and still he slumbered. Toward morning the column entered the town. The orderly guided them to a pasture and returned to awake his master. The officer rose and went to meet the Battery. The guns had been parked, the horses picketed and the men, wearied with the all-night hike, lined up.

Then he marched them to their billets. Here is where that marvelous presence of mind that took him to the training camp, rather than the recruiting office, was brought into play. He commanded a halt at the first stable. The men were ordered inside. When no more could be wedged inside the door the officer stated that the billet was filled.

Nine sections are now billeted. Just the specialists are left. They are marched up the street to the next barn, a much larger, cleaner and better-lighted building. The officer ordered the specialists inside.

His task was done and he was filled with a glow of satisfaction because of a hard task, well performed. The officers were comfortable, their breakfast was ready, the picket line would be pretty good when the ground could be cleared of brush, the drill field O. K., considering that it was on swampy ground, the kitchen was well off the road, hidden coyly behind a pile of refuse, and the men were out of sight. Now for a snappy two hours of reading the men's letters.

The men in the first billet had entered, felt their way through the darkness to a broken ladder, and climbed to the loft. At first, forty had found a place. They had dropped their packs and by 7.00 o'clock were asleep. The rest left. After a few hours of this in the musty, dust-laden air, with the cooties doing their utmost, a pair of alien socks in the face, and unfriendly hobnails in the ribs, and in spite of extreme fatigue, the Top's whistle was welcomed. Nine o'clock, and the men fell out for reveille. There was a separate way for each man to fall out. Some preferred the ladder, others a hole in the floor, while many fell down the hay chute, landing on the backs of the cattle beneath.

In the second billet peaceful sleep reigned supreme. The specialists, having the barn to themselves, sought out comfortable beds, spread their blankets, undressed and slept the sleep of the righteous. The top sergeant, having no idea where they slept, let them rest uninterrupted throughout the day.

But within two or three weeks, affairs were fairly well straightened out. By this time the specialists had installed themselves in beds throughout the town, evacuating the barn. Thus a half of the Battery could be assigned to their old quarters. But it was too late. Life in the billets had begun to show on the men. As there was not room for all to sleep, many had lost weight. Those who sought shelter from the cold and wet evenings by going to bed had been sent away with hay fever. The hardy ones who had braved the blasts had been carried away with the flu.

The battery, with its ranks thinned by sickness, was fairly well accommodated in the two barns.

We slept everywhere; in tents, in barracks, in the hold of a ship, in horse cars, in beds, in straw, in mud and in water. But, Billets, you were the worst. One day of you and we were sorry the armistice was signed. Oh! How we wished to be back again at the front, where at least one could sleep!

Details

NO, Sonny, those soldiers you see there in the picture didn't lose a bet, nor are they under arrest. They are good soldiers like your father was. They have just been honored by the battery clerk. Their names have been posted on the bulletin board. They are soldiers on detail."

"Tell me, Papa, what's a d'tail?"

"Don't pronounce it like that, Son. Only Runx Weeden ever called it that, and you don't want to talk like him, do you? You sit very quiet, and Father will tell you all about them.

"I was acting private with the crack Battery A through the war and——"

"Oh, and did you have to get a recommendation and buy a uniform, like Otto Soban's father did, before you could enlist?"

"Yes, Child, but be quiet or Papa won't tell his story. A detail was some bit of unnecessary work that was done when it would do the least good, with too many non-coms on hand for the size of the job, and one-half the number of privates actually working that there should have been. The word detail is of peculiar construction and is a by-product of the coming of the Americans to France. The first syllable is from the French word 'de' meaning 'to.' The last syllable is the American word 'tail' or 'end.' Combined, they mean 'to the end.' That was what the top sergeant did every day when he had every man safely on detail — he slept 'to the end' of the day in his billet."

"But didn't you have details in Quonset and Boxford before you went to France?"

"Oh yes, many details. For two whole months Sadie O'Connor's father was on a painting detail. He had to make as many as seven overnight trips a week to Lawrence for paint. Before he was done both shoulders of his uniform were a brilliant pink.

"Then there was that barber detail of that fresh McElroy kid's father. His father was away from camp an entire week on this detail. He spent a whole day trying to recruit a barber, but it was Sunday and the barber shops were closed, so he spent the rest of the week in silent grief at his girl's cottage at the beach."

"And did they put you on detail then, too, and did you have to work hard like Mr. O'Connor did?"

"Yes, Child, I was on detail. I asked the clerk once when we were going to be paid. He cursed me under his breath and strode off, muttering that he'd get me. He did He put me on an incinerator detail under a very hard and stern man, Corporal Rhoads.

I helped build twenty or thirty fine brick and stone incinerators which, as fast as completed, he would order torn down and moved right or left 'just a hair.'

"Then we came to France. We were sent to Coëtquidan to be trained in modern warfare. But immediately the duty roster was put under the most severe strain in its young career. Besides Regimental Guard, Cossack Guard, Stable Guard, Gun Guard, and Range Guard, your father got excellent training for the front in daily details to the Camp Headquarters, the Camp Quartermaster, the Camp Post Office, the stables, the coal pile, the watering troughs, the railhead, the latrines, the kitchen, the laundry, the ammunition dump, the garbage cans. I wired the barracks for electricity, I shacked wood in the forest behind Beignon, I swept the barracks, I drove a hitch to Guer for baggage, I dug trenches for the telephone school, and I built tables in the officers' quarters. There wasn't a single detail that I missed.

"Late in January we heard rumors of going to the front. I resolved to get a little training. I must get to drill one day. I lined up with the cannoneers. We went to the range. I was to see the big guns fire. Perhaps they would let me help fire them. I took off my coat and tried to find my place. Lieutenant Luther saw me. He detailed me to take his horse away from the guns and to hold it while they fired. Seven more days of details and we were off for Soissons, and the front."

"And when you got there I bet you fought fiercely and bravely!"

"No. I was detailed to an ammunition dump. But that marked the end of my details for a long, long time. For while I was gone, there were many Xmas packages arriving at the battery for me, none of which I ever received. When I came back the top sergeant and the clerk were changed men. They treated me like an old friend. They offered me a cigarette and a bar of chocolate. The office force is not utterly heartless. They will often let a man in on one of his own packages.

"So pleased were they with my Xmas boxes that they made me a specialist. That meant that my days of details were over. My horny hands grew soft. My drawn and emaciated face again took on its healthy glow. While the battery worked, I slept. When the battery walked, I rode. I saw the war from atop the world until November. We were issued a new Captain. The Armistice was signed. Our new Captain listened to the vitriolic tongues of his green-eyed subalterns and we were canned. With the collapse of Imperialism came the downfall of our little band of mounted intellects. The Specialists were scattered to the eight winds. United we slept, divided we worked. Once more the bulletin board bristled with your old man's name. The color sergeants welcomed me back to the streets. From midnight to four, 'most any day, I might be found walking my post. From daylight to dusk, I could be found with shovel, hammer, mop, or pail; digging, scrubbing, scraping, or building. Half a year of this, and we came back home and—"

"Then you were mustered out, and got your old job back, and lived happily ever after."

"No, Son. I was detailed to help the supply sergeant straighten his accounts. In 1930, the work completed, I was discharged. I must leave you now and study my general orders because there is a can of jam in the kitchen and there has been a tough character, named Ballou, prowling around the neighborhood to-day."

SERGEANTS

THE scene is on the Veranda of Good Fellows. It borders on the edge of a great cliff which dips away into the limitless depths of a sea of the most intense azure. There is a golden rail which borders the veranda. At the right is a drive which enters a Golden House that is like a great seaside hotel. On the veranda are tables and chairs. As the curtain rises, a waiter is hovering around, fixing up the table for a banquet, putting in the finishing touches. His movements gradually lead him off stage.

Waiter (surveying his work): "There! It's ready for them." [There is awe in his voice.] A trumpet sounds. *They* are coming. The stage is empty for a moment.

The door swings inward with a violent crash, and Sergeant Baldwin limps across the doorstep, falls against the table, knocking over several glasses.

Sergeant B. (pulling himself up): "——! ——! He throws himself into a chair which breaks— "———!" His eye falls on the table and his countenance brightens. "Ah, *Vin Blink*. We'll all be flukin' tonight, pes-i-tiv-ly flukin', ——!"

[Enter Sergeant Weeden. He looks about him. Goes to the table and examines the bottles and shakes his head dismally.]

Sergeant W.: "Ah, only nectar. Now the average *god* would like nectar — but for me — ah, give me Negrita rum. Good Negrita rum." Sees Sergeant Baldwin — "Ah, hello, Baldy."

Baldy: "How the——is you,——your old hide."

Runx: "Now, that is not accurate. I believe that forty years is not old, and, besides, it is not a —— old hide." [He walks to the edge of the veranda and stands looking out over the sea, meanwhile musing aloud.] "What an afternoon for a sail. That reminds me of a day on Narragansett Bay when I beat the champion swimmer of the world. But, alas, I was good in everything. I played tennis, tiddle-de-winks, caroms, football, hockey, but I excell particularly at puss in the corner, which reminds me ——" [Baldy is sleeping.]

The door is slightly opened, and Sergeant Burton comes in and, pulling chair from under Baldy, seats himself at the veranda rail, watching the sea. The door is swung smartly open, and Sergeant Thomas enters. With a very businesslike air he runs around the table several times, stands a moment in an attitude of a Napoleonic thinker, and then goes on.

Tommy: "Hello, Runx. If I weren't so busy, this day would remind me of a day at the Border. But I've so much on my mind." [He walks busily about the veranda. Runx still gazes at the sea, although he is sharpening a pencil. Looks up.]

Runx: "Now the ordinary person doesn't know how to sharpen a pencil. You see—" [As no one pays any attention to him, he subsides.]

[Enter Sergeants McKenna, Goodman, and Stimpson. They look about.]

Baldy: "Hello, fellahs, ———!"

Together: "Hello, Baldy." Baldy rushes up to them, puts his arm about them, and tries to kiss them. Finally he is repulsed.

Fred: "Say, what do you think of my new suit? Classy! That would go good on Westminster Street ——."

Stimmy: "Ah, Westminster Street — [weeps] — Westminster Street and my girl." [Goes to the rail and looks off to sea.]

Fred: "Lots of Vin, I see. While I don't drink the stuff, it ought to please you, Bill." [Bill blushes fearfully, plays with his mustache but says nothing.] The music strikes up, and from without a voice rises in song, increasing in volume as Sergeant Saacke dances in.

Juley: "Oh yow, oh yow, the feast is prepared, the feast is prepared." He dances about for a minute and then runs down. "Oh, say, did I see your gas mask, your ever-lovin' gas mask — tara-ta-di-da-dum-de," he sings, and then goes off humming to himself as he realizes that the war is all over. [Enter Sergeant Frey.]

Arty: "Howdy, fellows — I was just up to the P. C., talking things over, and I told him where he got off ——" [Is interrupted by the entrance of Sergeant Abbott, who wabbles slowly in.]

Sergeant Abbott: "Just arrived in my hack. Nothing is too good for a member of the 4th section, but where is Timmy? He came along."

[Enter Sergeant Gibson, dressed in deep mourning. He walks slowly up to the table and brightens considerably at the sight of the feast.]

Press: "Timmy, you ought to can the black—"

Timmy: "But you see, Press, I hate to. I was almost there. If the demmed war hadn't ended—. Almost, almost [tragic voice].

All sergeants together: "And we all could have been, but we were in the wrong outfit. Oh, if it was only some drafted outfit—. [They look sadly at one another.]

[*Ed. Note:* Timmy eventually arrived in time to go home in a first-class cabin on the Mongolia.]

Baldy: "——, ——, —! I'm hungry, let's eat!"

Fred: "But, the others——"

Baldy: "To hell with them."

The sergeants are seated with Runx at the head of the table. The waiter brings on the oysters.

Runx: "Ah, Oysters. But they are not as good as the oysters in Narragansett Bay, which reminds me of one Friday when I was at a lecture on oysters, back in '49, when you were kids——" [He is interrupted by the appearance of Sergeant Hill.]

Hank (with a vacuous smile): "I was a bit late in coming, well, owing to a game of golf, the African kind. I won. Let's see—[he counts his money]—I won ten francs. Ah, a feed." [He is seated and the waiter now brings a goose.]

Runx: "A goose. I love geese. But they are not as good as the geese on Narragansett Bay. The average man carves a goose with a knife, but I invented a little device whereby I can carve a goose with a can-opener. Now—[he searches]—but I have no can-opener. Ah—that's the first thing that I have forgotten in —let's see—35 years. I'm always prompt, I'm always prompt. Now three years ago"—[he is stopped by the somnolent entry of Sergeant McGowan, whose face shows signs of recent sleep.]

Mac: "What's the idea of the early feed? I had to get up at noon to get here, and I've been working the last few days like hell."

Fred (in a meaning voice): "Like Hell."

The Chief Mope is seated. They are all talking, and it is possible to pick up snatches from the general hum of the conversation.

Arty: "As I came into the P. C., I met Lieutenant Scott, and I said, 'you can't'—"

Hank: "Oh yes, I will get the dubbing sure tomorrow."

Tim: "How's everything—all right?"

Stimmy: "—like to walk into the Strand with her—"

Press: "—a couple of bottles of beer and—"

Fred: "—and my new suit is the cat's—"

Juley: "—licked, I say. It's got me licked—"

Baldy: "—,———,—."

Thomas: "I've got business with the Lieutenant—"

[Goodman and Burton eat in silence and finally the conversation dies away. Bacchus is beginning to steal his way into their affections. Goodman rises, blushing furiously, and twiddles his mustache, and opens his mouth to sing, when suddenly there is a noise of volcanic violence. Sergeant Murphy stamps in.]

Spud: "You wouldn't invite me, would you? I didn't want to come to your dam old party anyway. You and your—old clique. And I ain't hungry." [He sits down and begins to stuff away all the food in sight, and between mouthfuls comes "dam old clique" and "I ain't hungry."]

Runx (rising): "A song was suggested. Now, being only ordinary men, you probably haven't heard this one—" [chants].

"The cannoneers have hairy ears"—[sees Sergeant Brown, who enters]—"Ah, Gil, just in time for a game of bridge. Last night we played, and I won 42 centimes, not 41 or 43, but 42. I am always exact."

Stimmy: And I'll say to the old man, "Pa—"

Baldy [falls over chair, well pied]: "——."

Stimmy: "Let's have a little game." [Boys bring out the bones. Hill gets excited, pulls out money, shoots 20 francs and subsides. Sergeant Burton silently takes all he wishes from the table and goes out.]

Juley (singing): "It's time to go. Yes time, time, time to go. Oh, yes, it's time to go. I'm licked. I've got to go. What time is it?"

Freddy: One o'clock.

Juley: "Gee, and I thought it was only nine. I've got to look after my section. [Goes out, but returns.] "Oh Freddy, have we any bread in the room?"

Freddy: "Under my pillow." [Juley goes out singing and dancing.]

Spud: "To hell with you fellows. I can lick every one of you and your clique. But I told the Captain that he couldn't make me feed B Battery's horses. I says, 'I'll tear them stripes off before I feed 'em'——" [Starts off stage.]

Fred: "Where are you going, Spud?"

Spud: "To feed B Battery's horses." [Exit.]

Thomas: Now I've got to see Lieutenant Scott before two o'clock." [Goes away.]

Frey: "So this is the Half-Way Place. And we can go on to heaven from here."

Fred: "Sure. But what's the use? It's too good here. Just like old times. Who wants to go to heaven?"

Stimmy: "I want to go home." [They are silent.]

Baldy: [Mumbles] "—— —— ——."

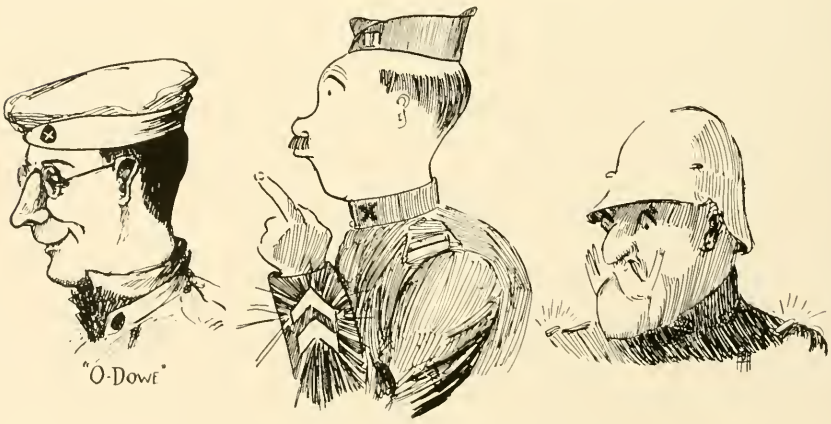
Runx (looking out over the sea): "Oh, to be out there in a cat-boat. I was the best man with a cat-boat on Narragansett Bay. That reminds me of a funny story. I said to Governor Beeckman one day, 'I have a fine cat-boat.' 'You have?' he said. And we both laughed loudly. [Laughs.] Very funny, isn't it? but that was — thirty years ago."

[The sun sinks low and everything is bathed in gold. The orchestra plays softly. The sergeants remaining, stand at the rail looking over the sea.]

Fred: "They were the best days. Why go to heaven?"

Thus in the gathering dusk, they light cigarettes and stand smoking peacefully, utterly happy.

[*The curtain falls.*]



HE sat and brooded carelessly for once of the warning whines of oncoming shells. The same old thing, day in and day out for nine long, long months. The same old details and the same old "do this and do that." For days without end it had been "corned willy hash" and "corned willy cold" and "corn willy sliced" until his stomach revolted. Beside him, dropped unnoticed, lay a copy of a well-known American Weekly, on the cover of which appeared an impossibly fresh and pink-skinned warrior striding along the streets of Aix — that playground of the American troops — while all around him was the very antithesis of playground, with its filth, pitted and shell-plowed earth, broken boxes, and scattered old ration cans.

From the creeping dawn he had spent a weary morning, waiting, as he had a hundred times before, for the ammunition trucks. He was tired of it, sick of it all. Winning the war — for what? Working for months, courting death every instant, while others who had not volunteered were selected and trained by the best, treated as pets, and reveled in the reflected effulgence of the light of victory which he and his division were keeping ablaze.....As his thoughts ran, he dreamed of happier things.

The first day had been wonderful, a marvelous cleanliness all about, stores with myriads of tempting delicacies, and pretty women. "Absent without leave," was he. Well, he felt conscience-free. Why shouldn't he have a day or two more of life and pleasure, of sparkling wine and admiring glances? And that night! Snuggled deep in the warm, feathery embrace of a bed, a real bed, he reveled in homespun joy until claimed by Morpheus, he fell into a child-like sleep, innocent and sweet — such a sleep as he had been unable to snatch for many months; months when his only beds were the harsh earth and dark underground recesses.

And the second day, he had been able to eat from white linen and leisurely dawdle through the soup, the roast, and the dessert. Opposite him sat a dark-haired maiden of France, who talked vivaciously in her mother tongue to him and, seeing that he understood but little, encouragingly tried to cheer him with the few words of English that she knew. She had said "Attaboy," with a quaint French lisp, and it had cheered him as only native patois can cheer. Then a warm, sunny, lazy afternoon along the peaceful riverbank, strolling aimlessly, with ear and eye attune to the half-hidden beauties in life. That evening he wrote his first happy letter in months. He wrote hopefully of coming home, of the end of the war, of upholding the ideals of the country for which he was fighting. It was good to be alive and "over here."

A far-off, hollow plop — the banshee moan of hurtling metal, a hiss as from a thousand Medeas, a blinding, searing flash, with flying, flesh-rending masses of steel — his letter was ended. From the débris stared an impossibly fresh and pink-skinned warrior striding along the streets of Aix.

Dashed Hopes

JOLLY well we remembered the day at Boxford when rumor filtered in that our Regiment was to be made an organization of six-inch Howitzers. "Pretty soft," we said, "let the war go on, we have nothing to fear; while the battle is raging we'll be tucked snugly away behind a hill miles in the rear, shooting at Billy Boche over the other fellows' heads." And to our pals and compatriots in the 101st and 102nd, we tendered words of consolation, such as: "Tough luck, fellers, they say it's awful noisy up front with the Infantry; better get transferred to a good outfit and get some enjoyment out of the war." The old man was pleased because his favorite son and heir was not to be exposed to the deadly fire of the enemy, and mothers' previously formed visions of Casualty Lists vanished like mist with the knowledge that we were to handle the "Big Ones" from far in the rear.

In the spell of this hallucination, we were spirited out of the land of pie and cake — and Ehrets dark, across the bottomless sea to England, there maltreated by the British Commissary for a few days, and finally jammed into that Ark of Misery, the Viper, which same deserves a bit of a paragraph all to itself.

Viper, rightly named old barque, as such you go deep down into the Archives of the Battery, and in years and generations to come, we'll rise and clink our glasses to your memory, even into eternity. Painted and bedaubed little rack of torture, in whose name we gave up everything — everything from the last Corned-Bill sandwich to our belt-buckles, what prayers were uttered 'tween your decks that awful night; prayers one minute that your gaudy sides might 'scape the rending crash of a torpedo, and prayers the next that some dirty Hun hidden away in his sneaky "tin-fish" might, with unerring aim, plug you squarely amidships and bring to an end our long hours of suffering. (*Note:* Opinions vary, but mine is that the majority were for the Hun with the unerring eye.) However, you got us across the channel, though you did it in your own sweet way, and at last draped yourself, shame-facedly I should hope, alongside the shores of France, the home of the Vin Twins, Red, and Blink.

Time, and the Grace of God, brought us to a training camp, where we had our first look at our "Long Range Guns." Big ones they were, decorated up like a barber-pole, and warranted to shoot many "killy-floppers;" a killy-flopper being five-eighths of a white man's mile, though we didn't know it then and some of us aren't sure of it yet. A few days of regulation flubbing followed, and then we hooked our Big Berthas to a string of idiotic horses who dragged them around to suit themselves for a week before finally

getting disgusted and dumping them stark and cold in the middle of a wind-swept prairie where your teeth froze together and the blizzards, popular in those parts, blew you out of your O. D. underwear. All the fault of those fool horses; they could just as well have left them down by the cook-shack as way out in that open lot. But no, a horse never thinks of anything but himself, though he really doesn't need even do that, because that's what we have lieutenants for, to see that the horses are contented an' happy an' comfortable all the time. Well, anyway, that's where they left those cannons, and as they were too heavy for us to move back where they belonged, we had to shoot from there. Cuss a hawse, I say.

Of course, the first shot was quite an event, we being the first National Guard to be inflicted with such weapons, and no small amount of apprehension was enjoyed by the Cannoneers when they began to speculate on how much noise the thing would make. At last, however, the zero hour arrived, and, while everybody stood on tiptoe, mouths open and ears jammed full of cotton, breathing hard with the anticipation of the terrific cataclysm about to follow, the lanyard was pulled, yanked, jerked, and otherwise browbeaten, until the poor primer pounded into insensibility, gave up the ghost, and our "Terror of the Huns" gave birth to six quarts of fire, eleven of smoke, and a hell of a racket. Everybody looked quickly around, seemed surprised to see the gun-crew alive, and then lost their fear of the thing.

Three months of this rough stuff followed; the horses occasionally condescending to drag the guns around for us, and each time leaving them in some howling swamp or on top of a colder hill than the one we had just left. Who said a horse had sense? Yes, three months of this followed, and during that period we concluded that the "First Hundred Thousand" were not killed, but pestered to death.

Some of us survived the treatment, nevertheless, and the first of February caught us loading our belongings onto a lot of Boy Scout freight cars, heading for the front, and ready to do our part toward eliminating Kultur. Twenty-four hours in those dinky cars — standing room only — and we were at our destination in the suburbs of Soissons. A few days of hard work and anticipation, and we had our four guns lined up, along with four representing "B" Battery, on the lee-side of a big hill far back from the front line, but just close enough to worry our friends, the enemy. Great! The 75's were out in front of us, and we were shooting over their heads as previously planned, so we dug ourselves in and commenced firing pig-iron over into Heinie's front yard. Every day we came to enjoy the war better; the chow picked up, champagne was only five "francers" a quart, and money was plentiful. Brother Sherman was off in his opinions — we were sure of it. Six weeks found us hardened veterans, so far as the champagne was concerned; used to the smell of burnt powder — our own; and with a strengthened faith in the long-range capabilities of our guns. Then we moved off that street into another and more popular section, Toul, and here we woke up.

Arrived in the rear of the line there, we were told that we should relieve and continue to keep on the map, a certain sniping position, located a few hundred yards behind the Infantry front line trenches. Still unbelieving, we sneaked up there and, under cover of darkness, exchanged places with the First Division crew, who greeted us with joy and then made about the quickest get-away to the rear ever recorded. They did the first mile in nothing flat, so rumor has it, and witnesses swear to the fact. The

balance of the night was spent adjusting ourselves to the cramped quarters we had fallen heir to. Morning brought realization and smashed our dream of shooting from the S. O. S. to smithereens, for there we were, stuck solitary and alone, way out on the verge of destruction, in front of some of the machine-gun "pill-boxes" and so far ahead of the 75's that we could only hear their shells as they whizzed high over our heads. This position did have one, and only one, big advantage — we were never bothered with visits from the Colonel. Very soon we came to know the Doughboys better, far better than we did our pals of the 75's, for upon moving north to start the Chateau-Thierry Drive, we changed Colonels and at the same moment our entire mode of living.

From the nominal title of Heavy Artillery, we soon came to be known as "Glassford's Trench Mortars," and as trench mortars we did duty until the end of the war. Before the Chateau-Thierry Drive was over, we caught our Regimental Boss designing bayonets for the six-inch Howitzers and planning to equip the Rear Echelons with hand-grenades. The ammunition caissons were thrown into the discard and an attempt was made to organize the Headquarters Company into a troop of Cavalry, under the able and fatherly guidance of one, Lieut. Livingstone Whitney, better known as the "Apple-tree King" and famed as having put to rout an entire regiment of Prussian Guards, though armed only with a megaphone and his "soixante-quinze" horse pistol, which might always be seen swinging low on his hip.

This practice of getting "Over the Top" ahead of the Infantry continued through the St. Mihiel Drive, until our old Colonel was boosted General, and another took his place. A-a-a-h, we hoped Mr. Twachtman would be conservative. He was! At Verdun he had us shooting under the barbed wire while our rolling kitchens carried food back to the Infantry, getting ready to go over on a raid.

And so it was when the Armistice suddenly appeared out of nowhere and threw us out of a job. Heavy Artillery we may have been, but we rise to state that while our limit of range was only eleven kilometers, there was seldom a time when we couldn't drop a shell ten and three-quarters kilometers behind Bill Boche's lines.

Melodrama in three acts by A. Little Dippy

Time: A post-bellum day in December, 1918.

Scene: 'Neath the moss-covered, thatched roof of a Brittany cow-barn, this lachrymose, blood-and-thunder melodrama takes place. From the fungi-overgrown rafters there hang here and there rusty barrel hoops, jugs, and scythes, all draped in a heavy network of dusty cobwebs. The dim light which ekes through the cobweb-curtained (and only-washed-on-the-outside-by-the-raindrops) windowpanes shows on the right interior the mangers, stalls and sties of the owner's livestock, and on the left interior a miscellaneous collection of buckets, barrels and grindstones. Against the back wall, in which is built the large barn door, are a small trough and a pump. The owner, who is conspicuous in this blood-curdling melodrama, both by his absence and by virtue of the fact that he is the sun and the moon to our ethereal and ambrosial heroine, is the village miller, as haybellied as his faithful old brick-and-straw-colored mare.

Dramatis Personae

The Naiad ..... Ethereal Cleo, daughter of the miller.
Cleanliness ..... Private, 1st Class, in the front rank Larrabee.

Occasional sweet pastoral melodies of zithers and lutes, or, better still, horn work by our battery buglers, should accompany this splash of melodramatic brilliance.

ACT I

Once in a miller's barn we slept
With chickens and the goats,
With horses, cows, the rats and geese,
The brood sow and the shoats.

The miller had a daughter fair —
No Naiad she, we grant.
Three hundred pounds of sweetness, weighed
This baby elephant.

She was as lovable as plump,
And pigeon-toed was she.
Because her form looked like a barge,
We called her "Chic-a-dee."

Coy "Chic-a-dee" came often in
The shed with sabots on
To tend the cows and chop the wood;
She was an Amazon.

Oh! "Chic-a-dee"! dear "Chic-a-dee"!
Puffed as a fat balloon,
When we said "Bon Jour," your big cheeks
Glowed like a great, sard moon.

[*Curtain*]

ACT II

Now Larrabee, a college man,
A scholar, to be frank,
Had just received promotion to
The first class private rank.

He'll not forget, as he hath quaffed
Of Springs Pierian,
That day, if should he live to be
A Centenarian.

This honor dwarfed his college feats
(No one can this refute),
As towering huge Titans dwarf
The toy-like Lilliput.

As army honors beggar all
An Alma Mater hath,
It turned his head to such extent
No lie — he took a bath.

In France a bath is perilous;
'Tis rarely done, in fact.
But great promotion roused his soul
To do this insane act.

With water cold he filled a tub,
Then in the barn did lave.
In complete nakedness he washed,
Who said they're dead — the brave?

When he was soaped from head to foot
With lather thick as cream
In burst the mammoth Venus — Hell!
She saw and she did scream!

[*Curtain falls rapidly as Battery buglers labor at horn work with tempestuous violence.*]

Sweet "Chic-a-dee" reeled in a swoon,
And 'gin the bull was spun;
She played Europa, but this beast
Was not the fabled one.

The bull was sable, gruff and mean.
In anger fierce like floods,
He kicked the maiden in the rear,
Head first into the suds.

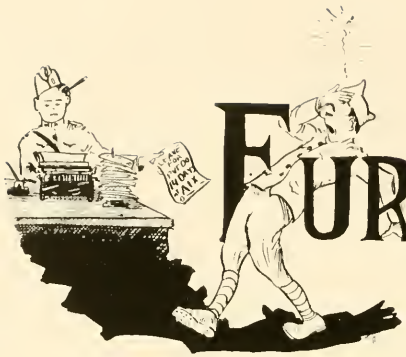
At first the nude was dazed and blanked,
His limbs were petrified,
But when the mermaid struck the suds
He was electrified.

He hopped around with impish glee,
Of conscience not one stab.
The maid was not amphibious,
He knew she was no crab.

And yet he danced and laughed and jumped;
His joy was undilute,
The maid revived, hurled pail, he dodged,
She smashed the poor hog's snoot.

The air rang loud with squeels and grunts,
Chick waddled, drenched, away;
For Larrabee there came the end
Of one real perfect day.

[*Curtain*]



FURLOUGHS

Somewheres in France,
March 22, 1919.

Hon. Joseph C. Gallivan,
South Boston, Mass.

Dear Congressman:

I was reading your speech what you spoke in Washington, D. C., the other day all about the glorious 26th Division was getting it in the neck. The next time if they aren't afraid to let you talk will you kindly say about a lot of us not getting no furloughs since we are called out?

When the time came around for the YD to be relieved at Chemin des Dames, some of us lads in Battery "A" were tipped off by "Rex" Cleveland, who always managed to see most of the orders before they were lost, that G. H. Q. with the assistance of the Y. M. C. A. had opened a leave area at Aix-les-Bains. According to these orders, every 17 weeks the weary drivers and the war-worn cannoneers would drop their work and go to the leave area for a ten day vacation. Advertisements were put in the "Stars and Stripes" saying "Come and play at Aix-les-Bains." Now at this time we had been over 4 months and were eligible for the issue vacations. Acting upon Rex's information, the wise ones started to mobilize the silver francs. Old pocket account books bearing the salt spray of the Atlantic were opened. Entries running something like this, "231x.05 = $11.55" were multiplied by 5.73 with the result that Sergeant "Gil" So-and-so was gently touched for the 65 francs that he had probably overlooked. "Oh yes," the astute birds would say, "It was for that heart game and if you could pay me now? You know I allotted too much and etc."

The relief was completed and then the long hike to Blancheville for a rest came but the furloughs did not. Three months around Toul and nearly two months around Chateau-Thierry brought us to Leuglay where again could be heard the gentle requests for the long over-due centimes. There could be no hitch in the furloughs this time. Division had issued an order

on it. Small sums were invested with Joe and Dick in hopes of generous returns. Two weeks of anxious waiting and close figuring and Colonel Glassford took affairs into his own hands. He ordered us off to another fight. (Note: Colonel Glassford is a Regular Army Officer. What conclusions would you draw?)

So we snaked our fowling-pieces into position on the northern side of the St. Mihiel Salient and laid around in the mud for a week thinking. Here we'd been in France ten months and in active service thirteen. New leave areas were being open faster than the Germans were losing ground, but we'd never been able to connect on a furlough. Then came the offensive. Between the shots of the big six-hour barrage a plan was devised. Why shouldn't we act for ourselves if G. H. Q. and Divisional couldn't do anything for us.

Our plan called for the opening of a chain of rear echelons in the semi-S. O. S. F. B. Harrington because of his perfect control of the French language and his influence with the K. of C., was chosen to inaugurate the system. He was peculiarly fitted for the position having secretly reconnoitered the ground three months before. So within two days, by a mere interchange of notes with his representatives in Nancy, the drawing of forty odd cartoons and the despatching of six telegrams to Walter Ball, he was able to bring into being the "First Advanced Rear Echelon Leave Area" with headquarters at Bar-le-Duc and branch offices at Troyon, Commercy, Chatillon, Dijon, and Toul. This leave area was self-supporting, the expenses being met by the profits accruing from the sale of candles which Harrington always brought to the position with him.

The plan of picking men for the leave areas was unique and depended upon the ingenuity of the man himself. All drivers were eligible and went often and stayed long. A cannoneer must first lay claim to be troubled with an aching tooth or a touch of rheumatism which automatically made him eligible. His schedule called for a return to the echelon — two days sleep, and then two days in the leave area.

The main difficulties to this plan was the hostile reception by Lieutenant Clifford of our disability claims and poor service on the part of the drivers in getting the notes up to the Chief of Section with the headache story and the request for more time.

Nevertheless, in spite of these one or two short comings its success warranted the opening of another. By dint of judicious playing and good cards, Bender and Creep left the battery late in September with sufficient funds to open the "Second Advanced Rear Echelon Leave Area" with headquarters in Paris and a branch office in Meaux.

As an alternative to the leave area plan, every soldier was given the opportunity, of course, to be evacuated to a hospital in case he was severely wounded, gassed, sick, or had a story sufficiently convincing to the doctor.

That brought us well into October. On November 11th the armistice was signed, but two prior to this, four men had left on a real bonafide, honest-

to-goodness furlough with expenses paid by the government and a Y. M. C. A. man to tuck them into bed at Taps. During the month two more contingents left swelling the list of official leave-takers to twenty men. Nearly ten per cent. of the men eligible had connected. Then slappo there were no more. Due to heavy demands on the railroads, it was impossible to furnish us with leave trains because of the large number of Marines who had been M. P.-ing in Brest and Bordeaux for nearly six weeks needed the trains for their second trip to the land of rest and play.

Well, we eased along under the watchful guidance of Captain Houghteling for a couple of months, getting our play along the Montoressi lines and rest between Taps and First Call daily. Then we moved to Pontvallain and the furloughs were resumed. But what furloughs they were! The orders were issued one Saturday evening that if anyone wanted a furlough for fourteen days to hand in their name and go Sunday. These orders said that we could go to any part of France that we wanted, that we could get to our destination by any means of transportation that we chose, and that we would be paid our ration money while away. Under the circumstances, is it any wonder that the veterans of the Battery, those accustomed to a year and a half of finger fidgetting, laid back in their billets, looked wise and allowed Luke Brennen and the rest of the Sixth Section to blaze the trail at Lyon while it was still unsophisticated to the bankrolls of the American soldier?

The funny part of this was that when Luke led his faithfull pioneers back to Pontvallain orders were immediately forthcoming which said in substance "Next." The wise ones needed no urging this time. Just one look at the first band of Pilgrims staggering back to their mattresses and sinking immediately into a bleary, six-day sleep told more eloquently than words that the furlough had not been wasted. More went when these came home, and before these came back another gang was off. The month of February and March as a result will be celebrated in years to come as the anniversary of the complete occupation of France by the Rainbow and the YD.

There it is Mr. Gallivan. The writer has no kick. He finally connected. And even if it was a trifle galling to see Horseshoer Clarke and a few other supernumeraries go before him, his heart is light. He spent his furlough wisely, and as a true soldier should, he left with 2 "beaucoup jack" and he came back broke and went through the period of worry that all good soldiers do after returning from a furlough. Worry, we shall say perhaps, of just when those eight or nine hundred francs would be returned to there owners that parted with them in the loan-floating days just prior to the departure for the furlough.

In closing let me express my sentiments which were oft repeated in my ears by the charming misses of Paris, "You good for me, I good for you."

Very sincerely,

PRIVATE MATTERS.

RUMORS-

THE American Expeditionary Forces are composed exclusively of men, but there is at least one lady who has accompanied the Battery on all its wanderings — Old Dame Rumor. We have visited many places and traveled hard and fast, but however far we went and however fast the pace, the old lady was always found waiting for us at the end of the trip, fresh as a daisy — and it was a dark day indeed that was not somewhat lightened by "inside dope" on what was going to happen next.

As a general rule, this inside dope may be divided into two classes — one which is founded at least on fact and which comes generally from someone who is in a position to hear the talk of officers, and one which is the invention pure and simple of some bright mind which has nothing better to do at that particular moment. But rumors do not have to come from these two sources. Any old soldier, or new for that matter, is possessed of powers of observation and deduction that shame Sherlock himself, and so the slightest indication, overt or otherwise, of any change or impending move will spread with incredible swiftness.

Our first real rumor, and one of the very few that came true, by the way, was the now famous utterance of a sergeant-major who shall be nameless, "We leave for Europe, Monday, at two o'clock." At that time we were too inexperienced in handling such news to spread it boldly and brazenly to the four winds. So it came about that our camp resembled, for the next few days, a huge conspirators' rendezvous. Everyone looked as if he had a secret sorrow, but it was only the responsibility of carrying around our first great secret. Every nook and corner was occupied by groups of whispering men, and on all sides could be heard the mystic formula, "H-sssh; Monday at two o'clock." By way of partial explanation, for the only time the gossipy old lady ever did let us in on something real, it might be said that it cost the man who started the rumor his job and caused many others to walk in fear and trembling for some little while. The result was that, after this, real information didn't come through so easily from those who chanced to acquire it.

It has been told elsewhere that when we finally did embark, Frank Hoar's trusty compass told us that we were headed for South Carolina, and during the first part of our stay at Coëtquidan, we were too much occupied with matters of sleeping and eating to bother about our old friend Rumor. At last there came a lull. We had all been hoping to go to the front, as our preliminary education had been practically finished and we had been told that we had done well. By slow degrees, it began to leak out that we had done too well. The ever-busy scouts reported that we were to stay at Coëtquidan and instruct the men who were to come after us in the gentle art of managing the six-inch howitzer. The "Crape Hangers' Union" gave this choice bit of news wide publicity, and for a few

days everyone was deeply plunged in gloom, which was finally lifted only when we were packed and started off for the front.

For some unknown reason, hard manual labor and rumors do not seem to appreciate one another's company, although no one has ever succeeded in satisfactorily explaining just why. This proved the case at Chemin des Dames, and even Bud Harrington couldn't bring any real dope, but perhaps that was because he was working too.

But, oh, how times changed when we reached the Toul front. We had hardly gotten settled when some of our more inquisitive members discovered the mouth of a tunnel at least two kilometers long and about twenty feet square, which was being driven deep underground, beneath the valley which lay between us and the German lines, for the purpose of blowing up Mont Sec. Daily reports on the progress of the engineering feat were made for quite some time, but it is suspected that the members of the 101st Engineers, from whom these reports were obtained, had many a quiet chuckle to themselves. And Mont Sec still remains a part of topographical France.

And it was about this time that General Edwards and General Pershing had a talk over the situation on our sector and decided that Mont Sec must be taken, whatever the cost. Suddenly we found ourselves in possession of the straight dope. If we took Mont Sec by the thirty-first of May, the Twenty-sixth would be sent home in glory—and a rowboat. The great news was easy enough to believe, as it was what everyone wanted to believe, and it is related that some of the boys even went so far as to polish up their rifles preparatory to a struggle in close quarters. But unfortunately we didn't make the attack, so the real truth of the matter will never be known. By this time, signs of our departure for other climes and battles or what not began to multiply at a rate that staggered even the veteran statisticians of cootie census, and it was made out that we had been ordered to Italy to help the Italians in their great advance. A day or two after we quite forgot about the Italians. Somebody just back from the hospital had seen our barrack bags at Brest, and what is more, had heard from officials in the port that we were scheduled to go home. (By way of an aside concerning barrack bags, it might be said that according to the information received our bags seemed to be constantly shifting back and forth between Brest and St. Nazaire, which may or may not account for their worn condition when we finally took them out of storage at Andelot, the headquarters of our never-occupied winter billets.) And now the fuller details of our departure for home spread and developed with the greatest rapidity. Letters came in, saying that various buildings in Camp Devens were marked, "Reserved for the 26th Division," and that a triumphal arch had been erected in front of the Outlet to welcome us home. With this latest and best news, the Battery lost all doubt, and many were the arguments put forth by the various dopesters as to whether we were going to relieve the regulars in Honolulu or merely going to the border to keep the Mexicans quiet. In the midst of the discussion, to our great disappointment, orders were received which said that all reports of the division being about to leave for home were German propaganda and entirely untrue. So one more dream was shattered.

It may have been because of the talk of the Border or because the weather was growing warm or because our overcoats had been taken away from us, or it may have been merely the expression of a disordered brain, but whatever it was, Old Dame Rumor chose this time to come across with one of her wildest and most fantastic attempts. One

dark evening the facts of the case were brought to light before the admiring eyes of the batterymen. We were going to the Sahara Desert to fill sandbags for the English. This was certainly astounding news, but we refused to be astounded, and the pros and cons of the matter were seriously discussed for some time. Indeed, there is a story, probably a base calumny, that our Chief Mechanic spent some of his leisure time in constructing a home-made sun helmet.

All these rumors were found to have at least one germ of truth in them, which was that the Battery was ordered to leave the Toul front. We had but just entrained when some of our envied friends, who were in touch with the men higher up, informed us that we were shortly to have the great honor of parading in Paris on the Fourth of July. Sure enough, the train took us nearer and nearer the capital, and by the time we got in sight of the Eiffel Tower the doubters were few. But it was not to be. We got nearly through the suburbs of the great city, and then swung off toward Chateau-Thierry and another front.

It was at Voulaines that General Edwards first asked us if we wanted to wear the YD, but it was not until the operations around Verdun that we finally received the coveted insignia. After that it was no time at all until the Battery not only had the YD and the two service stripes, but also, theoretically at least, a neat silver star showing that we were among the first hundred thousand to come across, and the fourragère, more commonly called the hose pipe, which denoted that we were highly honored by the French. It is true, that we have not as yet been granted these last two officially, but there are still some of us who firmly believe that they will come. In any case they have served their purpose, for they helped us to pass the weary hours on our last front.

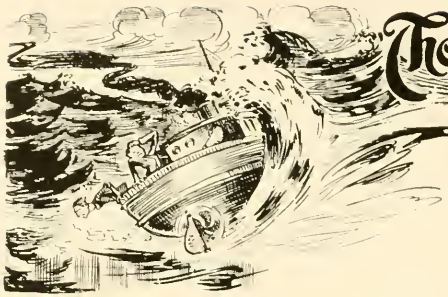
It seems a little peculiar that the signing of the armistice and the virtual end of the war, which was almost melodramatic in its suddenness, stole upon us, so to speak, almost unheralded by any advance information. As a matter of fact such an event was one of the last things that any of us in the lines really looked for, and was the one story that no one believed in enough to spread around. But a little later when the Battery had definitely severed its connection with the fighting forces, and was waiting to go home, the rumor hounds and crape hangers came into their own.

It is reported that a young man of inquisitive turn of mind went out one morning during this trying period and in the course of twenty minutes found out the following facts, all confidential and warranted to be all wool and a yard wide:

We were starting for home in a week.
We were not going home for six months.
We were in the army of occupation.
We were not in the army of occupation.
We were going home through Russia.
We were going home from Brest, Bordeaux and St. Nazaire, etc., etc.

When last heard from, this unfortunate youth was reported to be in a base hospital, suffering from brain fever.

In spite of this sad event, Old Dame Rumor has used us well on the whole, and, if she has done nothing else, has furnished us with the material for the hot discussions which have served to while away many a weary hour of marching or waiting in the mud. And in after years, when the men of Battery A meet together, her prophecies will always be recalled with a grateful sense of interest and amusement.



The Viper

A sailor boy was Harry Ward,
Who feared nor storm nor sea;
Thus when the Viper left the bay,
His heart was filled with glee.

He was the only happy man.
The others feared the trip,
Because the Viper was so dwarfed
And such a pigmy ship.

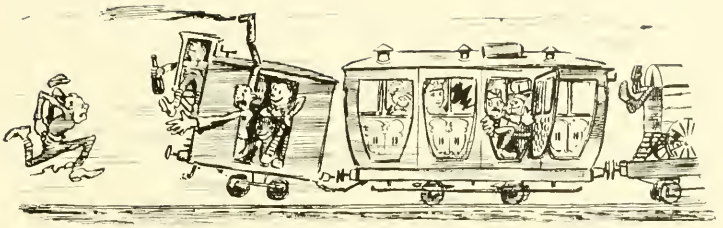
"Oh, well," spake Ward, "my dear Papa
Is English, and their place
Is on the sea, so I descend
From the seafaring race."

A storm blew up, the sea grew wild,
The waves of indigo
Came sweeping o'er the tiny bow
In never-ending flow.

The Viper reared and tipped and tossed,
She was a playful thing.
She rolled and swayed and dipped and pitched.
Oh Death, where is thy sting?

The curtain rose, the works were on,
The joy was unrefined,
That burlesque, tragic, comic farce
Has never been outshined.

Men waltzed beneath the lifeboats,
Some round the masts did rags,
While others thought their stomachs were
As large as barracks bags.



Some jazzed around the funnels,
  Some practised fancy hops,
Some, rolling on the sticky decks,
  Were imitating mops.

The officers were feeling spry,
  They trilled in tenor tones,
So sweet, they did out-frog the frogs
  With throaty, gutteral groans.

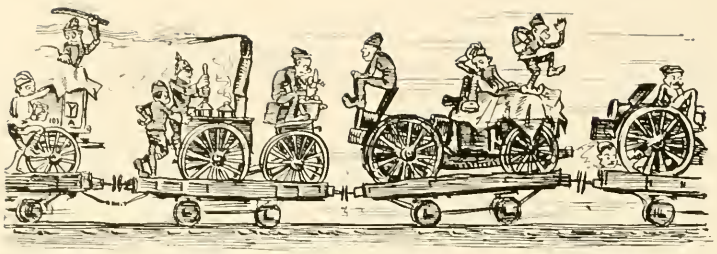
Meanwhile we searched to find that lad
  Who feared nor storm nor gales,
Who loved the tang of the salt air,
  Who never fed the whales.

There by the gunwale drooped the tar
  Of the "seafaring race,"
His mouth was opened up so wide,
  One could not see his face.

He looked around forlorn and licked,
  His cheeks were ashen hue,
And on his sleeve 'twas plain to see
  What poor shots sometimes do.

Schoolbooks agree that kingfishers
  Regurgitate their food;
He had these birds backed in the shade;
  He made them look so crude.

Nine long, long hours of joy and song,
  Of revelry and dance;
Then dropped the curtain; land at last,
  The shores of "Sunny France."



COTTULY CROSSES THE OURCQ

Cottuly was a soldier brave,
  He feared no hostile raids;
On Seicheprey day he faced the foe
  And fought them with grenades.

But Ah! The noblest deed of all —
  A deed beyond compare —
Was when he crossed the River Ourcq,
  Like George, the Delaware.

The noontide sun was shining bright,
  The birds sang on the wing,
The day was as the day should be
  To pull this little thing.

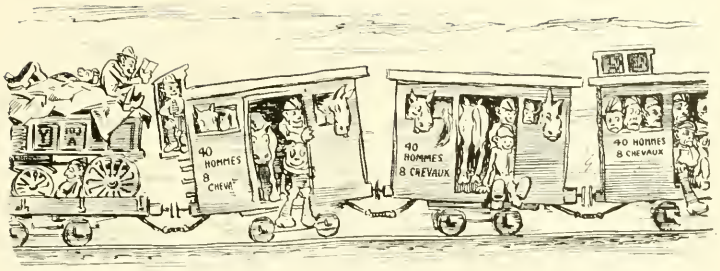
Thus to the river-bank he strode;
  The waters roared and raved;
He hopped across the seething Ourcq —
  Democracy was saved.

THUNDERFOOT

Fat Parsons was a gentle youth
  With legs, both large and strong,
To which there were attached a pair
  Of pedals — one foot long.

Old Thunderfoot, they dubbed him; sure
  He kicked up clouds of dust,
And if there were four pup-tents near,
  He'd knock down four, he must!

He tramped upon our tender corns,
  Our bunions were his bait;
Then he would play his old trump card —
  "Excuse me" — when too late.



There lay in slumber dreaming once,
Upon a box-car floor,
Floyd Marshall, dreaming of those days,
Those golden days of yore.

Of maidens who, like cherry buds,
Were sweet and sweeter still;
Of fond embraces in the dusk,
Of love sighs and the thrill

When lips on lips are tightly pressed,
When Crash! Right on his Knob!
A shoe size twelve, with hobnails steel, —
'Twas Parsons on the Job.

A groan, an oath, a fearful curse,
Our "Duckey" was near dead.
Then up he jumped and in his wrath
To Thunderfoot he said:

That which, we, the board of editors, being respectable gentlemen at all times, even when intoxicated, will under no circumstances divulge.

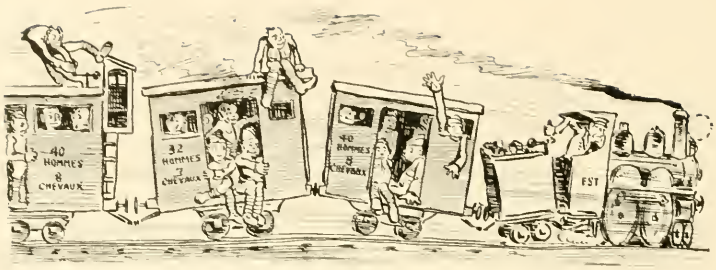
(Dedicated to Ernest Rexford Cleaveland, Clerk of the first water and song-bird par excellence.)

I

Lonely you dreamed, 'neath the lilacs sweet,
Of loves of some long bygone day,
Visions of ladies fair came to you —
You burst in a quaint, homely lay.

II

Sweeter you sang than soft melodies
Of zithers and violins old;
Thrushes in thick-warbled wild grapevines
Were hushed by your voice as of gold.



III

Often you sang that olden love-song
With quaint, such a quaint, sad refrain.
Your dulcet tones were as soothing as —
Red flags to fierce bulls of Old Spain.

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

Thus to its close ebbs out war's
frightful day —
Gas smells grow faint, and whizz-
bangs fade away;
As thro' the maze of drills and drudge
we roam,
One thought sustains — the hope of
reaching home.

"SWEETIE IN GAOL"

A number of boys on pleasure bent,
Into Southampton one day went.
Of passes they'd little time to think,
For their main idea was a darn good drink.

Among the bunch was the "Hat Hound" Sweet,
Who loved his liquor and things to eat.
The Army was licked, he believed, for a while,
As he walked down the street with a happy smile.

But soon came about the unforeseen,
In the shape of a gentle but firm Marine.
He asked for the passes, to no avail.
So he hustled the bunch around to Gaol.

They were ushered into a little place,
Where an English Officer, face to face,
Demanded their names, and then watches too.
Poor "Sweetie" didn't know what to do!

With his watch he evidently had to part,
And the thought of it nearly broke his heart;
But he handed it over with courage slack,
And said, "Am I going to get it back?"

The Officer's face turned to vivid red.
"You're dealing with gentlemen here," he said;
And added, as "Sweetie" began to pale,
"You're not in a blooming American jail."

Stripped of their trinkets, the party went
Behind the bars, to think and repent
Of how each one was a silly ass
To invade Southampton without a pass.

But soon from out their "dungeon damp"
They were speedily hustled back to camp.
"Herb" got his watch, and he smiled once more
As he and his comrades walked out the door.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE

I

The Christmas season came anon,
Yet joy and wine and feast were lacking.
Oh! how to taste that fatted goose
The only one in town a-quacking?

II

The town belle owned the luscious bird —
Now, who's the one to handy phrases?
What Romeo can charm her heart?
Who best can lilt in Sapphic praises?

III

Ah! Harold Church, our Charming Prince.
You are the man, there's no denying,
Of Eros sing to Juliet,
And soon the plump goose will be frying.

IV

Church lisped as sweet as songs of birds
That nest in cypresses and myrtles.
His Grecian face and azure eyes
Reminded her of the mud-turtles.

V

In pity she brought forth the goose.
"Just twenty francs," with smile disarming.
The bird was won, the feast prepared,
More power to you, Brave Prince Charming!

INADVERTENTLY

Being a poetic version of how Private Ballou dared to laugh at our one-time Colonel "Micky" Smith, and incidentally got away with it.

At Retreat one night at the echelon,
The Colonel was dressing the battery down
For the débris and dust and papers found
In the barracks and trenches and on the ground.

Some men had gas masks and some had not;
For the ones who hadn't, he made it hot;
In vain I tried to suppress a smile,
But I chuckled inwardly all the while.

The Colonel noticed my seeming glee,
And strolled down the ranks in front of me,
"I want to see you," he curtly said,
And I fell out of ranks to where he led.

With eyes that glittered like little sparks,
He said, "What's so amusing in my remarks?"
If I had told him exactly why I smiled,
My words would probably have made him wild.

So I answered most deferentially
Saying, "Sir, I smiled *inadvertently*."
The magic effect of this word of mine
Was noticed by all the men in line.

Guards

NIGHT was falling — cold, wet, and dreary — when the order to move was given and you picked up your roll and hit the pike that led to No Man's Land.

Day was breaking when you were finally given the order to halt. You'd walked all night and were weary, and footsore and hungry. You dropped your pack, fervently thankful that for a few short hours you'd rest and sleep. And then —

"You're on guard — 1st shift horse lines — ten to two" — just time to throw your things into a corner, snatch a cup of coffee, and then four long hours with the horses. Maybe you grumbled a bit, and perhaps a cuss or two dropped out, but that was all. You stood your shift, and when the call came to get under way again that night you were there, tired but cheerful, pack and all.

That was before November 11th broke up the Kaiser's little party and started us on the long, long road for home. That was when things weren't breaking just right and Mr. Boche was sitting tight just over 'cross the way.

But November 11th — something snapped that day.

"You're on guard — 2nd shift — ten to two."

"The Hell I am. I gotta sore foot, and Doc Hascall told me to go easy on it. You haven't got a chance of makin' me walk post today."

Why was it? What had changed him? He was always so decent about a little guard duty in those good old days when the guns were talking.

"You're on guard today. Formal guard mount at 4 this afternoon."

"No siree, I ain't. I know 15 men in this —— outfit who haven't stood a guard for over six weeks."

"Who are they? Can you name one?"

"Sure I can. But you don't think I'd squeal, do you? It ain't up to me to find 'em. That's your job."

Funny — he was always a sure bet when there was a bit of extra work to do around the guns.

"Hey, you're on guard."

"Aw, lay off, there's 65 replacements in the Battery. Haven't they been here long enough to get their names on the Roster? Give us old ones a chance once in a while, will you?"

And so it would go — one version or another, but at bottom the same old story. It was simply that you didn't want the job and if there was any way to squeeze out of it, you'd find it. There was a reason for it, too, the best one in the world.

The purpose had gone from the life — the war was over, and you'd seen the enemy go back over the hills from whence he came. In your own little sphere you'd done your best and done your bit, cheerfully and manfully. That chapter was ended. Duty, once done so thoroughly and without complaint, had become the veriest drudgery. You had written "Finis" at the bottom of your page, and no one could censure you.

Mail

A MAIL ORDERLY is a man who used to be a soldier, but he saw something that looked good and, like Marc Antony, he fell. At times, when he is reminded of the soft job he has, he turns sadly away and his face bears the look of a child who has just discovered there is no Santa Claus; of the youth who finds that babies are not the result of holding hands. No matter how fresh his outlook has been, he becomes a cynic; the veil of illusion has been torn from his eyes and the world stands before him as it is. He knows about the mail.

There are two classes of mail, first and second class; therefore there are two questions to answer: "Are there any first class?" and "Is there any second class?" But unfortunately, there is only one class of damn fool to ask, and the questions are never answered.

First class mail is of several kinds. There is the straight stuff, in which class we find the letters from mother, father, and sister. These are snatched, read hurriedly, and then the mail orderly is supposed to seat himself and listen to some complacent ass tell him that "Mother just wrote that the 26th Division is coming home," that "Father has a new cane," and that "Uncle George and Grandpa have just passed away with the flu." There is the secret stuff, usually ugly addressed, which is another class in a feminine hand. Sometimes the recipient sees the letter and takes it as though it were a lot of Ming Porcelain, and goes with his precious burden to some quiet place, there to dream alone like so many other imbeciles before him. But the bold livers, the Bill Harts, shout loudly, "Ah, a letter from the girl," and, with a gusto, to tear it open and read the most precious parts where the great, big, duty, he-man is called "Dear dewdrop." These letters always bear many kisses and a photograph which is shown the mail orderly. "She's the most beautiful girl in the world" murmers the fatuous, very softly, and then looks at the man who holds the picture. "She is," murmurs the mail orderly, "she sure is," as he regards the snub-nosed, straggly-haired phantoms pictured. And then is launched a tale of love that is stopped only when the mail orderly walks slowly away.

Then there are the camouflaged, concealed weapon letters. They contain gum or chocolate or a pair of socks, a pair of pink wristlets or a silk handkerchief or any other useful article which will fit into an envelope. The recipient opens these letters, shows the M. O. the gum or chocolate, and says "Now, isn't that damned clever? No one would think of that but Aunt Harriet." The M. O. says "No," and adds to himself "no, no one but the aunts and cousins and sisters of the other 200,000 in the A. E. F." And does he get some of the gum or chocolate? He does not. No, to him fall the wristlets, and he is so offended if he doesn't get a single kiss after the presentation.

Then there are many letters when many dollars are planted in the M. O.'s face with an air of "Well, you poor guys depend on your pay, but me — Well —." The M. O.

is then invited to the nearest café or Y. M. C. A.(?) Not. If he is to participate in the proceeds, it is only after a long night's work and many pleadings with Little Joe and Big Dick. If a little American money comes from "Sister, she's always so thoughtful," or the M. O. sees fit to recall a little matter of a "few dollars I let you take the second day at Boxford," the owner of the bill turns away with "When I get a little French money I'll fix this up, but this American money ———."

There is the shock letter, the blow beneath the belt, the stab in the dark. These letters, which became more and more frequent as the war progressed, contain the news that "and so Lieutenant I. Waite, of the Ordnance Department and I have just been married, and we are so happy, and, anyway, you'll find lots of others better than poor me, and you just ought to see him in his uniform, etc. The recipient snatches it hastily, and, if he is a wise bird and has had premonitions of the impending blow, carries it away to get behind some barn as quietly as possible. But the unsuspecting one, the fellow who can't imagine he's falling for anybody else, has been known to open his in public. He has read it through once. Then he asks some friend of his if it is written in English or Russian. He reads it again. He wonders. It sinks in. Then he curses softly, looks about until his eyes strike a "Vin" sign. Later that night three or four struggling comrades carry home a limp form from whose lips came the strain of "Someone else may be there while I'm gone." And somehow it's M. O. gets blamed. As though he were a home-wrecker who was doing business on a large scale.

And the officers' mail. Officers, by reason of their superiority, expect more mail than privates, and they don't get it. The only way some of them could get letters would be by writing to themselves, and then probably they wouldn't know enough to address them properly. And they are privileged to demand it in a beastly way. Other soulful C. O.'s have been known to fire a mail orderly because they didn't get a letter from a friend or wife, who, he discovered later, has eloped with a travelling man from Toledo. And when they do get letters they don't thank one for them. No, they turn away and ask to be let alone in their own atmosphere, undisturbed. But, thank God, they don't read their letters aloud to the M. O.

Second class mail is of three classes. "Ah, more magazines," and "Fine, that package," and "Damned old Newspapers." Magazines are gladly received, but were we to ask to borrow a magazine — well, that's an insult.

Guarding Christmas Packages at Coëtquidan

Packages are received greedily and then tucked under the arm. "My, there's only a pound of fudge, a hundred Rameses and fifty Romeo and Juliets in this one." Then the owner, with an air of disappointment, and "Oh, I wouldn't insult you by offering you this cheap stuff," goes quietly to his bunk to consume the dainties.

Packages from England are always the source of much amusement. They contain one can of spaghetti, one can of dry biscuits, some gum which is plainly marked to chew

(otherwise, the man might use it to mend a leaky boot), several nuts in the nude, and some English honey which tastes like sandy beeswax. And the cheerful thought is that these cost the folks at home only $20.

Continental mail is of various kinds. There is the letter from a friend who is a member of the Bordeaux Fire Department, who says "We haven't had a fire yet, but feel that we are doing our bit to help you up there. God, how I wish I could get up there! Last night we only had pie and ice cream, but the mess sergeant was fired this morning, and the mess'll be better next week." There's the letter from the girl whom someone met in a certain city in France. This is either written in English comme ca, "I glad you is were happy me," or in French, when the sad-faced recipient will insist that the M. O. translate it. There is the letter from some bankers' firm in Paris, which informs one merely that by employing two or three attorneys, writing a dozen letters and making two trips to Bar-le-Duc, one may get the 10 francs which Uncle Joe sent seven months ago.

There are many questions which the guileless can ask. The most important and commonest, "Is there any mail in today?" This is asked at any time, and in any place, by every man, at least five times a day. The chosen time is when the Battery is miles from the post office, has had no communication with the outside world for several days, and hasn't even had rations. Then some open-faced soldier, who classed X2 in the mentality tests, sidles up and asks hopefully, "Any mail today?" When the negative comes back to him somewhat sharply, he waddles away grieved because the clerk hasn't written some letters himself to be passed around. Men who haven't a friend in the world but a fond mother who has often entertained doubts as to her wisdom in letting it live, men who wouldn't get letters unless they wrote to themselves, and then probably would get the address wrong, ask, "Is there any mail today?"

But the most pleasant time is when the M. O. is staggering under a load of two or three bags of letters. Then the question "Is there any mail today?" elicits such a bright and clever answer from the happy M. O. as "No, this is just a few old letters I'm taking out for a walk."

Another point is, "Is there any letters for me?" The poor M. O. has probably sorted several thousand letters that day, but he is supposed to remember whether there is mail for everyone in the Battery. The asker is usually one of those who rate 0 in popularity and would be the last man one would notice in a crowd of a thousand.

Another is, "Will there be any mail in this week?" — thus implying that the M. O. is some new prophet just come to greatness. "Why didn't I get a letter today?" usually implies that the M. O. is a scoundrel and thief who takes a delight in seizing upon letters and hiding them to read them at some midnight revelry and then to throw them away. The questions are always the same, as the bright minds which originate them must forever rest after the colossal work.

The first duty of the M. O. when the Battery moves to another place is to put up a mail box. This is always placed in a conspicuous place but is seldom used. No, it is much better to pass the letter to the M. O. than to put it in a box whose sole purpose is to receive mail. Thus the M. O. is weighted down with many letters, and the only time he ever feels guilty is when he puts his hand in his coat pocket and finds the torn fragments of a seven-months-old letter which has never been mailed.

Letters once received are taken to an officer who proceeds to hide them away and forget them. Supposedly they are censored, but often they are laid carefully away and never returned. However, there are officers who take genuine delight in reading the choicer bits aloud to confreres who laugh loudly, especially those whose ears are built too close to the top of their heads and who write letters home only with the aid of a friend who has had the advantage of a common school education. One kind officer was even careful enough to punctuate the letters, and in the balmy days when censorship was in force — but enough has been said of the asininity of the censorship. It need not be treated here.

The mail is then given to the M. O. If he has asked the officers to keep the flaps free, he finds them all carefully tucked in. But were he to ask that they be tucked in, he will be sure to find them all neatly left out. After he has got the letters in shape he takes them to the Regimental Post Office, from whence they are despatched somehow during the month.

It's a gay life, and when the M. O. gladly lays down the cares of office to walk once more in the open, to face his fellows fearlessly, he has become a blighted being, a cynic whose outlook in life has become forever darkened.

Billets-doux from Jane

le 1ci January, 1919

Meaux

Well deard William, Here is the first day by the year is me seem sorrowful because you are far by mi.

I hope that you have found one dictionary and that you have written ci mi.

I should like you see

I should very happy for the time me seem long. I hope what you will have one permission before you to set on Amerique and what I should the large pleasure by you see

in hope by receive so on by your news deard William

I you send me best kiss

Jane

le 19 December, 1918

Meaux

Well deard William I have received your letter and i am ver happy

I believe that you had forget mi and had much by sorrow for i you love with whole my heart

I should like you see it me seem there is very a time that i you ci sight.

I have been ci Paris saturday 14 december see the President Wilson it y had much by Soldat american and i have much thought ci you i should have been very happy that you be with mi.

I hope that this will be soon and that you will remain with mi always.

I will that you writing often ci mi.

You say ci mi upon your near letter when is hoisey est ce in France

cher William je you send mes most sweet thought and me best kiss

Your small betrothal

Jane

The Discovery and Development of the Y-Line

THE Y-line is a line that runs through every battery position. It is laid there by the executive officer, and the guns are laid beside it. It bears the same relation to artillery that the skirmish line bears to the infantry. A battery position without a Y-line is powerless.

In the olden days when Battery A was campaigning in the Wilderness and was knocking 'em dead from Atlanta to the Sea, a Y-line was unheard of. But in those days it was not needed. That was before the days of trick firing, before the days of "Right two, elevation the same." In those days Betsy and her sisters were lined up with the infantry, and as the grey-coated rebels advanced across the field of battle, the only command was "Give 'em grape," and the gunners proceeded to roll a cast-iron ball down the muzzle, strike a match, ignite the fuse and help the venerable doughboys who were draped over and around the gun to pick off as many of the enemy as possible.

But with the advent of modern warfare, it became necessary to change the method of fighting. Artillery is now required to hide itself from view behind some hill where it can blast away at some cemetery or cross roads. Its mission is no longer to kill the enemy, but to destroy buildings, churn up the landscape, and to muss up things in general. With these targets obscured from the view of the gunners, new methods had to be devised — hence the Y-line.

As far as can be determined, the discovery of the Y-line was made by a member of Battery A. This information was ascertained from captured German documents which accredit the discovery to Ira Laxton. The facts of the case are not given in the documents, but the incident to which it refers happened during the early days at Coëtquidan. The discovery was quite accidental. The battery was on the range, ready to fire, but there was a hitch somewhere. O'Connor was squinting through the aiming circle when someone stepped into his line of vision. "Hey, you ham, get off the Y-line," politely yelled O'Connor. "What'sthatwhat'sthatwhat'sthat?" replied helpful Ira, "You say you want a Y-line, I'll get one for you."

Thus was achieved the hitherto unachievable. It marked the turning point of the war. Within one year to a day, the Central Empires had been driven to the wall and the German envoys had affixed their signatures to the armistice terms, thus bringing to a close the bloodiest war in the world's history. The discovery of the Y-line, and its subsequent development, sounded the death knell for militarism.

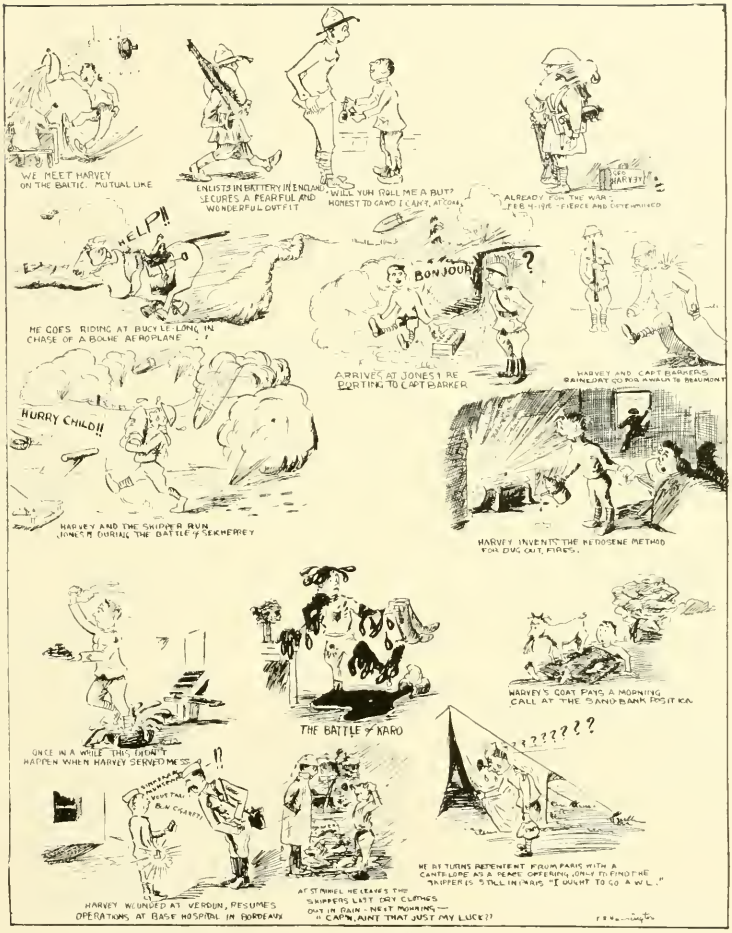
The whole world honors the two— Ira, the discoverer; "Oky," the developer. Belgium is now avenged, the invader has been driven from the sacred soil of France, and the world is now a better place in which to live.

Down at the Stables at Coky

Lieutenant Cox: "What's your name?"
Houle: "Houle, sir."
Lieutenant Cox: "You. What's your name?"
Houle: "Houle, sir."
Lieutenant Cox: "Don't ask me who again. What's your name?"
Houle: "Houle, H-O-U-L-E — Houle, sir."


ART FREY leaves "Coxi" with lighted candle in his pack
BILL MOIPH'S ossified duck at "Coxi"
Mardi:- Never put Camouflage over trenches "Bucy"
Bud spoils stove and Frey's suit at St Michel-en-the-hill
"Rummage" starts souvenir collection Feb 1918.
McGawdn's wild ride- or why I am a mope
"Cohen" gets "sick" on way to replacement camp!
Julie" Saucke sleeps in a bunk just vacated by a Spinal Meningitis patient at Pongeval
"PO" Abbett sleeps in a shell hole at Chateau-Thierry The morning after
I WHAT GOT NO TOOOLS MISTER
Marcil refuses to allow our new chaplain to call him "Dee" at Bray
"For Gawds sake let's get out o this Hell Hole" A nameless party at Death Valley
Marcil explains to the general at Coxi

"Glassford's Trench Mortars" and plan of campaign for the Spring of 1917. Lucky the war ended!



Day By Day With Harvey—

SOCIETÉ DE MOPREY

Honor Roll

PRESIDENT
Mope Mc Gowan

VICE PRESIDENT
Mope Ainsworth

GUARDIAN of the FISH
Mope Gorham

SERIOUS OLD SEXTON
Mope Damon

FORESTER DE NUIT
Mope Frey

LITTLE NELL
Mope Cleaveland

BREW
Mope Abbott

LANCE CORPORAL
Mope Hanlon

DICTATOR
Mope Burton

FATIMA
Mope Downey

BONES
Mope Gibson

PRINCE CHARMING
Mope Church

LE MAIRE DE BAR-LE-DUC
Mope Bud Harrington

TAPS
Mope Bill Murphy

CUSTODIAN of SEAWEED
Mope Robinson

FAMINE
Mope Saacke

WIRE TAPPER
Mope Sheldon

SPANISH MICKEY
Mope Dowe

SOBRIETY
Mope Mc Kenna

INTERPRETER
Mope O'Connor

INTERLOCUTOR
Mope Stimpson

CHERRY
Mope Maloy

Organized in France by the first troops of the A.E.F., the seeds of our peaceful, non-combatant, always hungry and sleepy order were sown in Battery A as soon as we set foot on the land of sweet wine and Talcum powder. The petite seeds soon germinated in the Battery until the most active and highest honored chapter in the A.E.F. was formed and under the leadership of our worthy President has continued as such to the present day. The honors conferred upon our chapter of Le Societé de Moprey are self expressive of their significance, and better exemplified by the fact that not one of our brother Mopes should he stay awake long enough to read this epitaph, could control his passion and restrain the salty tears from his drowsy eyes when he gazes upon the Moprey Chevron with its four stripes each significant of itself. And the seaweed which is festooned upon it and camouflages our fish and protects our little deceased friend from the outside bye. We are a harmless unconscious lot of inhuman being's bound together and to each other by a trance which ever keeps us mulled in the arms of slumber and qualifies us as mopes

Overheard at Vicq

MacMillan (just returned from hospital): "I see Captain Houghteling wears two service stripes."

Hill: "Yep — one for each day on the front."

Mac: So? Tell me, Bunker, how long since you have been wearing your second one?"

Corporal Saacke (vainly trying to mobilize his gas guard): "Where is Roger Williams?"

Downey: "Between Elmwood and Broad, why?"

Sergeant Adams (in the cave at Banc Pierre): "Come on, roll out, you bums, and unload this wagon."

Pettee: "The first hundred thousand never'll die in action; they'll all be hounded to death."

Kid Harvey—Philosopher

"The Army," said the Kid one day to Sergeant Weeden, "is a funny thing, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the Sergeant, "I suppose that in spite of its many manifestations of sad inefficiency, it might, in some respects, be considered funny, or at least, incongruous."

"Well, what I mean," explained the Kid, "is this: If we were in civil life I wouldn't work for you, and you wouldn't hire me, would you?"

"That," admitted the Sergeant, "is so."

"And yet," continued the Kid, "we're here in the Army, and I've got to keep on working for you, and you can't fire me!"

A Coëtquidan Drama in One Act

Scene: The mess shack. Jack Rhoads has just horned into the mess line of seconds for another full mess-kit of Sam Phillips' daily stew. K. P.'s and cooks are busy about their various duties under the watchful eye of Sam. Suddenly Corporal Crum dashes madly up to the kitchen.

Corporal Crum (in tone of authority): "Save mess for two men and a corporal."

Cook Wood (repeating the call to a private nearer the stew): "Save mess for three men."

Corporal Crum: "No! Two men and a corporal."

Whereupon the K. P.'s saluted Corporal Crum and proceeded about their duties.

Art. Frey (at Coky): Mademoiselle — Havez-vous de jam?

Mlle.: Ah, oui, M'sieu! — and proceeded to show the jambes.

Pete, the Greek (to American Sailor in Paris): "Hey, Buddy, what outfit?"

Eye am going to make these woods safe for artillery.— HARRINGTON.

I have met the enemy, and he is mine.— JONES, St. Mihiel.

If they want war, let them commence now.—TARBELL, Bordeaux, August, 1918.

Who in hell will I line myself on?—MARSHALL, Boxford.

"I hear Hoozis has got Bright's disease."
"What's Bright's disease?"
"Cold feet and bad teeth."

Captain Barker: "Well, Sweet, why do you wish a transfer to G. H. Q.?"
The Mad Hatter: "They wear clean clothes and get paid on the 10th of the month."

Clerk: "What is your occupation in civil life?"
Schwall: "Night watchman."
Clerk: "Have you any other occupation?"
Schwall: "Sure, day watchman."

Clerk: "What is your occupation in civilian life?"
S. Ainsworth: "Never did a stroke of work in my life."

Otto von Hindenburg (at Vicq — time, 4 A. M.): "Hannaway — get up."
Harold Hangover: "What for?"
O. von H.: "You are on detail at the railhead. Roll your three blankets and get up to Regimental H. Q., tout de suite."
H. H.: "God, Sergeant Soban, I can't go on that detail."
O. von H.: "Well, why not?"
H. H.: "Haven't got three blankets, only got two."

H. P. P. Church (to Hicks): "What is your street address?"
Hicks (N. A. Replacement): "Ain't got none; live on a farm."

Al Walker (to John Henry Richardson): "Do they shoot crap in Maine?"
J. H. R.: "No, they kill 'em with clubs."

Scott (to 3rd Section, on the plains at Combres): "Turn that gun in and draw a mess-kit."
West: "What in hell could we put to eat in a mess-kit down here?"

Lieutenant Shriver: "Monsieur, attendez une moment, ecoutez bien. Est-ce-que vous me disez le route au Banc de Pierre?"
Soldat Francais: "Sure, take your right beyond the ammunition dump, then go straight ahead. Is that all?"
Lieutenant Shriver: "Oui, m'sieur, merci m'sieur, au revoir, m'sieur."

Operator at Jones I: "Call for Lt. Frost."
Lieutenant Frost: "On the way."
Voice from within: "It's a dud."

Some of the Men of the 103rd Regiment at Officers' School, Saumur, France

The Original Floating Gun-crew

First Section

Second Section

Third Section

Fourth Section

Fifth Section

Sixth Section

Seventh Section

Eighth Section

Ninth Section

Tenth Section


DIARY

Diary

July 23, 1917 — Detail of 5 officers and 32 men leave Mounted Commands Armory and hike over road with horses and material, to Quonset, to pitch camp.

July 24, 1917 — Birthday of our first rumor. "The battery will hike to Juarez for battalion maneuvers."

July 25, 1917 — Battery A declares war, and parades.

July 26, 1917 — And trolleys to Quonset Point. "Gene" Hayden already licked. "Damn this war anyway," he says.

July 27, 1917 — Mother Mason gives special quarters to a few of the boys in the pretty white tent at the end of the street.

July 28, 1917 — Cleaned guns in the a. m. No drills in p. m. Ten per cent. get 24-hour passes to homes.

July 29, 1917 — Jack McGee flies down to camp and is immediately swallowed up in the 5,000 odd fathers, mothers, and loving relatives who are visiting the husky warriors.

July 30, 1917 — Physical examination in afternoon. Five men disqualified for Federal Service

July 31, 1917 — 100 degrees in the shade. Too hot to swim.

August 1, 1917 — Gun drill and equitation in morning. Dismounted drill in afternoon. Swimming after drill.

August 2, 1917 — Initial muster of all troops at Camp Beeckman completed by Major Roberts.

August 3, 1917 — Drivers take horses to water. Horses take drivers back.

August 4, 1917 — Musician Siegel climbs atop a horse to see what sort of a view he can get.

August 5, 1917 — National Guard of U. S. drafted into Federal Service. "Ducky" Marshall returns from Washington, D. C.

August 6, 1917 — Second week starts with regular drill schedule.

August 7, 1917 — First string gun squads announced.

August 8, 1917 — Shower baths completed.

August 9, 1917 — First instruction on the rolling barrage for the cannoneers.

August 10, 1917 — Heavy rain in morning causes flood in battery street. Cake, which Laffey had hidden under bunk till the gang is asleep, ruined. Battery sits for picture in p. m.

August 11, 1917 — It pays to advertise. A pair of spurs and a white collar put Mara on the map. He is sped on his way to Pawtucket with full military honors.

August 12, 1917 — Third Sunday brings no decrease in throng of visitors. The deadly big 3" batteries again explained to the fair sex.

August 13, 1917 — Drivers forsake the baby carriages for the real thing.

August 14, 1917 — Border Veterans inoculated for paratyphoid.

August 15, 1917 — Del Papa and Underwood discharged from service for physical disability. Four-day hike for service firing at Matunuck announced.

August 16, 1917 — Sergeants Cantwell, Braman, and Dodworth leave for Plattsburg. "Tom" Ryan appointed "Top."

August 17, 1917 — "Thunderfoot" Parsons and "Jim Coyle" Howard enlist in battery and are issued some snappy uniforms. Horses and ordnance loaded on train at Davisville.

August 18, 1917 — First call at 4:30. Broke camp and entrained at Davisville at 1:00 p. m., arriving at Boxford at 8:45. Worked nearly all night unloading trains and pitching camp.

August 19, 1917 — After two hours' sleep, we go to work pitching camp.

August 20, 1917 — Inspection of equipment by camp commander. Battery street embellished with trick decorations for the crowds of visitors who are expected.

August 21, 1917 — Battery A, R. I. F. A., made Battery A, 103rd F. A. Harness inspected by Colonel Starbird. Medical officers look over rating for intellectual zeros at Camp Headquarters.

August 22, 1917 — Troop M pulls in during the early morning hours. Regular drill schedule effective. Gunners' exams. announced.

August 23, 1917 — Examination for heart and lung disorders at Headquarters. Second paratyphoid inoculation for old men. Extra cots drawn. Five per cent. of battery now sleeping off the ground.

August 24, 1917 — Thirty-five men take gunners' exams. in a. m. Harold Hangover enlists in battery.

August 25, 1917 — Woolen uniforms and third blanket issued. Packing of ordnance started.

August 26, 1917 — Balch, Livesey and Mara tear themselves away from battery and go to Brigade Headquarters and are replaced by 63 R. I. Coast men.

August 27, 1917 — Coast Artillerymen assigned to sections as drivers. Haversacks and canteens issued.

August 28, 1917 — Coast Artillerymen take horses to water once. Coast Artillerymen transfer to gun crews.

August 29, 1917 — Corporal Rhoads starts building third incinerator. Thirteen private horses accepted by Government.

August 30, 1917 — General Edwards reviews 51st F. A. Brigade.

August 31, 1917 — Ramage and Siegel appointed buglers, and Babcock commissioned Mechanic. Battery mustered by Major Hamilton. Thirty-seven private horses returned to Providence.

September 1, 1917 — Regular Saturday a. m. inspection. First Class Privates Coyle and Little from duty to sick in quarters. Payroll signed. McElroy goes on pass to Providence to enlist a barber.

September 2, 1917 — Ten per cent. of battery goes home, and the remaining ninety per cent. entertains parents in camp. Corporal Rhoads gets furlough to take examinations for air service. Barber shops closed (Sunday); no luck for McElroy.

September 3, 1917 — Labor Day. Barber shops closed; no luck for McElroy. Johnnie Astor shot by vet. because of broken leg. Swimming in pond prohibited on account of glanders. New drill schedule effective.

September 4, 1917 — Nine R. I. C. A. non-coms return to forts to hold grades. Review of Rhode Island troops by Governor Beeckman. Sam Phillips appointed Mess Sergeant. Tuesday. Barber shops closed. McElroy has no luck, but is still hopeful.

September 5, 1917 — McElroy continues search. Miniature whirlwind tears up a few tents.

September 6, 1917 — Battery bathed in old mudhole.

September 7, 1917 — Aspinwall hobbles in from Pawtucket to report for duty. Appointment of N. C. O.'s and Privates 1st Class announced. That's the first step upward. Ellis T., keep up your courage! Friday. McElroy returns to camp without a barber. 101st pulls out.

September 8, 1917 — Guns and caissons loaded on train and shipped to Yaphank. McElroy gets week-end pass.

September 9, 1917 — Private Packer killed at East Providence while on pass.

September 10, 1917 — Battery reorganized from nine to ten sections to conform to new tables of organization.

September 11, 1917 — Woolen uniforms issued. Work on embarkation rosters started.

September 12, 1917 — Major Hamilton takes the battalion for a hike, and gets lost.

September 13, 1917 — Advance guard of peerless Somerville contingent. Cohan and Axel enlist in battery. Pay day.

September 14, 1917 — Bilideau, Vance, Healy, and Lavimoniere transferred to Battery B, 1st Maine Heavy Field Artillery.

September 15, 1917 — Cohen and Axel say it is all right — so "Fat" Parks came in. Bob and Chauncey start one week's K. P. at 4:30 a. m., and for seven mornings their argument with Knapp makes sleep impossible at head of street.

September 16, 1917 — Fully four men spend Sunday in camp. Runx, Weeden and Sweet out all night(?)

September 17, 1917 — Metal identification tags issued. Mufflers, helmets, and wristers issued by Red Cross.

September 18, 1917 — Rain in morning affords opportunity for a few radical changes in financial condition of several officers and men, who sought shelter in the Top's tent.

September 19, 1917 — The man who made 185 famous, enlists in battery.

September 20, 1917 — Batteries C and D file silently out of camp for unknown destination. Sh!

September 21, 1917 — 102nd leaves. Russ Sisson leaves the Battery for first line trenches in Ordnance Department, Washington D. C. Bob and Chauncey complete week's K. P. Skipper catches up on sleep.

September 22, 1917 — Regular Saturday inspection by Major Hamilton and Colonel Smith. Eight men from National Army Cantonment, Ayer, Mass., assigned to battery. The little white tent at the end of the street now pretty well filled.

September 23, 1917 — Chauncey Langdon realizes ambitions. He transfers to Ordnance and sews on those chevrons he has been carrying around for the last two years.

September 24, 1917 — Two men and Tarbell appointed Corporals. Issue of rifles. Rolling kitchen.

September 25, 1917 — Billy Wood signs long-term contract with Sam Phillips. Captain Beagle visits camp. Barracks bags packed and verified.

September 26, 1917 — Football practice starts with squad of over forty men. Inspection in full marching order. Ten drafted men arrive.

September 27, 1917 — Ducky Marshall utters the immortal words and tells three colonels and two majors how it happened.

September 28, 1917 — Bishop Perry holds services for 103rd Regiment, on hillside near Camp Headquarters, in morning. Monty Wade breaks collar bone in football practice.

September 29, 1917 — Karl Moore decides to do all his investigating of gas shells in Washington, rather than Mandres, so he transfers.

September 30, 1917 — Battery mustered by Major Hamilton. First Sergeant Ryan commissioned Second Lieutenant.

October 1, 1917 — Sergeant Adams appointed Top. Ten more men from Devens assigned to battery, bringing it to required strength.

October 2, 1917 — No more passes allowed in regiment, due to embarkation orders. Major Twachtman talks on dugouts.

October 3, 1917 — Lieutenant Ryan "borrows" Bill Murphy's Stetson for a few days.

October 4, 1917 — Eight more men from Devens assigned to battery. Inspection under full pack by battery officers. Kittredge carried "missing in action" at Lawrence.

October 5, 1917 — Kittredge relieves Handy on incinerator.

October 6, 1917 — Final embarkation rosters made out. Battery X and the Turkish barber assigned to battery for transportation to France.

October 7, 1917 — Barracks bags carried to station and loaded on train. No passes granted, but visitors are many. Our last night in the U. S. A.

October 8, 1917 — Broke camp at 11 a. m. Sweepie loses hat at 11:01, 11:31, 12:30, 12:31. Left grounds at 1:50 p. m. Entrained at 2:10. Still no hat for Sweepie at 2:11.

October 9, 1917 — Arrived Harlem, via Lowell, Springfield, New Haven, at 3:40 a. m. Boarded steamer "Grand Republic." Arrive Pier 6:00 a. m., and embark White Star Liner "Baltic." Sailed 12:25 p. m. Men below decks until at sea. "'Eads up, lads, 'ot stuff."

October 10, 1917 — At Sea. After consulting the compass, Hoar discovers we are bound for South Carolina. Tarbellism in morning. Assignment to lifeboats in afternoon.

October 11, 1917 — Land sighted 7:00 a. m. Drop anchor outer basin of Halifax harbor at 11:00 a. m. No shore leaves.

October 12, 1917 — Calisthenics, 9:00 a. m. Gambling, 10:00 a. m.

October 13, 1917 — Last letters mailed from America.

October 14, 1917 — Under way 3:20 p. m., as flagship of convoy of nine vessels. Converted liner only armed protection.

October 15, 1917 — Boxing in p. m. Convoy adopts zigzag course.

October 16, 1917 — As the "Baltic" passes over the grave of the "Titanic," Sweet Walter Herbert loses another hat.

October 17, 1917 — Battery furnishes ship's guard.

October 18, 1917 — Siegel smokes in his sleep, 11:00 p. m.

October 19, 1917 — Convoy reaches danger zone. Sleeping on deck becomes suddenly popular.

October 20, 1917 — Warning of German raider forces convoy to change course.

October 21, 1917 — Heavy sea this morning. Destroyers pick up convoy at 3:00 p. m.

October 22, 1917 — Lighthouse on Scotch coast sighted 8:30 p. m.

October 23, 1917 — Entered mouth of Mersey River 4:00 p. m. Anchored 7:00 p. m. in Liverpool harbor. Harvey enlists and salvages uniform.

October 24, 1917 — First call 4:30 a. m. Disembarked at Riverside station at 10:30. Hot coffee at Birmingham. Arrived in Southampton 8:30, and hiked to rest camp on common.

October 25, 1917 — Short rations, thin bankrolls, large appetites, and busy pawnshops. Red Brown develops a thirst.

October 26, 1917 — Gibson, Gil Brown, Lake, Pettee, and Sweepie visit the Southampton jail.

October 27, 1917 — Orders to leave camp given and rescinded.

October 28, 1917 — See October 27th.

October 29, 1917 — We roll our rolls again in morning and finally, at 2:00, battery leaves rest camp, arriving at dock at 4:00 p. m. On board S. S. Viper at 6:00 p. m. No gambling that night.

October 30, 1917 — Reveille 6.00 a. m. — yesterday. After hearty breakfast, battery disembarks at LeHavre and totters to rest camp. One franc given to every man, by Major Hamilton.

October 31, 1917 — No reveille. Mustered by Battalion Commander at 9.30 a. m. Travel rations issued. Left camp at 4:00 p. m. Entrained 7:00 p. m., 40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux.

November 1, 1917 — En route. Stopped at Laval for coffee. Arrived in Guer at 11:30 p. m., and carried to Camp de Coëtquidan in trucks.

November 2, 1917 — Beds and mattresses issued. First mail received. Started on soup diet.

November 3, 1917 — Day spent in thorough cleanup from trip. Tetreault lines up with German prisoners at mess, to get a square meal.

November 4, 1917 — First instruction given to N. C. O.'s on new guns. Details sent to telephone and radio schools. Border veterans celebrate in evening.

November 5, 1917 — First gun drill. Very snappy lecture, in evening, by Major Rushford of 102nd, illustrated. Horrible example on screen proves too much for Caruolo, who faints.

November 6, 1917 — Donovan takes out license for parlors.

November 7, 1917 — The early bird eats the worm and collects five francs.

November 8, 1917 — Commenced service fire at 1:00 p. m. First battery of National Guard to fire 155 mm. howitzer.

November 9, 1917 — Plympton, Yeilush and Perry play cards late, and are discovered by Sergeant Adams violating the 96th Article of War against the barracks.

November 10, 1917 — Epidemic of laryngitis breaks out.

November 11, 1917 — The Rainbow Artillery begins to arrive. The first American artillery to reach France, after us. Day spent in moving beds and equipment to new quarters.

November 12, 1917 — General Summerall assumes command of camp and our beds.

November 13, 1917 — Service firing.

November 14, 1917 — Captain Barker straightens out several matters concerning food, pay, equipment, etc. Metcalf misses his eggs.

November 15, 1917 — Service firing. Tetreault now eating with battery again.

November 16, 1917 — Signed payroll. But — what of it?

November 17, 1917 — Runx scratches up some chicken feed for our next 100 breakfasts.

November 18, 1917 — Danny Byrom from duty to lead. Inspection 8.00 a. m. The wealthy see Rennes. Tobacco issue from the "New York Sun."

November 19, 1917 — Moved gun and caisson, by hand, to new position on range.

November 20, 1917 — All pistols turned in to Supply Sergeant.

November 21, 1917 — Captain Barker leaves for Staff College at Langres, Haute Marne.

November 22, 1917 — Private Whipple hibernates to Camp Hospital.

November 23, 1917 — One hundred and forty-one horses arrive; branded, and assigned to battery.

November 24, 1917 — Water Call, 7:00 a. m. Attendance, 180.
Sick Call, 7:15 a. m. Attendance, 4.

November 25, 1917 — Water Call, 7:00 a. m. Attendance, 4.
Sick Call, 7:15 a. m. Attendance, 180.

November 26, 1917 — First hitch tries to move guns, but the only reliable call, "Cannoneers on the wheels," is still to be heard.

November 27, 1917 — Battery fires from position beyond Beignon.

November 28, 1917 — Sergeants Damon and MacDonald go to Saumur.

November 29, 1917 — Thanksgiving. First square meal in France.

November 30, 1917 — Special detail leaves at night for Beignon. "Little Eric," mounted on "Teeth," breaks up officers' call at gun park.

Upper picture — Embarking at Brest
Lower picture — Arriving at Boston

December 1, 1917 — Gun squads up at 4:45, and go to Beignon by truck at 6:00 for service firing.

December 2, 1917 — Governor and Mrs. Beeckman visit us, and announce gift of hut. If it's all the same, Governor, in the next war, give us the money outright.

December 3, 1917 — Service firing in the morning. Equitation in the p. m.

December 4, 1917 — Carl Wright in letter home states, "I have had a sore foot, but it's all right now. I am not worrying about drill yet."

December 5, 1917 — Lieutenants Babcock and Hartwell leave for Valalone. Machine gun squad organized. McGowan started nine months' furlough.

December 6, 1917 — Carl Wright still not worrying about drill. He's too busy assisting Cottuly with the tamper and mop. No, Carlos, you don't seal your letters in France; there are Lieutenants who are paid for that.

December 7, 1917 — Service firing.

December 8, 1917 — C Battery arrives in camp. Inspection twice by Colonel Smith. Battery receives September and October pay, and on the next morning.....

December 9, 1917 — Corporal Burton from duty to sick.

December 10, 1917 — Hard-boiled Stetsons issued.

December 11, 1917 — Sections rearranged.

December 12, 1917 — Barney Metcalf visits the 111th Regiment after Taps, and drops 400 francs.

December 13, 1917 — Lieutenant Flood attached to battery for instruction.

December 14, 1917 — Inspection by General Lassiter.

December 15, 1917 — Competitive gun drill with B.

December 16, 1917 — French Red Cross opens bazaar in camp Y. M. C. A.

December 17, 1917 — Battery hikes over road to St. Malo and back.

December 18, 1917 — Service fire all day. Mess served on range.

December 19, 1917 — Cannoneers chase pieces around parade ground all morning.

December 20, 1917 — Camp quarantined for spinal meningitis.

December 21, 1917 — Service firing all day on range. General Summerall given send-off by the 67th Brigade.

December 22, 1917 — Buffalo Bill comes to town.

December 23, 1917 — Sunday. Regular Saturday morning inspection by Mickey Smith.

December 24, 1917 — No drills. Day spent in cleaning and decorating barracks for Christmas.

December 25, 1917 — Our Day.

December 26, 1917 — The Government's Day. First of Christmas packages begin to arrive. Adams and Cleaveland overeat and are sick all night.

December 27, 1917 — Gil Brown and eight others stage a round-up between St. Nazaire and Colay.

December 28, 1917 — Cold snap. Mud frozen up.

December 29, 1917 — "Bud" Harrington, who has thrown himself into gap caused by transfer of Inf. Sgt. Major, decides time is ripe to issue rubber boots. "Bad eye" interferes with work, but finally, everyone except those who need them is supplied, Griffen drawing a pair of 6's and Eric Monroe, 12's.

December 30, 1917 — Corporal Saacke ordered to report with four-horse hitch at Brigade Headquarters at 9:00 o'clock. He reports at 11:50, and gives two reasons for being late: Lead driver, Harvey; wheel driver, Case.

December 31, 1917 — Shrapnel used on range for first time. Brown men get together in Hotel de l'Universe in evening, where more shrapnel is used at 15 francs per guest.

January 1, 1918 — Private Jenkins killed in evening.

January 2, 1918 — Five brand-new graduates of Plattsburg and Saumur issued to battery.

January 3, 1918 — Real, honest-to-God drill now. Shriver on equitation. Clifford on the guns, Stone and Cox with the pistol, and Scott on shelter tents. The Battery enjoys first real laugh since Mara got his pass to Providence. Funeral of Private Charles B. Jenkins.

January 4, 1918 — More Christmas packages arrive. Adams and Cleaveland sick again.

January 5, 1918 — Mounted inspection in the morning, by General Lassiter. Even Sam Phillips and the K. P.'s attend.

January 6, 1918 — More passes to 19 and 47.

January 7, 1918 — Marcel bucking for mail orderly, judging from inquiring visitors at his place of business.

January 8, 1918 — Snow prevents firing. Promotions and reductions announced at retreat. Mullard draws the Supply Department, and Bud Harrington now turns his attention to laundry.

January 9, 1918 — Hike started, but called off on account of ice.

January 10, 1918 — Regimental hike all day; including firing. Battery A completes problem and has lunch before rest of regiment arrive at positions.

January 11, 1918 — Lots of mud; price of rubber boots increases at 67th F. A. Brigade.

January 12, 1918 — Brigade Machine Gun test of 103rd arriving. Corporals McGowan, Plympton and Robinson on Regimental squad. Major Chaffee arrives from U. S. and takes command of 1st Battalion.

January 13, 1918 — Lieutenant Cox reads the Articles of War at retreat — with illustrations.

January 14, 1918 — Inspector-General Brewster looks over the barracks.

January 15, 1918 — Hike, under Major Chaffee — all day.

January 16, 1918 — U. S. R.'s instructed to supervise cleaning of barracks.

January 17, 1918— Lieutenants Babcock and Hartwell return from school.

January 18, 1918 — First call — 4:00 a. m. Brigade problem. A fires 160 shots before the other half of the battalion appears on scene.

January 19, 1918 — First check bath.

January 20, 1918 — The "Gold Dust Twins," Crum and Harrington, start their laundry.

January 21, 1918 — All-day hike to north of camp. Clifford has more darn fun. Cannoneers fire in gas masks, kidding chiefs of sections 'n everything.

January 22, 1918 — Colonel Smith orders laundry to move. Major Chaffee orders it to stay where it is. It stays where it is!

January 23, 1918 — Pay day 9:00 p. m. Too late in the evening to be of any importance.

January 24, 1918 — But to-night is another night! Ask Fleming or Harvey, if you don't remember.

January 25, 1918 — Six months' field service completed at 8:00 a. m.

January 26, 1918 — The 51st F. A. Brigade takes a check bath.

January 27, 1918 — Christmas packages now arriving in quantity. Poor Rex! Poor Carroll!

January 28, 1918 — Battery fired with aeroplane in morning. Sergeant Adams fired with something stronger, and invites 103rd Band to give concert in barracks in the evening.

January 29, 1918 — Judge Tarbell closes his branch Y. M. C. A. and on.....

January 30, 1918 — Sends home 2000 francs.

January 31, 1918 — Mounted inspection and muster in afternoon. Drill pay to June 30th, 1917, received.

February 1, 1918 — English gas masks issued. Barracks bags turned in.

February 2, 1918 — Gas masks tested in chamber. Another check bath. Soban starts rustling horses.

February 3, 1918 — Our last night at Coty. We bend the merry elbow.

February 4, 1918 — Left Coëtquidan at 1:45 p. m. Entrained and pulled out from Guer at 9:00 p. m.

February 5, 1918 — En route through L'Aigle, Evreux, Nantes and Creil to Mercin and Pommiers, where we detrain at 9:00 p. m.

February 6, 1918 — Column on road at 12:15 a. m. Started hike at 2:30, via Soissons to Bucy le Long, where we park and cork at 6:00. 6.01, Ramage gets first souvenir. Reveille at noon. Establish battalion echelon. French rifle bullets, steel helmets and other priceless souvenirs obtained.

February 7, 1918 — Work around echelon on incinerator, abri, etc.

February 8, 1918 — Gas masks tested in gas chamber at Bucy le Long.

February 9, 1918 — Officers leave to reconnoiter position at 10:00 a. m. Battery leaves echelon at 2:00 p. m., and moves into position at 9:00 at Banc de Pierre, north of Soissons, near Coucy le Chateau. Battery sleeps in cave on road and on.....

February 10, 1918 — This morning everyone gives first reading of shirts. Donovan loses no time in procuring license for parlors.

February 11, 1918 — The first piece fires first into enemy lines at 2:34. Over thirty men obtain and send home the first primer.

February 12, 1918 — The Boche down a French balloon for the amusement of the Battery.

February 13, 1918 — Almost a casualty at Banc de Pierre; Joe Tinker goes from in under the camouflage without his steel hat and two gas masks.

February 14, 1918 — French infantry digs trenches in front of position.

February 15, 1918 — Enemy attempts air-raid on Paris, but are turned back at Soissons, and dump their load on Bucy and way stations.

February 16, 1918 — Corporal Crum, border veteran, leaves for the hospital, to become a sergeant. Flags at half-mast throughout the division.

February 17, 1918 — German plane downed near St. Marguerite. Camouflage over first piece takes fire.

February 18, 1918 — Practically the entire German plane mailed to the U. S. by the 103rd Field Artillery.

February 19, 1918 — German barrage at 10:30 p. m. Battery responded and did work that earned first citation. Baldy Damon and Jerry Walker get something besides a citation.

February 20, 1918 — Harold P. P. Church accepts flattering offer with John M. Dean at Bucy le Long.

February 21, 1918 — Drivers growing flabby, and are ordered to take long hike.

February 22, 1918 — Washington's Birthday. Battery fires salute of 21 guns at noon, and spills the beans in a German kitchen. Cannoneers hear first incoming shell — four duds on the road near cave.

February 23, 1918 — Detail from echelon goes to Missy for lumber, and carries it to position.

February 24, 1918 — George Randolph Chester speaks at Bucy.

February 25, 1918 — An early Spring gives the cannoneer his first taste of the real "Sunny France." Delightfully warm days have set in; mud all dried; fields are green.

February 26, 1918 — Rubber boots, overshoes, jerkins and winter caps issued, to say nothing of those blue gloves. Turkey dinner at position.

February 27, 1918 — First and only whale oil issued.

February 28, 1918 — Heavy firing on sector in evening. Stand to, but do not fire. Battery stands last muster of year.

March 1, 1918 — Billy Wood now putting 'em over in top form at Banc de Pierre.

March 2, 1918 — Serial numbers issued to battery.

March 3, 1918 — Knapp goes to French cooking-school.

March 4, 1918 — Quoit league in full sway at echelon.

March 5, 1918 — Gun crews stand to at 1:30 a. m., but do not fire. Colonel Cruikshank inspects echelon.

March 6, 1918 — One room in dugout completed, and bunks installed. Fire in P. C. Shriver cleaned out. Battery suffers first casualty when Jerry Walker is burned.

March 7, 1918 — Micky Smith inspects the echelon. Views McCarthy roughing it up with the cheveaux. Gives him a week's fatigue. Ah, Eddie, he's a better man than you are.

March 8, 1918 — Runx, in despair, announces new list of calls. First Call — Intermediate Call — Last Call — Reveille.

March 9, 1918 — Clocks set ahead one hour at midnight, to conform with Summer time schedule.

March 10, 1918 — Hanlon does the Leander act across the Aisne to the little girl on the other side.

March 11, 1918 — Someone takes the pea from Runx's whistle, but "it's Reveille just the same."

March 12, 1918 — Jerry Walker says he is going to raise a mustache.

March 13, 1918 — The weather takes a turn for the bad. Snow, cold rains and bleak winds make heavy clothing again necessary.

March 14, 1918 — Rubber boots, leather jerkins, and winter caps turned in to Supply Sergeant.

March 15, 1918 — Sergeant Grimes leaves Banc de Pierre for dental work, but stops at Soissons for elbow exercise.

March 16, 1918 — Ball game in rear of battery. First section, 17; fourth section, 3. Enemy drop over few shells around the echelon.

March 17, 1918 — Donovan's license expires, so the Battery moves. Guns pulled out an hour after sunset, during an air raid, and hauled to Bucy.

March 18, 1918 — Leave echelon, fourth section in tow, at 1:30; proceed via Coucy and Soissons to Mercin Pommiers and entrain at 11:00 p. m.

March 19, 1918 — En route via Chalons-sur-Marne and Epernay to Brienne-le-Chateau, where we detrain at 4:30; hike to. . . .

March 20, 1918 — Chaumesnil: One of the best little villages in France. We were the first American troops in town. The villagers make us right at home, and here we feast for three days on the best the countryside affords.

March 21, 1918 — Mr. Cleveland scours the country, with the result that A Battery has plenty of chocolate.

March 22, 1918 — Major Chaffee inspects horses, harness, guns, caissons, wagons, and men. Tells the Battery at retreat that he is highly pleased with its appearance.

March 23, 1918 — We leave Chaumesnil at 10:00 o'clock, joining regiment on the road; through La Chaise, Soulanes, Tremilly to Thil, where we police the billet.

March 24, 1918 — Palm Sunday. Town policed morning and afternoon. Everyone attends service at the village church. Check bath, in afternoon.

March 25, 1918 — On road, again, at 8:00. Through Blumerey, Villiers-aux-Chens, Doulevant, and Amencourt, to Cirey-sur-Blaise, where we spend the night in puptents. General Edwards reviews the column at Doulevant.

March 26, 1918 — On road at 6:30, through Buzancourt, Blaise, Niarbeville, La Geneviose, Vignery, to Goncourt, where we park at 2:30. Retreat held at 4:00. Everyone but Springer cleans up and shaves, but his face is too sore.

March 27, 1918 — "Let's go back to the front again," says the Battery as it arises again at 4:00 and starts the daily hike at 6:00, through Bricucourt and Chantraines to Blancheville, where we meet Spud and Allah, and the crowd that took furloughs in England.

March 28, 1918 — Day spent in auditing contents of barracks bags, and drilling for divisional maneuvers.

March 29, 1918 — Heavy mail arrives. "Hi" Sweet goes on guard, but doesn't catch cold posting any reliefs. Police of town.

March 30, 1918 — Off to the front again. On road at 6:30, via Andelot, Rimaucourt, St. Blin and Prez-sur-la-Fauche to Liffol-le-Petit. Our reserve rations opened to provide mess.

March 31, 1918 — Easter. First Call at 5:00. Stand in heavy rain till 10:30, waiting for C Battery, mired in gun park. Via Liffol-le-Grand, Neuf-Chateau and Soulosse to St. Ilo. Officers and telephone men leave column at Neuf and proceed to Mandres by truck.

April 1, 1918 — On road at 8:30, Lieutenant Cox commanding. Via Martigny, Vauxrot, Centreville, Colombey to Bagneux. No supper.

April 2, 1918 — On road at 8:30. Via Allain-au-Bocuf, Cirquelley and Toul to Lucy. Entire regiment billets in town.

April 3, 1918 — The second platoon leaves Lucy at 8:30 a. m. and proceeds to Rangeval. Pack guns. Leave for front in parc wagons at 7:30. A rough passage for Grimmy. Relieve D Battery at Jones I, at 11:00 p. m.

April 4, 1918 — Remainder of battery goes to Rangeval. Echelon established on grounds of old monastery. First platoon leaves for front at 8:30, going to Jones II. Third section withdraws to Jones II during day, leaving fourth at Jones I. Details sent to .95's and tanks.

April 5, 1918 — Jones I shelled, Jones II gassed. We realize that old Banc de Pierre wasn't such a bad dump at that.

April 6, 1918 — Lieutenant Cox returns to U. S. Downey injured on D. M. curve. Battery D, 5th F. A., leaves Rangeval with our old guns. They are given a snappy sendoff by our tough drivers.

April 7, 1918 — Gilbert, Harrington, and Tsavos are wounded at Jones I, to say nothing of Luther's feelings.

April 8, 1918 — Hamonville shelled. Several of our highly trained cooks and mechanics stage a marathon.

April 9, 1918 — M. P. at Menil-le-Tour says they were going strong at midnight.

April 10, 1918 — First section relieves fourth at Jones I. Lieutenant Luther goes to Jones II.

April 11, 1918 — The .95 Battery completes its twenty-first consecutive meal of canned corned beef, hardtack and coffee. The supply company this day learns of the existence of the new Battery, and sends up rations consisting of canned corned beef, hardtack and coffee.

April 12, 1918 — During the day, the Germans shell nine towns on sector. Upon request of Mr. Luther, Mr. Church and he exchange beds — Harold coming above the ground, and Earl going below.

April 13, 1918 — We haven't got the date, but wasn't it about here that Sergeant Adams and Hanlon staged their little act in the rear of the barracks at Jones II?

April 14, 1918 — This ought to be official. Carl Wright got it straight from Ballou — "The 26th is to take Mont Sec, hold it 24 hours, be relieved, and return to the U. S."

April 15, 1918 — "Al" Walker brings the parc wagon to Jones I and leaves it there, bottom side up. Marcel dug out from in under, and his "tool" rescued.

April 16, 1918 — Heavy firing by guns, in the early morning.

April 17, 1918 — Second section relieves first at Jones I. Warned in evening to be ready for German attack from opposite sector.

April 18, 1918 — Another warning in evening.

April 19, 1918 — Day and night crews organized.

April 20, 1918 — Attack on Seicheprey opened at 3:15 a. m. Both positions fire until ammunition is exhausted. Sergeant Broadhead killed in action with .95 Battery early in morning.

April 21, 1918 — Drivers haul ammunition to guns all night. Guns continue firing throughout day. Ramage wounded at Jones I, and Palmer at O. T. 12. O. T. 12 and .95 position abandoned.

April 22, 1918 — News of Seicheprey reaches home. Navy recruiting offices experience busiest week on record. Y. M. C. A. shelled out at Hamonville.

April 23, 1918 — Things begin to quiet down. Colonel Smith inspects J. I. That proves it conclusively enough.

April 24, 1918 — Third section relieves second at J. I. Carroll Adams and Charlie Balchin leave for Saumur. Damn glad, yet damn sorry, to see you go, boys! Horses moved to stable at Rangeval.

April 25, 1918 — Everything running smooth again at front. Very little firing. Practically no fire received. Men return to barracks at J. I. A two months' spell of wonderful weather starts.

April 26, 1918 — Jerry Walker still claims he's raising that mustache, although there is no visible proof.

April 27, 1918 — The First Battalion—Batteries A and B and the .95's—are cited in regimental orders for their conduct during the attack on Seicheprey.

April 28, 1918 — George Chandler, now Top, goes to echelon to enforce a little iron discipline.

April 29, 1918 — Reveille pretty well attended.

April 30, 1918 — Battery receives March pay.

May 1, 1918 — Runx Weeden is this day appointed Sergeant de Cuisine. The .95 Battery leaves Rangeval to construct a new position at Mandres.

May 2, 1918 — Rex becomes a mounted intellect, Munroe is made clerk; and Church, official tester of misaddressed mail.

May 3, 1918 — Horses given sulphur bath. Even the poor cheveaux had 'em. Larrabee wounded at Jones I.

May 4, 1918 — George Chandler goes to N. C. O.'s school at Gondrecourt.

May 5, 1918 — Lieutenant Wright joins Battery A.

May 6, 1918 — Colonel Smith inspects echelon. Things must be brightening up at the front.

May 7, 1918 — Otto von Soban is made a sergeant.

May 8, 1918 — Gil Brown leaves Battery and goes to Coëtquidan as Sergeant Instructor. Lieutenant Van Ostrand finally breaks loose from Paris and joins Battery.

May 9, 1918 — Road through fields from Jones II to Hamonville completed.

May 10, 1918 — More Christmas mail arrives, and.....

May 11, 1918 — Church is sick all day. You should have broken in easy, Harold.

May 12, 1918 — Mothers' Day.

May 13, 1918 — Band concert at echelon.

May 14, 1918 — Brigadier-General Aultman inspects positions. .95 Battery gets guns from repair shop at Toul, and installs them in new position. Louis Raemakers, Belgian cartoonist, visits echelon.

May 15, 1918 — Julius Saacke, phosgene chaser of repute, leaves for gas school at Gondrecourt.

May 16, 1918 — Mr. Cleveland, Y. M. C. A., leaves Rangeval to spend a week with the gang at Jones I. First replacements assigned.

May 17, 1918 — Major Chaffee inspects Jones II, finds "Two Bells" cooking while improperly clothed and sends him to echelon. By God, Major, that's awful tough punishment. If he does it again, send him home.

May 18, 1918 — Jones I "beans the beetle" as the Victrola plays.

May 19, 1918 — Inspection at echelon by Brigadier-General Aultman. Inspection at Jones I by Major Chaffee. Inspection at O. T. 17, by Lieutenant Frost. German plane downed near Mandres.

May 20, 1918 — Lieutenant Luther goes to echelon. Most of us will celebrate Nov. 11 as our last day at the front.

May 21, 1918 — The Herring sisters entertain at the Hamonville Y. M. C. A.

May 22, 1918 — Joe McLaughlin, with ax and shovel, inters an even dozen horses.

May 23, 1918 — Harvey Dunn, official illustrator with the A. E. F., visits O. T. 17, and sketches Mont Sec.

May 24, 1918 — Elsie Janis visits the echelon.

May 25, 1918 — Saacke gives speech on "Gas" and horrifies boys at Jones 1. Corporal McKenna promoted to sergeant.

May 26, 1918 — Y. M. C. A. girls from Divisional Headquarters stop at Jones 1, while on their way to the trenches.

May 27, 1918 — Private Green dies at Jones II. Floating gun crew, under Sergeant Burton, formed.

May 28, 1918 — The fourth section goes to echelon for three days, causing Donovan to change license. Gas masks of all men at front tested in gas chamber at Mandres.

May 29, 1918 — April pay received.

May 30, 1918 — Memorial Day. Salvation Army holds services in American cemetery at Mandres in afternoon. Baseball at echelon. A Battery wins over C Battery, 7–3 game and 2000 francs.

May 31, 1918 — Richecourt-Lahayville raid by 101st Infantry. The million-dollar barrage. Horses inoculated for glanders.

June 1, 1918 — Work on new dugout started at Jones 1. Rumors of moving.

June 2, 1918 — Chaplain Danelser, 104th Infantry, holds services at echelon. Twenty horses received. The cootie machine comes to Mandres.

June 3, 1918 — Barney Metcalf goes to N. C. O. school at Gondrecourt.

June 4, 1918 — General Aultman inspects Jones II.

June 5, 1918 — Drivers' gas masks tested in gas chamber at Cornieville.

June 6, 1918 — Instruction with grenades at Battery positions.

June 7, 1918 — Lieutenant Davis, Father Farrell, and Sergeant Broadhead cited in May orders of General Passaga, Commanding 32nd Army Corps (French), and awarded the Croix de Guerre.

June 8, 1918 — Echelon moved from Rangeval to Lagney.

June 9, 1918 — First Lieutenant Davis commissioned Captain, and assigned to command of Battery E.

June 10, 1918 — Dentist, as usual, not working overtime.

June 11, 1918 — Jones II inspected by Colonel Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel Chaffee and Lieutenant-Colonel Cruikshank of Divisional Staff.

June 12, 1918 — Echelon well settled at Lagney. Drivers take life easy.

June 13, 1918 — "Spud" Murphy goes to Forestry Department to get five of our horses. Returns with one. — — Murphy says: "Damn fools don't know how to care for horses!"

June 14, 1918 — Saddler Hicks, of regular army fame, threatens to leave Battery. Great rush among drivers to land his soft job.

June 15, 1918 — Lieutenant-Colonel Glassford assigned to command of Regiment.

June 16, 1918 — The battle of Boucq. Xivray raid repulsed, with severe losses to the enemy.

June 17, 1918 — Guns, caissons and wagons painted olive drab.

June 18, 1918 — The three-day "flu" hitting Battery hard.

June 19, 1918 — Colonel Smith leaves regiment. Americans launch heavy cloud gas attack near Jury Wood at 2:30 a. m. Jones I severely bombarded with large caliber shells all afternoon. Mechanic Dugal and seven others killed. Lieutenant Van Ostrand, Privates D. Battista and William Kelley wounded.

June 20, 1918 — The 328th Infantry arrives in Lagney and keeps drivers up late, telling them about what desperate fighters their instructors tell them they are. First section goes to Jones 1.

June 21, 1918 — Jerry Walker's mustache (see March 12th) begins to show. "No, no, March 12th, this year."

June 22, 1918 — Lieutenant-Colonel Chaffee inspects echelon. Awards prize of 50 francs to third section for best hitch.

June 23, 1918 — Baseball at Lagney.

101st Ammunition Train, 1 A Battery, 0

June 24, 1918 — Hicks, Flemming, and Corporal Babcock leave the regiment to "Treat 'em Rough."

June 25, 1918 — Preparation to move. Full pack inspection at echelon. All spare hands sent back from front.

June 26, 1918 — Betsy pulled out from Jones 1, and position evacuated. Relieving artillery does not see fit to take it over.

June 27, 1918 — Jones II and the .95's relieved by French Artillery. Proceed to Lagney in evening.

June 28, 1918 — Mounted inspection in afternoon. On road for hike to Gye at 5:30 p. m.

June 29, 1918 — Arrive via Toul at Gye at 2:00 a. m. Reveille at 9:00 a. m. Mail in afternoon. Sanitary Detachment very busy in evening. McGarvey introduces himself to Battery at evening mess. Jerry Walker and Marcel go a-haying in the afternoon. Maloy and Lieutenant Van Ostrand visit Toul. Maloy gets back all right, however.

June 30, 1918 — Clear Gye at 6:00 p. m. Entrain at 9:00 p. m. Partis at midnight.

July 1, 1918 — En route via Troyes, Romilly and Longueville to Noisy-le-Sec. "We're on our way to parade in Paris on the 4th," say the dopesters. The hell we are! We detrained at .....

July 2, 1918 — Jouarre at 2:30 a. m. Guns parked and picket lines established in poplar grove, on either side of roadway. Breakfast at 5:00. Taps at 6:00. Reveille, 11:30 a. m. Baseball in afternoon.

A Battery.....28 B Battery 3

July 3, 1918 — Harness and materiel cleaned. Drivers win over cannoneers at baseball in afternoon.

July 4, 1918 — 4th Division Infantry receives subtle compliments, as it marches through gun park. We're hard-boiled veterans, you know. Sixth section wins intersection track meet and 100 francs. Battery leaves for front at 8:30 p. m.

July 5, 1918 — Arrive Citry, 3:00 a. m. Entire regiment parks on chateau grounds. To bed at 4:00 a. m. Up again at 8:00. Officers leave for reconnoissance at 11:00, returning at 4:00. Band concert in p. m. New Bandmaster shows he's good. Receive orders to return to Jouarre at 10:00 p. m.

July 6, 1918 — On road at 12:45 a. m. Arrive old park in Jouarre at 6:30. Breakfast, 7:00. To bed at 8:00, and sleep till 3:00 p. m. Supper at 5:00. Firing Battery leaves for front at 10:00 p. m.

July 7, 1918 — F. B. goes into reserve position at left of Paris-Metz highway. Echelon leaves Jouarre, one wagon at a time, and joins F. B. in p. m. First platoon goes forward at 10:00 p. m., to relieve "B," 17th F. A., near Paris Farm.

July 8, 1918 — First platoon registers. Captain Barker observing from tree-top at left of position; Second platoon repeats operation of First, on preceding night.

July 9, 1918 — Advanced picket line established near Montreuil-aux-Lions.

July 10, 1918 — Rear echelon withdraws to Courcelles, two kilometers from La Ferté and across Marne. Is that far enough back, Mr. Luther?

July 11, 1918 — Spud seeks action and gets it. Goes next day to Paris Farm, as No. 4, 4th piece.

July 12, 1918 — The Sergeant Major wounded internally, but the Battery carries on without him. Fourth piece advanced one kilometer, to position behind Marigny-Paris farm road. Two spies visit position, dressed as French soldiers.

July 13, 1918 — Enemy concentrate in a wood. The .75's put box barrage around it, and the 103rd levels it.

July 14, 1918 — Bastille Day. Track meet and ball game at rear of echelon. We win both.

July 15, 1918 — Fourth big German push of year starts at our right. "German prisoners on 13th characterize our artillery fire of last few days as unbearable," says Headquarters. "Rex" Cleveland and Sam Mulland itch to go to hospital at Vichy. Station at La Ferté destroyed by German air-bomb.

July 16, 1918 — All pieces but Third out of order during day. Walter Ball, of Providence Journal, visits echelon.

July 17, 1918 — Bud Harrington completes work on the folding trees around the guns at 5:30. At 5:35 the folding trees blow down.

July 18, 1918 — Second Battle of Marne starts. Gun crews stand at 3:30 a. m. Big barrage starts at 4:30 and continues through the morning. In the evening, F. B. advances about three kilometers to Bois de Belleau. Meanwhile, rear echelon moves to advance picket line at Montreuil-aux-Lions, arriving at 9:45 a. m.

July 19, 1918 — F. B. reach new position at 3:00 a. m., camouflage guns, and go to bed. Enemy scatter early morning greetings through the wood, and men are ordered to withdraw one kilometer. A better position is found in front part of woods, and Battery occupies it in the evening.

July 20, 1918 — Torcy taken in the afternoon battle, by infantry. Battery expends entire allotment of shells. Rear echelon moves, in the evening, to Villiers-sur-Marne. Corporal Jackson returns to U. S.

July 21, 1918 — Move forward in afternoon, via Lucy-le-Bocage, Torcy, Belleau. March continues through the night. Rear echelon goes to Essomes.

July 22, 1918 — Arrive Sacerie Woods, near Bezu-le-Fevre, at 4:00 a. m., and with B Battery establish position and picket lines. At 11:30 p. m., with neither camouflage nor defilade, battalion fires. First platoon moves to "sand bank" position at 4:00 p. m. Shelled on road. Gassed in evening. Caissons leave rear echelon to join F. B. Mechanic Aspinwall slightly wounded in afternoon.

July 23, 1918 — Second platoon joins First at "Sand bank" at 2:00 a. m. Harvey and Parsons rudely and shamefully awakened by the goat. Battery receives May pay. Great place to spend it. Thanks! Three Meals To-Day.

July 24, 1918 — Two-hour barrage in early morning precedes the taking of Epieds by Infantry. Move forward at 10:00 a. m. Cross Chateau-Thierry-Soissons road and go via Bezu St. Germaine to Epieds, and take up position east of town. Occupy old German position. Whitney's Circus moves to pontoon bridge, near Mt. St. Pere, where it is bombed.

July 25, 1918 — 26th Division Infantry relieved by 28th.

July 26, 1918 — Position severely shelled all morning. First section does work that earns citation from Divisional Commander. Curtin and French wounded. Lieutenant Andrews, wounded during Seicheprey attack, returns from hospital. First meal in two days for gun crews.

July 27, 1918 — Firing Battery moves forward in evening, via Beauvardes to Le Fouraverre, where battalion establishes position in apple orchard.

July 28, 1918 — Advanced echelon moves from Epieds via Courpoil and Beauvardes to woods in front of position. Roads through position choked with the advancing army. American Infantry and Artillery, Field Cavalry, and British armored cars present a wonderful pageant. Position severely shelled and shot up by German planes. Corporal Boswell wounded. 42nd Division relieves 28th Infantry, and their artillery joins us.

July 29, 1918 — 4th Division pulls into sector. Sergy changes hands seven times during day, finally remaining in hands of Americans.

July 30, 1918 — Captain Davis, with Battery E, killed in afternoon. Buried in cemetery at Epieds in the evening.

July 31, 1918 — Infantry experiences difficulty in taking Machine Gun nest. The First battalion, with Second and Third, fires a two-round salvo. Upon second attempt, infantry finds that 2½ tons of steel and H. E. have left no Machine Gun nest to take.

August 1, 1918 — No firing during day. Tim Gibson made Top Cutter. Barney Metcalf goes to Saumur.

August 2, 1918 — Rumors of relief. We are relieved all right; moving forward at 3:45 in afternoon, via Villiers sur Fere to position on left bank of Ourcq, near Sergy. Advanced echelon stays at Beauvardes.

August 3, 1918 — Advanced echelon moves forward in morning to Villiers sur Fere. In afternoon, F Battery and echelon advance through Sergy, Nesle and Mareuil to our last position between Chery and Chartreuve.

August 4, 1918 — Ordered to evacuate position at midnight. Ready to move at 1:00 p. m. Six months' active service in advanced fighting zone completed.

August 5, 1918 — Starting at midnight, we marched through Mareuil and Fere-en-Tardenois to Beauvardes, arriving at 8:00 a. m. Sleep from 10:30 to 3:00. Rear echelon unites with Battery. Supper served at 5:00, but Captain Hanley says no, so we wait till six. Regiment moves at 7:30 on all-night march via Epieds and Chateau-Thierry.

August 6, 1918 — Arrive at Aulnois at 3:30 in the morning. Major Hamilton visits the battalion. Billets are good. Runx salvages French "nightie," his own showing signs of wear and tear.

August 7, 1918 — Hike down valley of River Marne to old rear echelon at Courcelles.

August 8, 1918 — The La Ferté leave area opens with a bang. Points of interest in Meaux, La Ferté and Jouarre visited. Colonel Glassford celebrates birthday by party to men.

August 9, 1918 — Paris passes start, and others start for Paris.

August 10, 1918 — No horses groomed today.

August 11, 1918 — Cootie machine delouses regiment. Jack Rhoads starts for U. S., gets as far as La Ferté, and order rescinded.

August 12, 1918 — Battery reunion in Paris. Over 200 attend.

August 13, 1918 — Entrain at La Ferté sous Jouarre at 2:15 p. m. Pull out at 5:45 via Chateau-Thierry and Dounons to Epernay, where we are bombed at 11:00 o'clock. Tarbell's fighting days are over. He leaves for Bordeaux to teach the newly arrived how he did it.

August 14, 1918 — Detrain at Latrecey at 10:00 a. m. Hit road for Leuglay, arriving at 5:30 in the afternoon.

August 15, 1918 — Clean harness and carriages all day. Plumb, Sheldon, Gorham and the Camel Groomer return from Gay Paree.

August 16, 1918 — A day of rest. No calls except Vincent. He calls Knapp and proves he's right.

August 17, 1918 — Sergeant Rhoads returns to States. Edge Hill (Pa.) Debating Society is now going to get the facts straight.

August 18, 1918 — Passes to Chatillon very coolly received. Us boys that have been to Paris, you know, can't bother with these small towns. A Battery beats B Battery. Score, 11–4.

August 19, 1918 — Days of rest are over. New drill schedule effective — very effective.

August 20, 1918 — Third and Fourth pieces sent to mobile repair shop. Rifle and pistol target practice starts on range near town.

August 21, 1918 — June pay received. God knows we need it. Paris left us pretty flat, and then there's Minetta's place.

August 22, 1918 — Marcil and Reio return from almost seeing Paris.

August 23, 1918 — Roger Williams writes home, telling them he is now in France and feeling fine.

August 24, 1918 — Jake Eaton joins the Battery.

August 25, 1918 — Ellis T. Gurry stars in ball game for Headquarters. Score, 6–5 in favor of Battery A. General Edwards visits regiment in evening, and tells us a lot of things we like to hear.

August 26, 1918 — Boxing and entertainment by French musician at Voulaines in the evening.

August 27, 1918 — The much advertised divisional show comes to town, and the Battery leaves town. We are off for another fight! Leave Leuglay at 4:30. Park in Beaudreville over night.

August 28, 1918 — Leave Beaudreville at 8:00, and arrive Latrecey at 10:00 a. m. Private Benson killed. Loaded and pulled out at 6:15 p. m.

August 29, 1918 — Detrained at Longueville at 2:30 a. m., and camped in woods east of town at 6:00. Slept during day. Pulled out at 8:30 via Bar-le-Duc, for all-night hike. "Bud" Harrington looks over possible sites for echelons.

August 30, 1918 — Arrived in woods near Conde at 2:30. Sleep during morning. On road at 8:30 in the evening for all-night hike.

August 31, 1918 — Arrived at road between St. Andre and Hieppes at 6:00 a. m. Reveille at 12:00. Packed carriages, harnessed and hitched, but did not pull.

September 1, 1918 — Packed carriages, harnessed, etc. Lieutenants Scott and Clifford make sure that there are no lights. Four on and four off.

September 2, 1918 — Inspection by Colonel Glassford. The rear rank gets leave preference — whatever that is. The front rank are paying yet for what they lost. Packed, etc. Rex returns from Vichy during night.

September 3, 1918 — Packed, etc. Easterbrooks injured in motorcycle accident.

September 4, 1918 — Regimental athletic meet. A wins. Harrington gets other eye working on fourth lap, and cops the 880. Packed, etc.

September 5, 1918 — Joe McLaughlin, 6; Archie McLaughlin, 5; 12 innings. C Battery bets as much as 40 francs on themselves. Packed carriages, harnessed and hitched, and pulled out at 7:30.

September 6, 1918 — Cross Meuse and canals and go into echelon at Ravine Vois de Dierie near Rupt-en-Woevre.

September 7, 1918 — Officers go forward to reconnoiter positions. Ammunition detail sent to 101st Ammunition Train.

September 8, 1918 — Firing Battery leaves Hungry Valley at 8:00, and goes into position north of Ranzieres at Fontaine au Cerf. Forward picket line established at right of position. Donovan's license covers both.

September 9, 1918 — Last of Christmas packages arrive. Echelon hounds at Hungry Valley spend all day making houses comfortable; brave cannoneers spend day bailing out puptents.

September 10, 1918 — Lieutenants Ring and Richmond arrive at front. Let the drive commence.

September 11, 1918 — Battery receives July pay.

September 12, 1918 — Opening of St. Mihiel drive. Battery fires from 1:00 a. m. to noon. Captain Barker leaves in evening, so Handy does the honors on Fighting Bob's roll.

September 13, 1918 — The first day of reign of terror. But he's commanding A Battery, so he's happy. Jones takes a prisoner and all he owns.

September 14, 1918 — Jones leaves for hospital to sell his souvenirs. Firing Battery moves forward via Mouilly to position near Grande Tranchee du Colline at 9:30. Cannoneers follow at ten-minute intervals, with equipment and half the German Quartermaster Department.

September 15, 1918 — Mechanical Hickey learns German watch-case contains, not a watch, but a set of false teeth. Another example of Teuton treachery.

September 16, 1918 — Battery looks pleasant for the Signal Corps camera man.

September 17, 1918 — The rear echelon puts sheets over the Morris chairs, pulls down the shades, and gets into the war again, rejoining the Battery at position. The Third piece cunningly concealed by our nonpareil camoufleur.

September 18, 1918 — Work all day on improvement of position.

September 19, 1918 — Scott takes the Second platoon, and Julius takes Scott's bed-roll to Combres. Clifford takes First platoon to crest position behind Herbeuville at midnight.

September 20, 1918 — Clifford reaches objective, but Scott and Julius do not. Clifford lays guns on echelon; Scott lays cannoneers on wheels, and Saacke calmly lays on the bed-roll. Tangle finally straightened out, and second platoon reaches position at 11:00 p. m.

September 21, 1918 — Enemy stirs things up around Combres at night.

September 22, 1918 — Woods shelled at rear position in the morning. Hoar takes up new position and holds it throughout entire shelling, getting up for mess at noon.

September 23, 1918 — P. C. at Combres moved into old pig-sty.

September 24, 1918 — Infantry kitchen blown up and cooks killed. Everyone eats doughnuts.

September 25, 1918 — Lieutenant Wright receives an unexpected visit from the Lieutenant-Colonel of the M. P.'s.

September 26, 1918 — Marcheville Raid. All guns fire. Barrage started at 6:30 a. m. Fired all day with frequent change of target. Fighting Bob again gives proof of what a real officer is, with his cool firing commands. "Hurry! Hurry!" all day long.

September 27, 1918 — Sergeant Gibson and Sergeant Scammon leave for Saumur. Sergeant Soban appointed Top. Sergeant Frey takes 3rd section; Sergeant McKenna in charge of ammunition.

September 28, 1918 — 1st and 2nd gun crews relieve 3rd and 4th on plain. 2nd Section brings 4th Section gun to rear position.

September 29, 1918 — Construction of new dugout on plains started.

September 30, 1918 — Colonel Glassford breaks up a little game at the echelon and orders dinner served late.

October 1, 1918 — Echelon moves to new position in woods near German cemetery. More replacements arrive.

October 2, 1918 — 101st Infantry advances about 300 yards, following big barrage.

October 3, 1918 — Sam'l Mullard returns from unofficial inspection of Mont Sec.

October 4, 1918 — Second section relieves First at Combres position. Bill Murphy, feeling better, relieves Yeilish as gunner of First section. New dugout completed on plain.

October 5, 1918 — Springer departs for parts unknown.

October 6, 1918 — John Yeilish is this day bestowed with the inalienable right to horn in at front end of mess line.

October 7, 1918 — News of Yeilish's promotion reaches Potsdam, and Kaiser sues for peace.

October 8, 1918 — Clocks set back one hour to conform to winter schedule. Officers from 115th Field Artillery come to position to arrange relief.

October 9, 1918 — Second section leaves Combres at 9:00 in evening, and brings gun to Herbeuville, where it is ditched. Lieutenant Clifford wins race to hilltop. Lieutenant Ring, Taylor, Mott, Patterson, Douglas, Vincent, and Flint breathe deeply of mustard gas throughout night.

October 10, 1918 — Third section and detail of engineers labor long over ditched gun, and, finally, at dusk, "Sergeant McKenna, it's out."

October 11, 1918 — First section relieved by Battery A, 115th Field Artillery, at 3:30 p. m. and go to echelon. Remainder of Battery relieved at 8:00 p. m. Hike all night via Mouilly and Rupt to .....

October 12, 1918 — Woods near Genicourt — arriving at 2:00 a. m. Regimental crap game entire day. Pack and on the road at 5:30 a. m. for all-night march. Bender and Nield toil not for twenty days.

October 13, 1918 — The Lost Battalion of the Argonne put into background by 103rd Field Artillery. Whole regiment lost during hike. Fourteen kilometers up the Couney road for a grand tally of forty-nine kilometers for the night. Little Erie sits on the anxious seat for a day or two. Reach echelon in woods near Belicourt at 8:00 a. m.

October 14, 1918 — Divisional shows finally put it across for the First Battalion. Bolshevism rampant during the evening. Clifford learns what his Battery thinks of him.

October 15, 1918 — Labels for Santa's 5 x 4 x 3's passed out as the boys file by Lieutenant Hascall.

October 16, 1918 — First platoon pulls out 4:30 p. m. for the front.

October 17, 1918 — First platoon takes over position in Death Valley at 2:00 A. M., relieving French battery. Second platoon and parc wagon dig their way out of Baleycourt at 5:00 p. m. Cannoneers throw away six helmets and carry remaining six on packs. Everybody salvages a can of bacon.

October 18, 1918 — Second platoon goes into position with First at 2:00 a. m. Echelon established at Charny. First piece fires all night. Rain and mud.

October 19, 1918 — Mess line freely sprinkled with 77's. Shrapnel and sneeze throughout the evening. Mud and rain.

October 20, 1918 — Machine gun nest 3500 meters away was our target in early a. m. Rain and mud.

October 21, 1918 — Heavy gas. Heavy rains.

October 22, 1918 — The Bolshevik songsters, Keech and Parks, sign up with the doughboys.

October 23, 1918 — At 5:30 a. m., Americans advance three kilometers and hold gains in face of heavy counter-attacks during day. Powder dump in position blown up. Battery fires gas at 3:00 a. m. and receives acknowledgment in kind.

October 24, 1918 — George Reio dies of pneumonia, in hospital. H. E. and mustard all day long. Y. M. C. A. issues one peach apiece to the men; brings total of the year to One.

October 25, 1918 — Signed payroll. Decanville track laid to position by working gang.

October 26, 1918 — Murphy and Laffey transferred to Headquarters Co. C Battery gun crew wiped out farther down the valley. Dud in front of third piece makes Joe West think of his old Seekonk homestead.

October 27, 1918 — American attack at 11:00 a. m. From 10:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m., Battery fires 150 rounds per piece. Battalion fire at night. Volley fire.

October 28, 1918— American attack at 6:00 a. m. Battery celebrates with aerial observation. First piece limber destroyed by shell fire. Charlie Plumb goes to hospital with gas.

October 29, 1918 — More Battalion volley fire. Siegel and Trainer slightly wounded, but not evacuated. American plane downed near position by German Anti-Aircraft.

October 30, 1918 — Seven replacements assigned to Firing Battery. Rations short.

October 31, 1918 — First section dugout burned. Heaviest shelling of entire time in Valley.

November 1, 1918 — Detail of fourteen men leave for Motor School.

November 2, 1918 — First platoon goes forward at 5:00 p. m., and new position near Bras taken at 9:30. Paul Francis signs an armistice and leaves for hospital. Carl Gould wounded.

November 3, 1918 — Taken all in all — a full day. Improvement of position; K. of C. man drops around with chocolate. Beard wounded. Harvey and Hanlon get too much gas. Bender and Creep return, and Turkey quits.

November 4, 1918 — Overcoats issued. Frey and Dugan wounded. Y. D.'s begin to blossom forth on the greasy shoulders.

November 5, 1918 — Austria calls it a day. Captain Houghteling assigned to Battery. Fourth section gets a three-day rest.

November 6, 1918 — Third piece silenced by shell splinter piercing recuperator cylinder.

November 7, 1918 — Clifford gassed.

November 8, 1918 — Battery uses first powder of United States manufacture. Echelon moves to Bras. Battery assigned new sector, so guns are relaid. Third relieves Fourth at echelon.

November 9, 1918 — Father Tucker visits position to meet the boys. He brings dice and cards. Captain Houghteling takes charge of things.

November 10, 1918 — Four batterymen receive furloughs to Grenoble area, one year, three months and 16 days after entering field service.

November 11, 1918 — Le Jour de l'Armistice. Last shot fired at 10:59:30 a. m. Two hundred and twenty stomachs start pining for seasickness.

November 12, 1918 — Celebrated all day.

November 13, 1918 — Position evacuated. F Battery withdraws to echelon.

November 14, 1918 — Hike from Thierville to Nubecourt and billet.

November 15, 1918 — Leave Nubecourt at 10:00 a. m., and hike 35 kilometers to Levoncourt. Rumors of embarking.

November 16, 1918 — More rumors of embarking.

November 17, 1918 — Inspection of rifles. Battery mustered by Major Spencer.

November 18, 1918 — Colonel Twachtman says, "Home in six weeks." "That's O. K., but the boys believe it."

November 19, 1918 — Guns hauled to Tronville and parked. Chevaux turned over to 36th Division at Hieppes.

November 20, 1918 — Hiked to Mancois-le-Petit; arrived at 2:00 a. m.

November 21, 1918 — Entire regiment is marched to gun park to clean and oil guns, while the band plays. Cootie inspection.

November 22, 1918 — Doughboy drill in a. m. Easy in p. m.

November 23, 1918 — Baby play.

November 24, 1918 — More baby play; calisthenics and games.

November 25, 1918 — The weather man takes a hand and spoils morning play.

November 26, 1918 — Weather man still with the boys. Too rainy to drill. Eight-kilometer road hike in p. m.

November 27, 1918 — Mackie, Trainer and Co. put on a little show that proves a little too strong for Captain H.

November 28, 1918 — Thanksgiving.

Roast Chicken

Mashed Potatoes — Creamed Onions

Succotash

Can Jam — Squash Pie

Bottle of Beer — Cigars

The Battery fund expires in a blaze of glory.

November 29, 1918 — A little road hiking in a. m., and another gang goes on furlough.

November 30, 1918 — Regiment moves from Nancois to Loisey, 10 kilometers away. Brigade Headquarters also.

December 1, 1918 — 101st Field Artillery gets guns from Tronville, and we hear rumors of service firing. Crape hangers in the ascendancy.

December 2, 1918 — Such war-winning maneuvers as a lay down inspection and guard-mount indulged in, just for practice, outside town.

December 3, 1918 — General Glassford arrests ten soldats for wearing leather puttees and in p. m. issues an order prohibiting the wearing of them.

December 4, 1918 — Benny Rundell, the breaker of a million feminine hearts, enlists in Battery. Battalion review before Colonel Twachtman, with band and colors.

December 5, 1918 — Same old drill and foggy weather. Burton and P. O. return from furlough.

December 6, 1918 — A Battery host for twenty-four hours at the guard-house. Carl Wright, with a four-day beard, cops orderly to the Colonel.

December 7, 1918 — Regular Saturday a. m. inspection of billets and equipment by Regiment Commander. Hull, Grant and Phinney return from Saumur.

December 8, 1918 — Battalion review by General Glassford.

December 9, 1918 — Brigade passes in review before Major-General McWain. Lieutenant Wright becomes a doughboy. Four pieces hauled from Tronville for a little needed gun drill.

December 10, 1918 — First Christmas package arrives, and Gaffney donates. Gun drill in mud. Men taught to fire the 155 howitzer. Clement neglects to show General Glassford how good a soldier he is.

December 11, 1918 — More rumors. More gun drill. More rain.

December 12, 1918 — Soccer — 103rd plays 102nd — 4–4 tie.

December 13, 1918 — Second contingent from furloughs.

December 14, 1918 — October pay received. Ten replacements issued to Battery. Camp Hunt put on the map.

December 15, 1918 — Services for Regiment in village church. General Glassford speaks.

December 16, 1918 — Ramage pinched.

December 17, 1918 — Soccer — 103rd, 1; 102nd, 0.

December 18, 1918 — Trainer writes song entitled "There's No Rest in Battery A."

December 19, 1918 — Detail to Marseilles for tractors.

December 20, 1918 — Left Loisey 1:00 p. m., and hiked to Ligny. After three-hour wait for train, loaded at 9:30 and pulled out at 11:00, riding for first time on an American train, with seventy men packed in a car.

December 21, 1918 — Rode via Neufchateau and Langre to La Ferté; detrained at 11:00 a. m. and hiked at 12:30, leaving guns at station. Hiked twenty-five kilometers to Vicq, arriving at 5:00 p. m. In spite of stiff legs, great rush for beds followed.

December 22, 1918 — Cootie hunt starts. No calls. Mail.

December 23, 1918 — Ernest H. Munroe dies in hospital. Announcement made that Pershing will inspect First Battalion in Vieq on Christmas Day.

December 24, 1918 — Recreation room decorated with mistletoe for Christmas.

December 25, 1918 — Christmas. President Wilson and General Pershing do not appear. Entertainment in p. m., Bishop Perry speaks, and "Bud" Harrington gives one of his charming and thrilling "chalk talks." Donovan impersonates Gertrude Hoffman.

December 26, 1918 — Lieutenant Wright returns from Infantry. Gil Brown and Tim Gibson back.

December 27, 1918 — Harness cleaned and packed.

December 28, 1918 — No calls till New Year. Saturday inspection. Checking equipment.

December 29, 1918 — Sunday — Beer arrives and is consumed.

December 30, 1918 — Water polo.

December 31, 1918 — Fourth beats Third, 2 to 1. Eighth beats Seventh, 1 to 0. Big night for the mopes.

January 1, 1919 — Fourth beats Sixth, 2 to 0. Band parades at midnight. Concert in P. M. Kisses.

January 2, 1919 — Ten-kilometer hike in a. m. Vincent and Scott leave for White automobiles, Kelley et al., to Bordeaux. 1st, 5; 7th, 0; 2nd, 5; 8th, 0.

January 3, 1919 — Hike with full pack to ball ground. 2nd, 3; 4th, 1.

January 4, 1919 — New tractors arrive.

January 5, 1919 — New tractors worked out.

January 6, 1919 — Chauncey Langdon transfers to Battery.

January 7, 1919 — Colonel announces that embarkation orders have been received.

January 8, 1919 — Chastity Guard established at the little house on the hill.

January 9, 1919 — Moprey club in full action in "Bucket of Blood."

January 10, 1919 — Sheldon and Little return from Marseilles.

January 11, 1919 — Major McLeod musters Battery. Soccer—1st Battalion, 1; 2nd, 0. Football—0–0.

January 12, 1919 — Barracks bags received.

January 13, 1919 — Finley, Mulcahey, Allah and Nigger go to St. Nazaire. Eight-kilometer hike in a. m. Soccer in p. m. Infantry N. C. O.'s instruct in close-order drill.

January 14, 1919 — Road hike with rifle, and aiming practice with instructors.

January 15, 1919 — Billy Wood to hospital. Pack inspection. Surplus material taken to La Ferté.

January 16, 1919 — General Glassford inspects Battery in street. Then billets.

January 17, 1919 — Barracks bags tagged.

January 18, 1919 — Another pack inspection by Major McLeod. Dissatisfied again.

January 19, 1919 — Hike in a. m. December pay received.

January 20, 1919 — Bud Harrington starts another laundry.

January 21, 1919 — Regimental review by General Glassford at Vieq. Houghteling gums things up. Varennes. Hike with band. 101st, 14; 103rd, 0.

January 22, 1919 — Wagons hired. Prepare to move.

January 23, 1919 — First call at 1:30. Entrained at noon. Pulled at 4:00 p. m., via Dijon. Thirty-four to a car. Langdon to Peace Conference.

January 24, 1919 — Bourges and Vierzon.

January 25, 1919 — Arrive at Mayet at 11:00 a. m. Detrain and hike to Pontvallain. Whole regiment billeted by 12:30. Scrap over officers' billets.

January 26, 1919 — Reveille, 7:30. No drill. Rearrangement of billets. Looked town over.

January 27, 1919 — Twelve-kilometer hike through Mausigne. Fifth beats Fourth, 1 to 0, and gets beer. Captain Houghteling becomes Adjutant of First Battalion. Captain C. Gordon McLeod takes command of Battery A. Saacke changes billets.

January 28, 1919 — Captain McLeod takes command at reveille. Cheered. Battery track team trials. Saacke changes billets.

January 29, 1919 — Twelve-kilometer hike — Scott McLeod. Spirit better — singing. More track try-outs in p. m.

January 30, 1919 — Fourteen-kilometer hike — Marquis de Maillet chateau. Saacke changes billets.

January 31, 1919 — Practice review for Brigade review. Saacke gives up and sleeps with section.

February 1, 1919 — Snow. Reveille 5.00. Pack and shaved for 6:45 line-up. Major-General Hale reviews at Mayet. Speaks to C. O.'S.

February 2, 1919 — Sunday — nice day. Walks.

February 3, 1919 — Mopes establish headquarters in nunnery.

February 4, 1919 — 5.00 a. m. reveille for 2nd Battalion. Farewell review for General Glassford at Mayet.

February 5, 1919 — Venereal lecture by Hascall. Divisional show at Y. M. in evening.

February 6, 1919 — Competition squad drill with B. Last appearance. 2nd, 2; 5th, 0. Another keg of beer.

February 7, 1919 — Eight-kilometer hike in rain. Rifle inspection at retreat. Providence Mothers' Day parade pictures at Y. M. Shepard's clock looks good. Home guard.

February 8, 1919 — Inspection by Major McLeod — full pack.

February 9, 1919 — Passes start on 9th. McLeod back. Football — 102nd, 18; 103rd, 0. Soccer — 103rd, 1; 101st, 0.

February 10, 1919 — The boys start going "over the top" at Lyon.

February 11, 1919 — Lucky 11th. Work on Battery A book starts.

February 12, 1919 — Editors and artists excused from drill.

February 13, 1919 — Editors and artists dragged out to drill.

February 14, 1919 — Y. D. and three Rainbows. 14, Rue Neuf, Lyon.

February 15, 1919 — "Luke" Brennen slips one over on the old batterymen and cops a furlough.

February 16, 1919 — The Moprey Club scrambles for school teachers' jobs.

February 17, 1919 — Two young ladies entertain at Y. M. C. A. in evening.

February 18, 1919 — Afternoon off. Everybody polishes up for . . . . .

February 19, 1919 — Review by Commander in Chief.

February 20, 1919 — Holdiday given by Commander in Chief. M. P. recruiting officer makes vain attempt to enlist batterymen for prolonged foreign service.

February 21, 1919 — Soban on furlough. Baldwin tries out as Top.

February 22, 1919 — Washington's Birthday. Holiday. First cootie inspection.

February 23, 1919 — April sailing announced.

February 24, 1919 — Monday — bath day. Guard for A Battery.

February 25, 1919 — Tsavos changes his mind and enlists for M. P. duty.

February 26, 1919 — Twelve-kilometer hike. Sulphur room for blankets obtained.

February 27, 1919 — Four real American girls and two fellows on at K. of C. School detachment leaves. Abbott, Tinker, Tarbell, and Larrabee to college.

February 28, 1919 — Twenty-kilometer hike in a. m.

March 1, 1919 — Inspection by regimental officers of layout on bunk. General Sherburne inspects kitchen.

March 2, 1919 — Reveille one hour earlier.

March 3, 1919 — Wash day again.

March 4, 1919 — Movies at Y. M. Men express their thoughts freely about the picture.

March 5, 1919 — Officers express their thoughts about the men.

March 6, 1919 — Boar hunt — bayonets and clubs. Six kilometers — in woods, two kilometers. Blackmar nailed one rabbit.

March 7, 1919 — Cootie inspection. Damon is the last man to leave there.

March 8, 1919 — Colonel Twachtman inspects billets. Pay day. Private Eugene K. St. Amour died in hospital.

March 9, 1919 — Sunday. Bunk fatigue all day.

March 10, 1919 — Divisional athletic meet at Ecomoy. Chief Mechanic Lake dies in hospital.

March 11, 1919 — Road hike — twelve kilometers to Requeil. Movies in a. m.

March 12, 1919 — Eight-kilometer hike in a. m. Powerhouse sick — no lights.

March 13, 1919 — Rumor that we are to leave Tuesday. First to move. Cooties transferred out of division.

March 14, 1919 — Cootie inspection. 100% clean.

March 15, 1919 — Saturday morning inspection. Basketball — 103rd, 15; 101st F. A., 2.

March 16, 1919 — Practice lay-out. Boxing. Clobey wins over Lajoie.

March 17, 1919 — Big inspection at 2nd Battalion drill field. Move to Brest between 23rd and 28th — latest rumor.

March 18, 1919 — Mail. Fifteen girls at Y. M. dance.

March 19, 1919 — Guard.

March 20, 1919 — Basketball — 103rd, 24; 101st, 6.

March 21, 1919 — Rain. Retreat with blouses and rifles.

March 22, 1919 — Clear day. Retreat with slickers, no rifles.

March 23, 1919 — "Tim" Gibson goes on pass again.

March 24, 1919 — C Battery's musical comedy, "When do We Eat?" pleases the regiment.

March 25, 1919 — Repacked and turned in barracks bags.

March 26, 1919 — Policed the village.

March 27, 1919 — Leave Pontvallain and entrain at Mayet at 5:30.

March 28, 1919 — Cylinder head blows out of engine 30 kilometers from Rennes. Arrived in Brest late in the evening, and hiked seven kilos to rest camp.

March 29, 1919 — Battery quartered in tents with cots.

March 30, 1919 — Final inspection for cooties, extra shoelaces and dubbins by embarkation officers.

March 31, 1919 — Day of days. Battery lines up for hike to pier. No one reported absent. Boarded lighter and sailed to our transport, the Mongolia.

April 1, 1919 — Loaded to the gunwales with dubbin and shoelaces. H. Jacques Eaton's stand of terrible four-hour guard in which time the clock is twice set back.

April 2, 1919 — Passed corner where Harvey enlisted. Captain Houghteling in charge of mess line. "Sltop plushing!"

April 3, 1919 — Horrors! Our Top Sergeant is sailing 3rd class with the ordinary enlisted men. Tough luck, Bill.

April 4, 1919 — H. Sheldon mentioned in orders. Eight on and four off in the gentlemen's rest room.

April 5, 1919 — Shower baths become popular. Fruit issue. Canteen opened; Money scarce.

April 6, 1919 — Regimental insignia pasted on tin helmets. Movies in evening.

April 7, 1919 — Lifeboat drill. All men on deck except 1,000.

April 8, 1919 — Telegram of welcome from General Edwards read to men.

April 9, 1919 — No sleep tonight.

April 10, 1919 — The year 1 starts today. Land in Boston early in the morning. Wonderful welcome. Barrage of candy, cigarettes, and oranges. Exciting train ride to Camp Devens.

April 11, 1919 — Cootie cure — 10% get passes to God's country.

April 12, 1919 — 90% take passes. Hanley's pale substitutes Eau de vie.

April 13, 1919 — Battery lines up for reveille at corner Westminster and Dorrance Streets.

April 14, 1919 — Retreat at Rhodes in evening.

April 15, 1919 — Soban checks up Battery at call to quarters in Crown Hotel billet.

April 16, 1919 — Kectaros takes retreat at Devens.

April 17, 1919 — Battery present or accounted for — somewhere in "Little Rhody."

April 18, 1919 — Burton finds his old drinking clothes fit, and sets up at Rathskeller.

April 19, 1919 — Fruit and candy from Battery A of Rhode Island Welfare League received.

April 20, 1919 — Matinees in Boston well attended by Batterymen.

April 21, 1919 — Batterymen still enjoying Boston's hospitality.

April 22, 1919 — Easter Sunday. Devens deserted.

April 23, 1919 — Divisional Review by General Edwards at Camp Devens.

April 24, 1919 — Men urged by Government official to reënlist in the army and see the world. He was a good speaker, a fine fellow, and all that—but the boys couldn't see it.

April 25, 1919 — 26th Division parades in Boston.

April 26, 1919 — Battery returns from Boston and rests.

April 27, 1919 — Equipment turned in to Supply Sergeant.

April 28, 1919 — Physical inspection.

April 29, 1919 — Battery A mustered out of the army after 644 days of service.

May 5, 1919 — Rhode Island units of the Yankee Division parade before enthusiastic crowds in Providence. Dance in Cranston Street Armory in evening.

May 19, 1919 — Welcome home dinner and dance given to Y. D. men in Infantry Hall by Battery A of Rhode Island Welfare League.

May 25, 1919 — Dance at Rhodes given to 103rd Field Artillery and 104th Ambulance Company by Junior Welfare League.

May 30, 1919 — Memorial services held in Benefit Street Arsenal by the Providence Marine Corps of Artillery in honor of the Rhode Island members of the 103rd Regiment who were killed in action or who died while in the Service. Rev. W. J. Farrell, chaplain of the regiment, officiated.


FINIS